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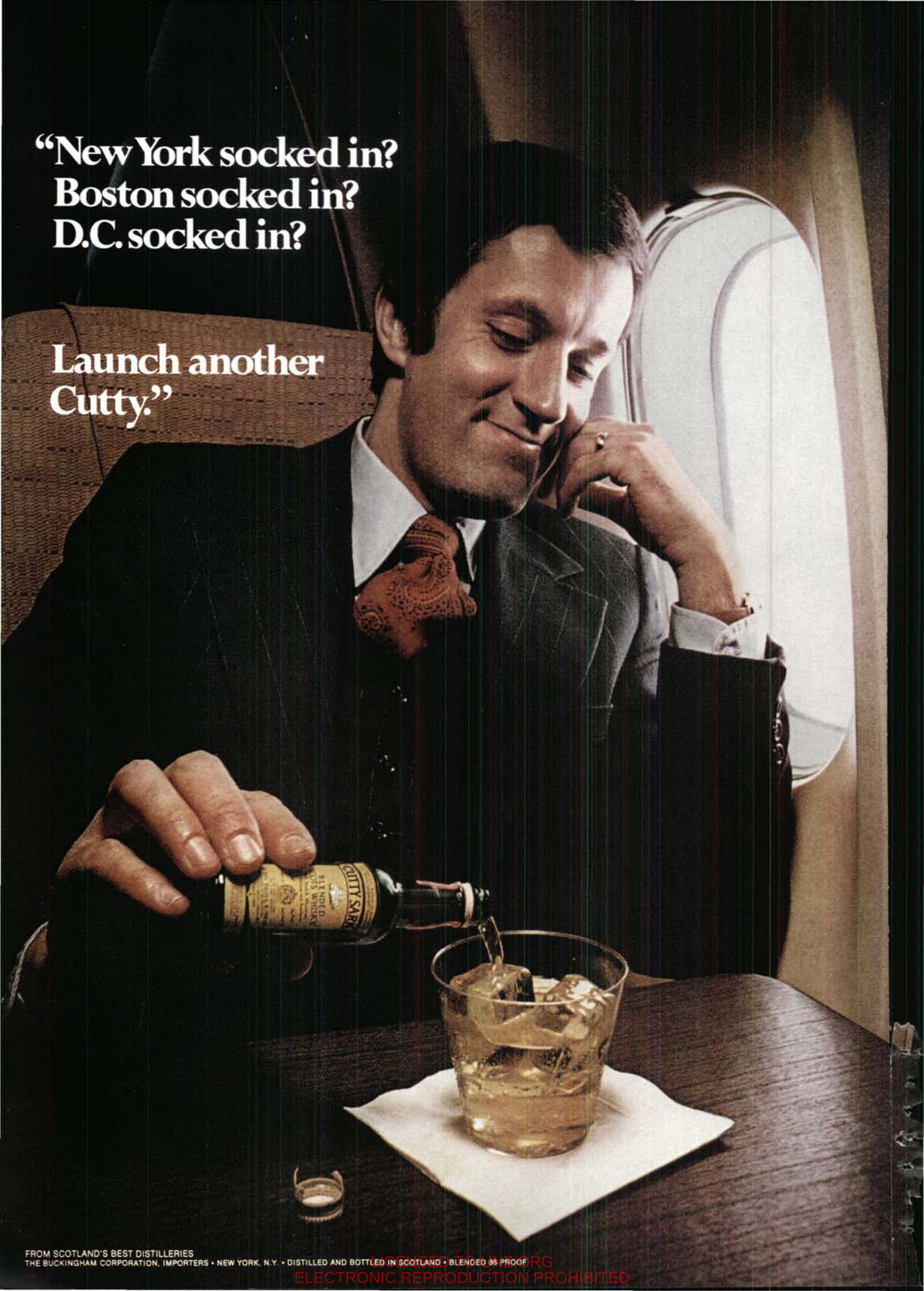
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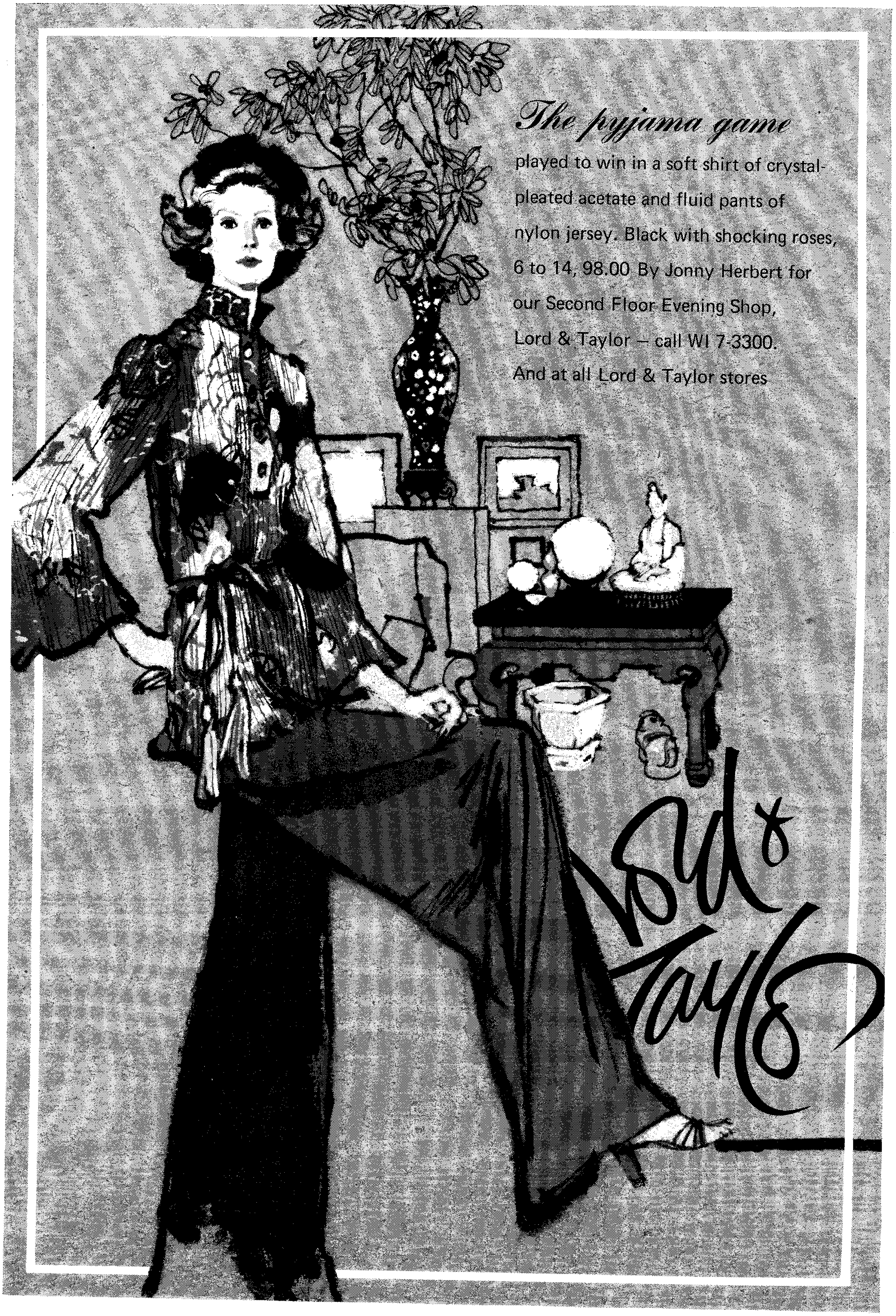

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Memorial Day holiday, which will be observed on Monday, May 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

All the King's Men—An adaptation by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) of Robert Penn Warren's play, with music and lyrics by Malcolm Dodds. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 2:30.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Circle—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Commitment (El Compromiso)—A play by Joseph Lizardi, performed by the Puerto Rican Bi-Lingual Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Friday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 26. Free.)

Equity Library Theatre—The John Clifton-Ben Tarver musical MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Good Doctor—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 26.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jumpers—The English playwright Tom Stoppard treats words as if they were circus animals; what tricks they perform! A charming, mysterious play, with Brian Bedford, Jill Clayburgh, Remak Ramsay, and Ronald Drake. (Billy Rose, 208 W 41st St. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 27, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 27.)

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The Magic Show—A musical with a score and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz and a book by Bob Randall. Doug Henning, a Canadian illusionist, heads the cast. Directed by Grover Dale. Previews through a special matinée on Monday, May 27, at 2. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 28. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, May 27.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 27, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 3.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Saturdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and David Downing plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of one-act comedies that are brought to vigorous life by Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 27, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 27.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, May 30.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 3.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by members of the Young Vic company, on loan to us from London. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the dramatist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 27.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Last seen at the Public several weeks ago; now opening at the Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St., 362-7616, on Thursday, May 23, at 7; previews Wednesday, May 22. Performances Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Sirens—A play by Richard Wesley. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 27.)

Words and Music—Sammy Cahn singing a couple of dozen of his own celebrated songs, with some pleasing young folk assisting him. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Year of the Dragon—A play by Frank Chin. Opens Wednesday, May 22, and will run through Saturday, June 15. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 30, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,857 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 27, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 27.)... **IRENE:** Jane Powell, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays, except May 28, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, May 27, at 3.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 27.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Final performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual basket party. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, May 22-24, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, May 25, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sunday and Monday, May 26-27, at 1:15 and 5:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 22, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 8: "Orpheus," "Bartók No. 3" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 2: "Donizetti Variations" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8: "La Source," "Agon," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, May 26, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, May 26, at 7: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Bartók No. 3."... ¶ Tuesday, May 28, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Dybbuk," and "The Concert."... ¶ Wednesday, May 29, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "In the Night," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Bartók No. 3."... ¶ Thursday, May 30, at 8: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Saltarelli" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Friday, May 31, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Saltarelli," "Agon," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, June 1, at 2: "La Source," "Dybbuk," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, June 1, at 8: "Orpheus," "In the Night," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 30.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 22: "La Bayadère" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, May 23-25: "Manon." ... ¶ Sunday, May 26: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 22: "Dance for Six," "Spirituals" (company première), and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 23: "Choros," "Spirituals," "The Wedding," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Missa Brevis."... ¶ Friday evening, May 24: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 25: "Dance for Six," "Spirituals," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 25: "Choros," "Spirituals," "The Wedding," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Missa Brevis."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 26: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 26: "Streams," "Cry," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 28: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 29: "Blues Suite," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 30: "Blues Suite," "Spirituals," "The Wedding," and "Missa Brevis."... ¶ Friday evening, May 31: "The Wedding," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 1: "Hidden Rites," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, June 2.)

Louis Falco Dance Company—Wednesday, May 22: "Speeds" (première), "Sleepers," and "Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, May 23: "Tub," "Twopenny," "Biography," and "Caviar."... ¶ Friday, May 24: "Tub," "Twopenny," and "Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, May 25: "Huescape," "Sleepers," and "Speeds."... ¶ Sunday, May 26: "Huescape," "Twopenny," "Nostalgia," and "Storeroom." (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—Final performances—"Metallics," "Shadows," "The Platform" (première), and "Footnotes."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8: "The Path," "Metallics," "Ecuatorial," and "The Platform." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 16—Tuesday, May 28, at 8 (preview); Thursday, May 30, at 6:45 (opening); and Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, at 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song" (première), and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Wednesday, May 29, at 8 (preview): "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—"Climb," "Las Desenamoradas," "Descent and Portals," "Serendipity," and "Hushed Voices." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

The excellence and the diversity of the music currently available in New York are astonishing. There are even two opportunities to sample the jazz of fifty years ago, which developed into swing: Joe Venuti, who in the early nineteen-twenties took up the violin (then still strictly a classical instrument) to compete with the horns and reeds of New Orleans jazz, is here, and so is drummer Sonny Greer, who in his late teens joined forces with a very young Duke Ellington in Washington, D.C. Elsewhere around town are three potent aggregations that cover a forty-year range in the annals of big-band jazz: Sy Oliver, whose distinctive charts for Jimmy Lunceford in the thirties remained an influence on the genre right up through the fifties; the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, which, in addition to being a major cultural-exchange asset of the State Department, is a fine compilation of top-notch studio musicians, aided and abetted by Dee Dee Bridgewater, one of the brightest young vocalists singing today; and the band of arranger and composer Gil Evans, a young and extremely gifted group whose soloists include Billy Harper, Hannibal (Marvin Peterson), and Howard Johnson, and which plays contemporary, highly percussive, amplified music. There is currently a feast of vocalists: Mabel Mercer, the *grande dame* of popular song; Bobby Short, the high-energy reverencer of Cole Porter and George Gershwin; the introverted and low-keyed Blossom Dearie; the very polished Arthur Prysock; Leon Thomas, whose scope and vocal breakthroughs (in technique and choice of material) make him one of the most important and influential vocalists now working; and Wendy Waldman, a moving performer, singer, and songwriter in her early twenties, who, unlike her contemporaries in the folk-and-rock medium, doesn't need a backup band. Two younger, important, non-American jazzmen—Michal Urbaniak (from Poland) and Gato Barbieri (from Argentina)—are also in town, oddly enough booked into folk-and-rock houses. Whether this abundance of musical talent is the cause or the effect of the current phenomenal resurgence of night life in the city really doesn't matter; it's enough that music audiences are being gratified and that the musicians responsible are delighted by the sudden fuss that the younger generation, in particular, is making over them. Herewith a directory of where these and other notable performers can be found:

Gato Barbieri—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Tenor saxophone, leading a band, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Thursday, May 23.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, from ten, through Sunday, May 26.

Erroll Garner—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Piano. Beginning Monday, May 27, at ten; thereafter, at nine and eleven-thirty.

Sonny Greer/Russell Procope/Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, with his quintet, Thursday through Saturday, May 23-25, from ten to three.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet nightly, at ten, beginning Tuesday, May 28.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to three.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Sy Oliver—Americana, Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from eight to one-thirty, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a trio led by saxophonist Red Prysock. From nine-thirty, beginning Monday, May 27.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

George Shearing—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, leading a trio, from nine-thirty, through Saturday, May 25.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Friday and Saturday, May 24-25), from nine-forty-five.

Leon Thomas—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Vocals, with a quartet, through Monday, May 27.

Michal Urbaniak—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Jazz violin, with his band, Fusion, beginning Wednesday, May 29.

Joe Venuti—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Jazz violin, with bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Joe Corsello and pianist Chuck Folds. From nine to one, through Saturday, May 25.

Wendy Waldman—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Singing and playing piano, guitar, and dulcimer. Beginning Wednesday, May 29.

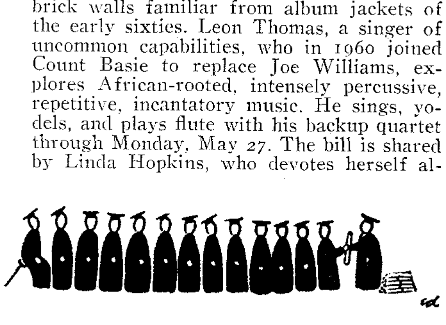
Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo. From nine to one, through Saturday, May 25.... ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Sundays from nine until two.

◆

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Leon Thomas, a singer of uncommon capabilities, who in 1960 joined Count Basie to replace Joe Williams, explores African-rooted, intensely percussive, repetitive, incantatory music. He sings, yodels, and plays flute with his backup quartet through Monday, May 27. The bill is shared by Linda Hopkins, who devotes herself almost entirely to slick, cult-conscious renditions of Bessie Smith blues. On Wednesday, May 29, Southern Californian Wendy Waldman arrives, the latest in a series of examples of folk-rock alliteration (she comes into this club on the heels of Lori Leiberman and Melissa Manchester). But Waldman's songs (all her own compositions) are broader and deeper than most folk and rock music today, and her stage presence coupled with her musical abilities are impressive. Appearing with her is rock flutist Tim Weisberg and his quintet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers.



Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features various jazz groups. Junior Mance, playing a vigorous, bluesy piano, heads up a trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock and folk have been a big business for years, and at last New York has come by a club capacious enough to wheel and deal in these areas effectively. This new club, listeners will be glad to hear, seats four hundred and fifty customers at tables that are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in, and they are heavily trafficked. Other oddities (by rock-club standards) include a sophisticated lighting system controlled from a Shakespearean balcony; a large, elevated stage that gives nearly everyone in the house a clear view of the performers' costumes and mannerisms; and, best of all, an impressive sound system that just begs for a "recorded live" album. Gato Barbieri, the fiery South American tenor saxophonist, and his band alternate with singer George Melly through Thursday, May 23. Friday through Sunday, May 24-26, Livingston (Liv) Taylor upholds the folk-rock cause opposite the hard rock of Orphan. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28-29, the Variations, a French outfit, offer their specialty: *le rock et roll*. On Thursday, May 30, Ashford and Simpson, a well-known and well-regarded Motown songwriting team, begin singing their tunes. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music by guitarist Sam Brown, pianist Dave Matthews, and bassist John Beal. Through Saturday, May 25. Starting Monday, May 27, pianist Cedar Walton collaborates with bassist Sam Jones from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two-hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. The drummer himself is on the bandstand, heading up an exceptionally capable and rousing septet, made up of saxophonists Sal Nistico and Sonny Fortune, John Hicks on piano, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and Jimmy Maeulin on congas. Two shows Mondays through Fridays; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; the quality of a Cole Porter song, after all, can be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. No music Friday and Saturday, May 24-25.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools decorate this often highly animated establishment. Pianist Barbara Carroll, with an occasional look of wild delight on her face, plays a full-bodied piano with the assistance of Jay Leonhart on bass. From eight to one. Sundays, Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Alaina Reed sings soul and pop at nine and midnight through Saturday, May 25. On Wednesday, May 29, Marc Allen Trujillo, a somewhat bland vocalist, begins performing. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with Ellington from 1919 to 1951 and who looks and sounds about twenty years younger than his age; Russell Procope (on alto saxophone and clarinet), who has served the Ellington reed section well since 1945; and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard graduate and former student of Willie the Lion Smith. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd and bassist Johnny Williams play on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the setting for this resettled club is quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma perform them through Saturday, May 25. On Sunday, May 26, guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Midge Pike begin a stint here from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is currently (through Saturday, May 25) offering the rhythmic George Shearing trio. Beginning Monday, May 27, Arthur Prysock's rich baritone voice will be abetted by his brother Red Prysock's trio. Spunky singer and organist Bu Pleasant will appear with the Prysocks. Sundays, various performers drop in. Nightly at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds from nine-thirty to three every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band from nine. Various other musicians turn up on Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern, noisy, and crowded restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Just outside the 52ND STREET ROOM, downstairs, hangs a large portrait of that street as it looked in the forties. Then it was called The Street, and neon lights blazed in front of clubs like the Three Deuces, the Onyx, and the Famous Door, where one could find the entire gamut of jazz—from New Orleans to bebop. Lately, the 52nd Street attractions have been aging comedians, the current one being Shelley Berman. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. The respected Woodstock rock band Orleans shares a bill with singer David Allan Coe, who writes blues songs about prison life, through Monday, May 27. On Wednesday, May 29, Fusion, an amplified jazz assemblage led by electric violinist Michal Urbaniak, returns to these unlikely quarters. Urbaniak combines folk melodies and rhythms of his native Poland with the rhythms and improvisatory turns of contemporary jazz, and does it quite successfully. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. The trio Gunhill Road plays folk and rock through Monday, May 27. Wednesday, May 29, brings on the uncannily popular Aztec Two-Step, a Boston-based folk duo formed, in their words, "out of desperation and boredom," and it shows. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Joe Venuti, the nearly seventy-year-old father of the jazz violin, leads a swing group comprising bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Joe Corsello, and pianist Chuck Folds through Saturday, May 25. On Tuesday, May 28, pianist Johnny Guarnieri, a distinguished sideman and soloist for over thirty years, brings in a group that includes trumpeter Billy Butterfield, drummer Cliff Leeman, guitarist Wayne Wright, and Artie Baker on clarinet. Deadpan clarinettist Woody Allen usually participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A thriving upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. The Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble, a quintet, is featured Thursday through Saturday, May 23-25. The following Thursday through Saturday (May 30-June 1), guitarist Joe Beck and alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne co-lead a quartet. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Singer Nick Holmes shares the facilities with actress and singer Diane Keaton at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, May 26, Judith Cohen, a young singer who hits notes the way Abbott and Costello used to hit nails, comes on at nine and eleven-thirty. In her clear, small, unembellished voice, Blossom Dearie sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, whose ways with popular song have been admired and studied by practically every important singer from Frank Sinatra to Roberta Flack, delivers her recitatives from an armchair. Jimmy Lyon, on piano, accompanies her at ten and twelve Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. On Thursdays, saxophonist Lee Konitz works with a trio. Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, the Teddy Saunders trio performs. The very fine Chuck Wayne-Joe Puma guitar duo retains its Sunday slot. Drummer Jul Curtis brings in a trio Friday through Saturday, May 31-June 1. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three (nine to two on Sundays). Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Pianist, arranger, composer, and sage Gil Evans and his talented, forward-looking fifteen-piece assemblage take over the bandstand through Sunday, May 26. On Tuesday, May 28, thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones descends into the murk with his quintet. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater let loose on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably re-creates sounds from the thirties, with the distinguished help of alto saxophonist and clarinettist Russell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, and trumpeter Franc Williams. Annie Hurewitz, a young vocalist, also participates. Sundays and Wednesdays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band performs, with the addition of vibraharpist Mike Manne on Wednesdays and pianist Mabel Godwin on Sundays. The Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basie-ites (from the thirties and forties) Earle Warren, on alto sax, and trumpeter Ed Lewis; pianist Dill Jones; and drummer Ronnie Cole, claims the stand on Thursdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the ROYAL BOX, the Sy Oliver orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the CAFÉ, with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Teddy Diamond plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Julie Wilson is singing, in her carefree way, in the PERSIAN ROOM at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the PALM COURT Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer and comedienne Sheila MacRae is onstage at dinner and supper. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Gene Barry will end his dinner and supper song-and-dance routines on Saturday, May 25, in the MAISONETTE. Pianist Erroll Garner arrives, at ten, on Monday, May 27; thereafter, he will resort to the dinner-and-supper schedule. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the EMPIRE ROOM are devoted to the songs of Joey Heatherton through Saturday, May 25. On Thursday, May 30, the Pointer Sisters will start singing. The dance music issues from the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, May 26-29.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, May 27.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Richard Estes and Gabriel Laderman—Two outstanding representatives of the two major schools of realism flourishing in America today. Estes is one of the earliest and most accomplished of the Photo-Realists who, in common with other movement members, unflinchingly gazes at the sleazy commercial reality of American cities and suburbs, takes a snapshot of a particularly hideous and nondescript scene, and then copies the photograph in paint on a large canvas. Many of Estes' paintings are of the upper West Side of Manhattan, where he lives, and almost all his street scenes include reflections of buildings and signs and vehicles in the plate-glass windows of shops; in the accuracy of their execution these reflections are a virtuoso performance, and they also seem to be a comment on Photo-Realism itself and on its complicated relationship to painting, photography, and reality. However, "I have no conscious intention of making people see differently," Estes told an *Art in America* interviewer in 1972. "I don't enjoy looking at the things I paint, so why should you enjoy it? I enjoy painting because of all the things I can do with it. I'm not trying to make propaganda for New York, or anything. I think I would tear down most of the places I paint." The work in this show is in Estes' accustomed vein (there are paintings of Miami as well as of New York), with one significant new development: In 1972, Estes confided that the reason there wasn't any garbage in the streets of his paintings was because "I couldn't really get it to look right. It's really a technical deficiency on my part." Now he has solved the problem. One of the best pictures in the show depicts a persuasive clump of garbage and litter sitting in the street near an open steel trapdoor belonging to the Supreme Hardware store, whose neighbors are a liquor store, a pharmacy, and a dry-cleaning establishment. The painting (with its "No Parking 10-7" sign, its parking meters, its one-way signs, and its grimy tenements) evokes a sight so familiar to New Yorkers that they don't see it anymore, and one is chastened to be brought face to face with it in all its ugliness and indifference toward the people (not shown) who live in these typical American city surroundings. . . . ¶ The realism of Laderman and his school, in contrast, is marked by nostalgia for the time when things looked (and presumably were) better: Like William Bailey's serene arrangements of eggs and white china, Paul Weisenfeld's faded-elegance interiors, Marilyn Levine's handsome leather boots and valises, Laderman's landscapes are dominated by old church spires and nineteenth-century factories, and his still-lifes are filled with stoneware crocks, mottled enamel pitchers, and other nineteenth-century artifacts. His style is not as academic as that of other realists of this persuasion: some of the landscapes have an Impressionist character, and others display an almost Photo-Realist harshness of color tone. Nor is the present absent from his work—a present, however, characterized by a longing for the past and the wish to escape from the world of Las Vegas. Such retrogression is a strong force in this country right now (it is conspicuously reflected in the dwelling places of the non-poor, which look like antique shops and folk-art shows), and retrograde art is its inevitable concomitant. The claims of this art seem no more or less compelling than those of its avant-garde countercurrent, which accepts mass culture with Taoist resignation, and which practices with icy detachment what Pop Art only preached. (Estes at Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Through Saturday, June 1. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Laderman at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Through June 7. Closed Mondays.)

John Balsley—Sculptures of motorcycle wrecks made of found objects, including motorcycle wreckage. Through June 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Huge black-and-white drawings and soft sculptures of elephantine forms by an Englishwoman who was born in India and is now working here: first solo show here. Through Saturday, June 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudio Bravo—A show (sold out) of paintings of objects (tin cans, clothing, sponges, wool skeins) rendered with total and utter realism. Through June 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dennis Byng / Aijiro Wakita / Peter Spinelli—Fifteen cast-Lucite sculptures. / Stone and metal sculptures, metal wall reliefs, and drawings and prints. / Works in cement painted with acrylic and often including objects such as dishes, shirts, and light bulbs. Starts Friday, May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—The Master's designs come through in Aubusson tapestries (twenty-four in this show) as well as they do in mobiles and stabiles or on airplanes. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Canfield / August Mosca—Stylized but never sentimental sculptures, mostly in marble or agate, of animals, birds, and insects. / Paintings and drawings of interiors, figures, and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 25. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit: Surrealist animals, birds, and outsize insects, all of whom seem to be peering out of their stalls (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays), and extraterrestrial landscapes being visited by mysterious egg-shaped UFOs (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). Both through Saturday, June 1.

José de Rivera / Roy Gussow / David Lee Brown—A three-man exhibition of sculptures commissioned for architecture, shown as maquettes, half-size pieces, and other models. Through Thursday, May 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norris Embry—Works, in mixed mediums, by an artist who studied with Kokoschka. Through June 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kaffe Fassett—Still-lifes, in oil and watercolor, of dishes (often broken and often delicately patterned), eggs, shells, and stones, painstakingly arranged on busily designed cloths. Through Saturday, May 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Janet Fish—Paintings of common water glasses, bottles, and jars enlivened by the shimmering reflection of light and of external objects. Through Saturday, June 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Forman—Realistic still-lifes and three landscapes. Through Saturday, May 25. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Woodcut portraits of celebrated persons. Through Saturday, June 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Fuchs—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ibbie Holmquist—Paintings of figures, animals, and birds, most of them in exotic settings. Through June 15. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Kearney—Sculptures of endangered species—white rhinos, Sonoran pronghorn antelopes, cheetahs, walruses, etc., on up (or down) to man—made of castoff chromium parts of another endangered species, the automobile. Through Saturday, May 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

André Masson and Stanley William Hayter—Etchings from the forties, the artists' American period. Through Saturday, June 1. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Oils, watercolors, and collages by this abstractionist who reached the loftier ateliers of Paris by way of Groton and Yale, and who often turns a French-educated eye onto American Indian motifs, with interesting results. Through Friday, May 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Perehudoff—Color-field paintings of unusual energy, by a Canadian artist. Through June 29. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Matt Phillips—Monotypes based loosely on nature and the human figure. Through Friday, May 31. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

T. Addison Richards (1820-1900)—Landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties. Through June 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Saxon—Cartoons, drawings, and watercolors. Through June 8. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reeve Schley—Watercolors done during the past year on Martha's Vineyard, in Ecuador, and on the Jersey littoral. Through Saturday, June 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Steven Sloman—Seven large, stolid black-and-white abstractions in oil, and thirteen charcoal drawings, all untitled. Through Saturday, May 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

David Smyth—Sculptures and small drawings incised on blackened aluminum sheets. Through Friday, May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Ann Sperry—Bronze and aluminum sculptures, most of them of global shapes combined with severed sections of a tiny baby-doll figure. Through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Tobey—Works done in the summer of 1957, when the artist got away from his usually painstaking technique and had a brief fling with sumi ink, splattering it or brushing it freely on paper. Through Saturday, May 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Alice Valenstein—Abstract collages suggesting landscapes, many of them incorporating dried exotic leaves from Barbados. Also, several figurative watercolors. Through Saturday, June 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Vessa—Collages with the unifying element of an open ledger book which is, variously, stained with brown watercolor, drawn on, masked over, or tacked in place. Through Saturday, June 1. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Zajac—Serene abstract forms in marble and bronze, and, in sharp contrast, three large bronze goats in writhing positions. Through Friday, May 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Work in ceramic, wood, and fabric by seven couples—hence the title: "Couples in Craft." Through Saturday, June 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Frank Stella, Olitski, Dzubas, and other gallery artists. Starts Thursday, May 23. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and monotypes by gallery artists. Through Saturday, June 1. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Graphics by Alechinsky, Folon, Ting, and others. Through July 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: New acquisitions of paintings and sculptures by Chagall, Marini, Utrillo, and others. Through Friday, May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—"The Nude," a show with examples in various mediums by Leo Amino, Vincent Glinsky, Barbara Lekberg, and others. Through Saturday, May 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Drawings and graphics. Through Saturday, June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Chiriani—Surrealistic landscapes, in which things are reduced to elemental geometric shapes. The works include the cartoon for a huge mural meant to cover the side of an elderly six-story building on West Canal Street; one completed panel is also shown. Through Thursday, May 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Crile—Still-lifes and landscapes in watercolor and pastel, from 1966 to the present. Through June 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cronbach—Abstract metal sculptures, several of them large pieces dealing with various aspects of hemispherical forms. Through Thursday, May 30. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Triptych paintings. Through Friday, May 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Johnson—Small Photo-Realist paintings based on old photographs. Through June 15. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Kerns—Abstract paintings of sketchy geometric figures in soft colors. Also drawings.

Through Thursday, May 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DONG KINGMAN—Watercolors that amount to postcards from the artist on his recent trips to Mexico, Italy, Greece, Holland, Norway, Finland, and Hong Kong. The colors go off like strings of Chinese firecrackers. Through Saturday, May 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

KNOX MARTIN—Large abstract studies of women in bright acrylics. Through Saturday, June 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Black, rough wooden constructions and framed collages of painted wood and cardboard. Through June 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT (1878-1955)—Oils from 1953 and 1954 and woodblocks from 1906, all of them views of the sea. Through Saturday, June 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ATTILIO SALEMME (1911-55)—Paintings, watercolors, and pen-and-ink works from 1942 to 1955. Through Wednesday, May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGOT STEWART—Paintings of flowers and trees seen at close range. Through Thursday, May 30. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 25.)

MICHAEL TODD—Welded-steel sculptures with calligraphic forms. Through Saturday, May 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD DERBY TUCKER—Mostly figure paintings. Through Saturday, June 1. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—King-size paintings of women's mouths exhaling cigarette smoke, and a colossal freestanding still-life of plastic objects commonly found in cheap handbags. Through Saturday, May 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor," a benefit show of works spanning a period of over a hundred years, by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast, Sargent, and Wyeth. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through Saturday, May 25. (Closes Saturday at 4:30.)... **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: A benefit show of seventy-seven paintings, sculptures, and drawings, focussing on post-Second World War Americans, from the collection of Carter Burden. Through Saturday, June 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, selected from those shown during the 1973-74 season. Through Saturday, May 25.

SCULPTURE—Pieces in ceramic by California artists. Through Saturday, June 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

EUGENE BAGUSKAS—Atmospheric paintings of skies. Through Friday, May 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

LYNDA BENGLIS—Wall pieces in the form of metal knots. Through June 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

BARBARA COLEMAN / RACHEL ROLON DE CLET—Abstract paintings with an impasto surface. / Photographs and drawings. Through June 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972. Through Saturday, May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St.)

JAIME DEARING / JOANNA POUSETTE-DART / TONY VANDERPERK—A three-man show of abstract paintings. Through June 5. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

HARRIET FEIGENBAUM / CHARLES SEPLOWIN—Three constructions of wood and straw, and charcoal drawings of architectural structures packed and littered with bales of hay and clumps of straw. / Sheets of rubber—flat, draped, or twisted—studded with tiny colored rubber bands or layered with noodle-size rubber bands. Through June 8. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MARCIA HAFIF—Monochromatic paintings and pencil drawings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

PHOEBE HELMAN—Clear Plexiglas boxes containing abstract constructions, plus an enormous black environmental sculpture. Through Saturday, May 25. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

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ROGER HOWRIGAN / JUDITH JOA—Large, panoramic views of New York City. / Still-lifes, interiors, and portraits. Starts Friday, May 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JAQUETH HUTCHINSON—Abstract steel sculptures. Through June 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER KOTOSKE / VIVIAN SCOTT—Smooth polyester-resin sculptures in simple abstract forms. / Abstract paintings with broad strokes of color overlapping and angled against one another. Through Friday, May 31. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

DIANNE KRIEGER / BRUCE WEBER—Sculptures made of large sheets of glass. / Photographs of entries in the 1973 World Body Beautiful Guild contest at Hunter College. Through June 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

BARRY LE VA—Abstract drawings on green paper done in black ink and possibly inspired by strips of computer tape. Through Saturday, June 1. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

MARILYN LEVINE / STUART SHEDLETSKY / R. M. FISCHER—Stoneware. / Abstract paintings. / Wall constructions. Starts Saturday, May 25. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LONG—Photographs and maps tracing exactly plotted walks this artist took in Ireland, in his native England, and in Peru, sometimes leaving his mark in piles of sticks or stones. Through Wednesday, May 29. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Abstract shaped canvases. Through June 6. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

RAQUEL RABINOVICH—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Friday, May 24. (Second Story Spring Street Society, 167 Spring St.)

ARNULF RAINER—Enlarged photographs of the artist (in a state of considerable nervous tension), which are then drawn over or smeared with paint. Through Saturday, May 25. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

MEL RAMOS—Full-size, witty, and skillfully painted takeoffs on celebrated Romantic paintings—Ingres' "Odalisque;" two versions of "Cupid and Psyche," by Gérard and David; and Manet's "Olympia," which itself was a takeoff of Titian's "Venus of Urbino." Through Saturday, May 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG AND CY TWOMBLY—Mr. Rauschenberg has added a skirting of gauze to his familiar crinkled-paper studies, and Mr. Twombly continues with his collages of graph paper scribbled on with colored crayon. Through Saturday, May 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ALAN SHIELDS—Prints and watercolors. Through Wednesday, May 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

BARBARA ZUCKER—Wall constructions and a floor piece. Through Wednesday, May 29. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **55 MERCER STREET**: Paintings, sculptures, and works in mixed mediums by upstate-New York artists, plus Conceptual work by Ethlyn Honig. Through Wednesday, May 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: A cross-section of contemporary drawing, by twenty-four artists, who range from pure abstractionists to pure realists. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays 1 to 5.) ... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by fourteen artists, and abstract paintings on paper by Hugo Weber. Through June 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)... **SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY**, 167 Spring St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Starts Saturday, May 25. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

FRITZIE ABADI / ANNE HELIOFF / JILL SPELMAN—Paintings of leaves. / Abstract paintings. / Canvases placed at angles and touching along one edge, acting as reflections of each other. Through June 7. (Phoenix, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FUDGE—Surreal paintings. Through Friday, May 24. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St.)

RUTH GIKOW—Fifteen large paintings and seven drawings of social protest. Through June 6. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

EDWARD GOREY—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through June 15. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

CLAES OLDENBURG—A nine-thousand-pound, eighteen-foot steel sculpture, "Geometric Mouse—Scale X," in which the genes of his forebear Mickey come shining through. Through June 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

JOSÉ GUADALUPE POSADA (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JOCHEN SEIDEL (1924-71)—Paintings from 1966 to 1969. Through Friday, May 31. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 7.)

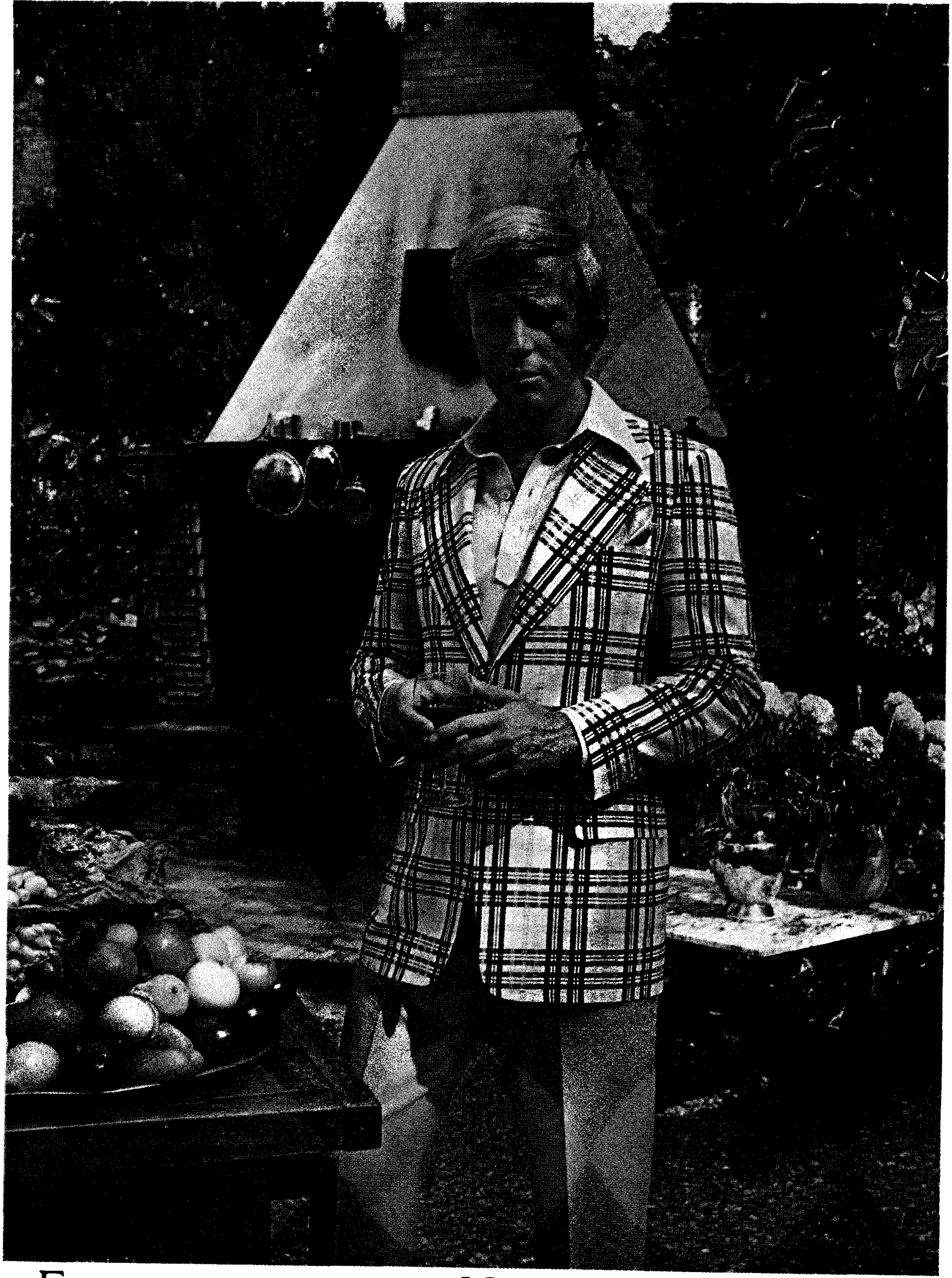
GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four contemporary African artists. Through Aug. 31.... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Gallery artists, including Hirschfeld, Gikow, and Will Barnet. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Three Centuries of French Satire (1614-1914)," an exhibit on loan from the print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Through June 7. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, except May 24, and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **WALKER STREET GALLERY**, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Starts Saturday, May 25. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS (revisited)—The large show here of the seventy-two-year-old Western photographer's work is divided into two unequal and unconnected sections—the largest on the second floor, in the print gallery and overflowing onto the balcony of the Blumenthal Patio, and the other on the first floor, within the Patio itself. As a result, many people inadvertently see only one section of it. When we reviewed the show two weeks ago, we had only been upstairs, and therefore missed the best picture in the show, which is downstairs. This is "Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico," a photograph that belongs among the masterpieces of photography and that dispels any doubts (such as those voiced by us and other reviewers of the upstairs show) about Adams as one of photography's artists as well as its most excruciatingly painstaking craftsman. The photograph shows a near-full moon, low in a dark sky, casting a strange, preternatural kind of daylight on a sweep of white clouds and a range of majestic mountains; in the foreground is a cluster of small, poor houses hedged by a humble, ramshackle cemetery in which plain white crosses and plain white gravestones gleam. The picture's arresting symbolism and eerie beauty cause one to linger a long time before it, as if under the agitating spell of moonlight itself. But the picture also confirms one's feeling that the proper subject of photography is man's world, not God's, and it underlines, by contrast, the insufficiency of Adams' reverent studies of the uncontaminated wilderness, which are his most characteristic mode, and by which the entire show is dominated. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... ¶ A retrospective. Through July 13. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

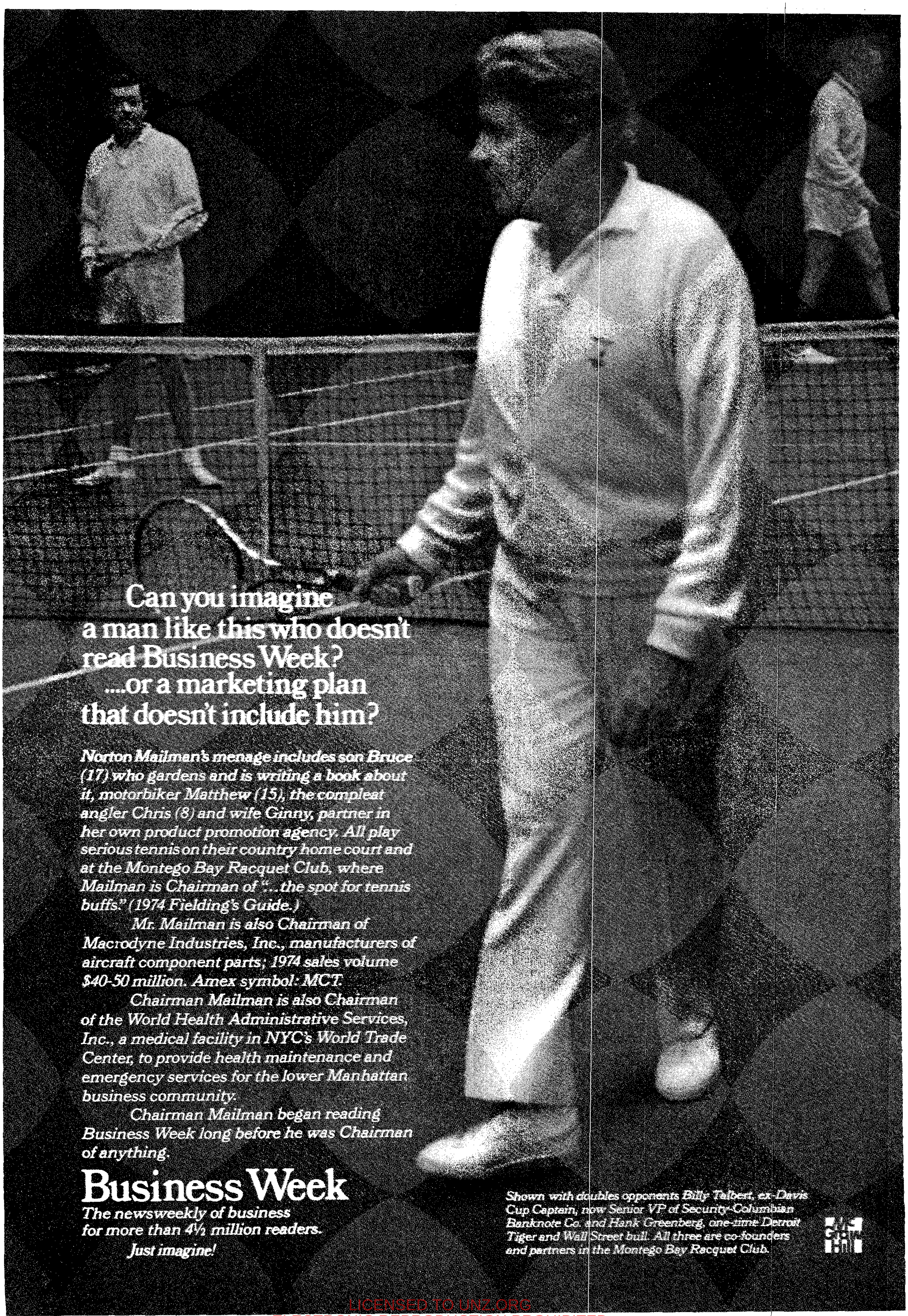
CONSUELO KANAGA—This retrospective of work

Photographed at Les Oliviers, St. Paul, France



Easy care summer wear. No one does it like Haspel.

Suits from $80, sport coats from $65 at fine stores everywhere. Haspel Bros., Inc., New Orleans, U.S.A.



Can you imagine a man like this who doesn't read Business Week? ....or a marketing plan that doesn't include him?

Norton Mailman's menage includes son Bruce (17) who gardens and is writing a book about it, motorbiker Matthew (15), the compleat angler Chris (8) and wife Ginny, partner in her own product promotion agency. All play serious tennis on their country home court and at the Montego Bay Racquet Club, where Mailman is Chairman of "...the spot for tennis buffs." (1974 Fielding's Guide.)

Mr. Mailman is also Chairman of Macrodyne Industries, Inc., manufacturers of aircraft component parts; 1974 sales volume $40-50 million. Amex symbol: MCT.

Chairman Mailman is also Chairman of the World Health Administrative Services, Inc., a medical facility in NYC's World Trade Center, to provide health maintenance and emergency services for the lower Manhattan business community.

Chairman Mailman began reading Business Week long before he was Chairman of anything.

Business Week

The newsweekly of business for more than 4½ million readers.

Just imagine!

Shown with doubles opponents Billy Talbert, ex-Davis Cup Captain, now Senior VP of Security-Columbian Banknote Co. and Hank Greenberg, one-time Detroit Tiger and Wall Street bull. All three are co-founders and partners in the Montego Bay Racquet Club.

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done between 1924 and 1973 by one of America's most distinguished and least famous photographers, now eighty years old, should lift her achievement out of the obscurity that has inexplicably shrouded it. The beautiful and beautifully printed works—studies of plants and farm animals, still-lifes, landscapes, city scenes, and portraits of poor people and such artists as Alfred Stieglitz and Milton Avery—follow the pictorial tradition of Stieglitz, Strand, and Evans, and bring to it a warmth and mildness and delicacy that, in the days before one knew better, one might have attributed to the photographer's sex. There are some pictures of black people that are the product of a remarkable synthesis of feeling and noticing, and that contrast sharply with the usual condescending and gratuitous pictures of blacks taken by whites. A camellia in a glass of water, a colt leaning against its mother's flank, an anxious poor boy, a view of downtown New York, and a still-life of a white enamel pitcher, a bit of checked cloth, and a cake of Ivory soap are among the pictures that the partial catalogue helps to evoke but does not "reproduce," since the exquisite tonalities of Kanaga's prints are as integral to her art as its images. Through Saturday, June 1. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Avedon—Eight extraordinary photographs of Jacob Israel Avedon, taken by his son between 1967 and 1973. Through June 16. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Fritz Henle—Sixty-seven photographs. Through July 7. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

George Hoyningen-Huené—Small, elegant, stylized photographs by an early *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* photographer, taken in the thirties. Through Friday, May 31. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Lerner / Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Photographs of nudes. / Gravures of the American Indian. Through June 29. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Rhoda Nathans—Portraits of, among others, Ramsey Clark, Alan Hovhaness, Viveca Lindfors, Marcel Breuer, Norman Cousins, plus photographs taken in Peru, India, Nepal, and New York. Through Friday, May 31. (Avanti, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Man Ray—Over fifty photographs, rayographs, and *cliché-verre* engravings made between 1917 and 1973. Through Saturday, June 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Siskind / John Gutmann—Investigations of natural forms. / Pictures from the thirties, by a photojournalist. Through Saturday, May 25. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **camera club**, 37 E. 60th St.: Photographs by the members, both professional and amateur. Through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.) . . . **jewish museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Monday and Tuesday, May 27-28.) . . . **kaufmann art gallery,** Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.: A large exhibition of photographs of famous people who performed, read, or lectured at the Y.M.H.A. between 1934 and 1974, including I. B. Singer, Edith Sitwell, Marianne Moore, Mary McCarthy, Robert Graves, Robert Lowell, Truman Capote, T. S. Eliot, Doris Lessing, Isaac Stern, and Merce Cunningham. Jill Krementz and Rollie McKenna took most of the pictures. Through Friday, May 31. (Weekdays, except Monday and Tuesday, May 27-28, from 11 to 4.) . . . **midtown "y" gallery,** 334 E. 14th St.: Abbott, Atget, Brassaï, Tice, Weston, and others. Through June 9. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8.) . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Friday, May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **soho photo,** 30 W. 13th St.: Five photographers. Through June 2. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **sonnabend,** 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: A miscellany of photographs by Horst and Cecil Beaton is on view in the gallery's east room. Through Friday, May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition is being held here of painted cloth hangings, called *pichhavais,* that once decorated temples of the Vallabhachari Krishna cult in the Rajasthani province of India and that now belong to the New York fabric designer Karl Mann. These opulently colored and forcefully designed and stylized works—made between the early eighteenth and the early twentieth centuries—depict scenes from the life of Krishna, many concerning the playful and amorous exploits of his childhood and adolescence, spent in a village among cowherds and milkmaids. The sport (or *lila*) of the young Krishna is associated by the Vallabhachari with "the eternal play of God," as Robert Skelton, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, explains in his informative catalogue essay, and "it is by taking part in this divine sport that the individual soul is able to share the highest degree of God's bliss, and thus partake of that aspect of him which exists in the soul but is imperceptible to him." During the nineteenth century, the sect seemed too blissed out for Victorian sensibilities, and was dragged into court on a charge of "licentious practices." Except for an occasional bare foot, there is nothing in the hangings to suggest that the accusation was justified. Through June 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian painters of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through July 14. . . . ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Environmental sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, a Puerto Rican artist. Through Sunday, May 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, May 27, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two floors of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972, including such classics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam." Through June 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, depicting the black experience in America. Through July 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, May 27, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through June 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, May 27, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The eleven-foot-tall skeleton of Jumbo is starred in a circus exhibit that includes circus posters and other Big Top memorabilia. Through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, May 27, from 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through Friday, May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Large sculptures by Colin Greenly. Through June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913, the year of his death, as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in a number of instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Thirty manuscripts by Petrarch, celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. Through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth-century stoneware and a few plates of slip-decorated redware, all from New York State. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Denim jackets and pants decorated with embroidery, appliqué, jewelry, lace, studs, feathers, hair, paintings, and political messages—all entrants in an art contest sponsored by Levi Strauss & Company. Through Sunday, May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), among them studies for Minimal works, nonsites, an airport project, and earthworks. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Renderings of ancient calligraphy in color acrylics on mounted silk or canvas by Chi Watts, who studied calligraphy with private tutors in China and presently resides in New York. Through June 14. . . . ¶ Ten abstract paintings and forty drawings by Alan Fenton. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 27, from 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of a three-week non-subscription season, which will run through Saturday, June 15—Monday evening, May 27: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau,

At Bonwit's, the sheerest of panty-hose: Diorissimo by Christian Dior

Never before in this country has such sheer elegance been available. Ultrasheer, 15 denier nylon Diorissimo sandalfoot pantyhose have a reinforced toe and come in seven sizes to assure perfect fit. Sizes: Petite, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. In Black Orchid; French Taupe; Creme Crepe; Suntan; or Classic Beige, 3 pairs, 9.00 Add 1.35 outside delivery area. Hosiery Bonwit Teller Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 28: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 29: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Evelyn Lear, Frederica von Stade, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 30: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 31: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 1: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Nedda Casei, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, June 8—"Curtain-Time Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 22-23, at 8:30 (with David Bar-Illan, piano); "A Night for Dancing" on Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28-29, at 8:30 (with John Clifford and Gelsey Kirkland, dancers); and "Rhapsody Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1, at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano).

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing three settings of the Stabat Mater, with Emily Derr, soprano; Carole Walters, alto; Robert White, tenor; Arthur Burrows, bass; and a chamber orchestra. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, Lexington Ave. at 66th St. Friday, May 31, at 8. For tickets, call 355-1407.)

RECITALS

Baroque String Ensemble—A series of programs of baroque music by instrumentalists from the University of Georgia. Wednesday, May 22: "Music in England and France.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 23: J. S. Bach's "The Art of the Fugue.". . . ¶ Friday, May 24: "Virtuoso Italian Violin Music.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 25: J. S. Bach Concertos. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Three by Three—At Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, May 29—Eugenia Zukerman, flute, at 8. . . . ¶ Hanna Lachert, violin, at 9. . . ¶ Juliana Markova, piano, at 10.

Boehm Quintette—The last in a series of concerts of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 30, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Note—Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, June 9, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, May 28, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—The final offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **HAZEL SCOTT** on Wednesday, May 22, at 5:45.

Strawbs, R.E.O. Speedwagon, and If—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 24, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Quicksilver—With Al Stewart. (Academy of Music. Friday, May 24, at midnight.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The eleventh in a series of concerts, this one a jam session entitled "52nd Street Revisited," with Vic Dickenson, Tiny Grimes, Illinois Jacquet, Joe Newman, Slam Stewart, Maxine Sullivan, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 25, at 8.)

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen and Bachman-Turner Overdrive—With the Spencer Davis Group. (Academy of Music. Saturday, May 25, at 8.)

James Taylor—Carnegie Hall. Sunday and Monday, May 26-27, at 8.

Salvatore Adamo—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 28, at 8.

Shirley Bassey—Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2, at 8.

Slade—With Aerosmith. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 31, at 8.)

Johnny Winter—With 10cc. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 1, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, May 22, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 23, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Yankees (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Thursday, May 30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, May 31, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 1, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 24, at 8; Saturday, May 25, at 2; and Sunday, May 26, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday, May 27, at 2; Tuesday, May 28, at 8; and Wednesday, May 29, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Wednesday through Saturday, May 29-June 1.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 22. The Withers, Saturday, May 25; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 27; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Monday, May 27, between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 27. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, May 25, and the Jersey Derby, Monday, May 27. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Wednesday, May 29, through Saturday, Aug. 24.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Minnesota Buckskins, Wednesday, May 22. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Houston EZ Riders, Friday, May 24. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Los Angeles Strings, Tuesday, May 28. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

Track Meet—World Pro Track Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 29, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 20. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, except Monday, May 27, when post time is 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 1-2.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

The Great Outdoors—Starting Friday, May 24, and continuing through Sunday, June 9, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Saturday, May 25, at noon, a bicycle marathon around Central Park (sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company) will get under way at Fifth Avenue and 72nd Street. It will finish at the same place twenty-four hours later. For information call 472-1003. . . . ¶ On Monday, May 27, at 7:30, the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jonathan Sternberg and with Kenneth Riegel, tenor, will give a concert on the Central Park Mall. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 25, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 22, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 2, and Friday, May 24, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and ceramics and works of art; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 8: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Whistler, Copley, and Ralph Earl; from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, *objets de vertu*, and miniatures; from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 23.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 28: "Cinderella Liberty."
From May 29: "Mean Streets" and "The Getaway."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 25: "Another Thin Man" and "Shadow of the Thin Man."
May 26-28: "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Mata Hari."
From May 29: "Hands Across the Table" and "Topper."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 28: "The Way We Were."
From May 29: "The Last Detail" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"American Graffiti."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Three Musketeers."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Conversation."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 23: "Diamonds Are Forever" and "You Only Live Twice."
From May 24: "Huckleberry Finn."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Zandy's Bride."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Daisy Miller."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (750-4630)
"Sleeper" and "Bananas."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Chosen Survivors."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Two Men of Karamoja."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Stoolie."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (870-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)
Through May 28: "The Way We Were."
From May 29: "Serpico."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Three Musketeers."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Serpico."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Blazing Saddles."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Chosen Survivors."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Walking Tall."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 23: "Black Eye."
From May 24: "Huckleberry Finn."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 28: "Notorious" and "Rebecca."
From May 29: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 28: "Fantastic Planet" and "Cries and Whispers."
From May 29: "The African Queen" and "Indiscreet."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
May 22: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
May 23: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and "Nobody Waved Goodbye."
May 24-25: "Gimme Shelter" and "Putney Swope."
May 26-27: "State of Siege" and "Z."
May 28-29: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Morgan!"
May 30: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Accident."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 28: "Thieves Like Us" and "Cops and Robbers."
From May 29: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 28 at one or another of the theatres: "The Last Detail" and "Images"/"Serpico" and "Bang the Drum Slowly"/"Blazing Saddles" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"The Best of the New York Erotic Film Festival."
From May 29: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 28: "The Grande Bouffe" and "The Producers."
From May 29: "Three Stooges Extravaganza" and "Take the Money and Run."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Blazing Saddles" and "Blume in Love."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 23: "The Three Musketeers."
From May 24: "Huckleberry Finn."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Black Windmill."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
May 22: Theatre closed.
From May 23 at 7: "That's Entertainment!" (Opening night by invitation only.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 23: "Kazablan."
From May 24: "The Divine Mr. J."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Wedding in Blood."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Love and Anarchy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
May 22: A program of Czech films, with English subtitles, accompanied by a lecture in the evening. As for the schedule, our best advice is to phone the theatre.
May 23-24: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
May 25-26: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
May 27: "The Scarlet Empress" and "The Devil Is a Woman."
May 28: "Under Milk Wood" and "Ulysses."
May 29: "Swan Lake" and "Katerina."
From May 30: "Design for Living" and "The Scoundrel."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
May 22: "The Great Gatsby."
From May 23: "Serpico" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 22: "This Transient Life."
May 23-25: "The Ambitious" and "Yojimbo."
May 26-27: "The Seven Samurai."
May 28: "Utamaro and His Five Women."
May 29: "Late Autumn."
From May 30: "Trail of Blood, Part II" and "Samurai Rebellion."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Blazing Saddles" and "The Public Eye."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"Cinderella Liberty."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Chosen Survivors."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Three Musketeers" and another feature, to be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 25: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From May 26: "Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 28: "American Graffiti" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From May 29: "The Last Detail" and "Images."

Note—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Monday, May 24-27: "Jamaica Inn" (1938; Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara) and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933; Charles Laughton). . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by Raoul Walsh: May 23 at 5:30: "Baby Face Harrington" (1935), with Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel. . . . May 23 at 8: "Going Hollywood" (1933), with Marion Davies and Bing Crosby. . . . May 24 at 2: "Baby Face Harrington.". . . May 25 at 3: "The Loves of Carmen" (1927), with Dolores Del Rio and Victor McLaglen; Czech titles only, a Czech print of the film being the only surviving one available. . . . May 25 at 5:30: "When Thief Meets Thief" (1937), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Valerie Hobson. . . . May 26 at 5:30: "Hitting a New High" (1937), with Lily Pons and Edward Everett Horton. . . . May 27 at 2: "The Man I Love" (1946), with Ida Lupino and Robert Alda. . . . May 27 at 5:30: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), with James

Cagney and Humphrey Bogart. . . . May 30 at 5:30: "Dark Command" (1940), with John Wayne and Claire Trevor. . . . May 30 at 8: "They Drive by Night" (1940), with Ann Sheridan and George Raft. . . . ¶ Other, non-Walsh films, scheduled during this period are: May 22 at 5:30: "Traffic in Souls" (1913), directed by George Loane Tucker, with Jane Gail and Ethel Grandin. . . . May 24 at 5:30 and May 25 at noon: A program of early Biograph films, directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . May 26 at 12:30 and 3: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), directed by Leo McCarey, with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland. . . . May 28 at 2: "Transatlantic" (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran. . . . May 28 at 5:30: "La Vie Revée" (1973), in French, directed by Mirielle Dansereau. . . . May 29 at 5:30: "Transatlantic." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of Charles Laughton films: May 22 at 4 and 6: "Jamaica Inn" (1939), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Maureen O'Hara. . . . May 23 at 4 and 6: "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Gregory Peck and Ann Todd. . . . May 25-26 at 3 and 6: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. . . . May 30 at 4 and 6: "They Knew What They Wanted" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Carole Lombard. . . . ¶ May 24 at 5 and 7:30: "Wind Across the Everglades" (1958), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Christopher Plummer and Burl Ives. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—May 22: "Erotic Cinema," a program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Starting May 23: "Looking Forward, Looking Back," a program of five short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings); on May 22 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The final programs in a thirteen-day festival of Japanese films, with English subtitles. Tuesdays through Fridays at 6 and 8, through Friday, May 31. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. For information about individual programs and tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 30.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 29.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Lewis Milestone's famous film, from Remarque's novel. A bunch of German volunteers in the First World War go from school to the trenches in increasing cynicism and squalor. Eisenstein called the film a good Ph.D. thesis, but in spite of some truth in that, and the woodenness of Maxwell Anderson's script, the pacifist feeling is piercing enough for the film often to have been banned in politically vulnerable countries. Fred Zinnemann has a doubled bit part. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26-28.)

The Ambitious (1969)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Daisuke Ito. In Japanese. (Regency; May 23-25.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Olympia; through May 28.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Trans-Lux East.)

Another Thin Man (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The screenplay (once again by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) tosses shootings and skullduggery and repartee at us before we're ready, and then Nick Charles takes an unconscionable amount of time sorting things out. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 25.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23-24.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Ciné Malibu.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Quad Cinema; through May 28. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting May 23.)

Black Eye—Fred Williamson as a private eye, directed by Jack Arnold. (86th St. East; through May 23.)

The Black Windmill—With Michael Caine and Donald Pleasence, directed by Don Siegel. (Music Hall.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can from the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I, Trans-Lux 85th St., 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 28.)

Blume in Love—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clod-hopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky, of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," which was a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve. (6/23/73) (23rd St. Cinema.)

Chosen Survivors—With Jackie Cooper and Alex Cord, directed by Sutton Roley. (Columbia II, Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd St.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Beacon. . . . ¶ Art; through May 28.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but holds stamina, good humor, and cheek in the face of the nearly impossible, because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop (James Earl Jones), himself supporting three abandoned children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but ostinate catch of a girl. There is a wheeling final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking to the limits of anyone's wits. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (34th St. East.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (8/27/73) (Greenwich; through May 28.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through May 28.)

Daisy Miller—With Cybill Shepherd, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster

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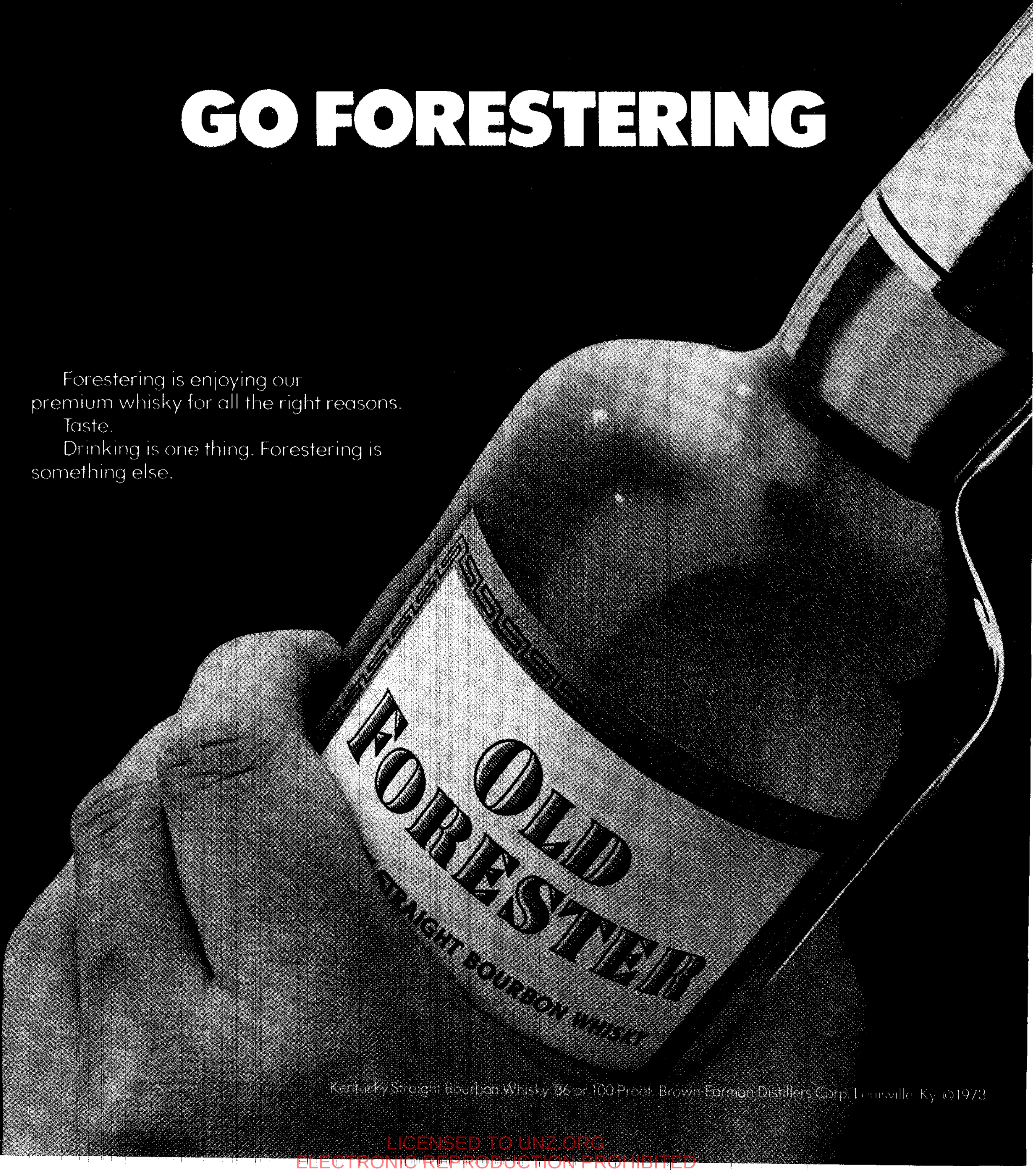
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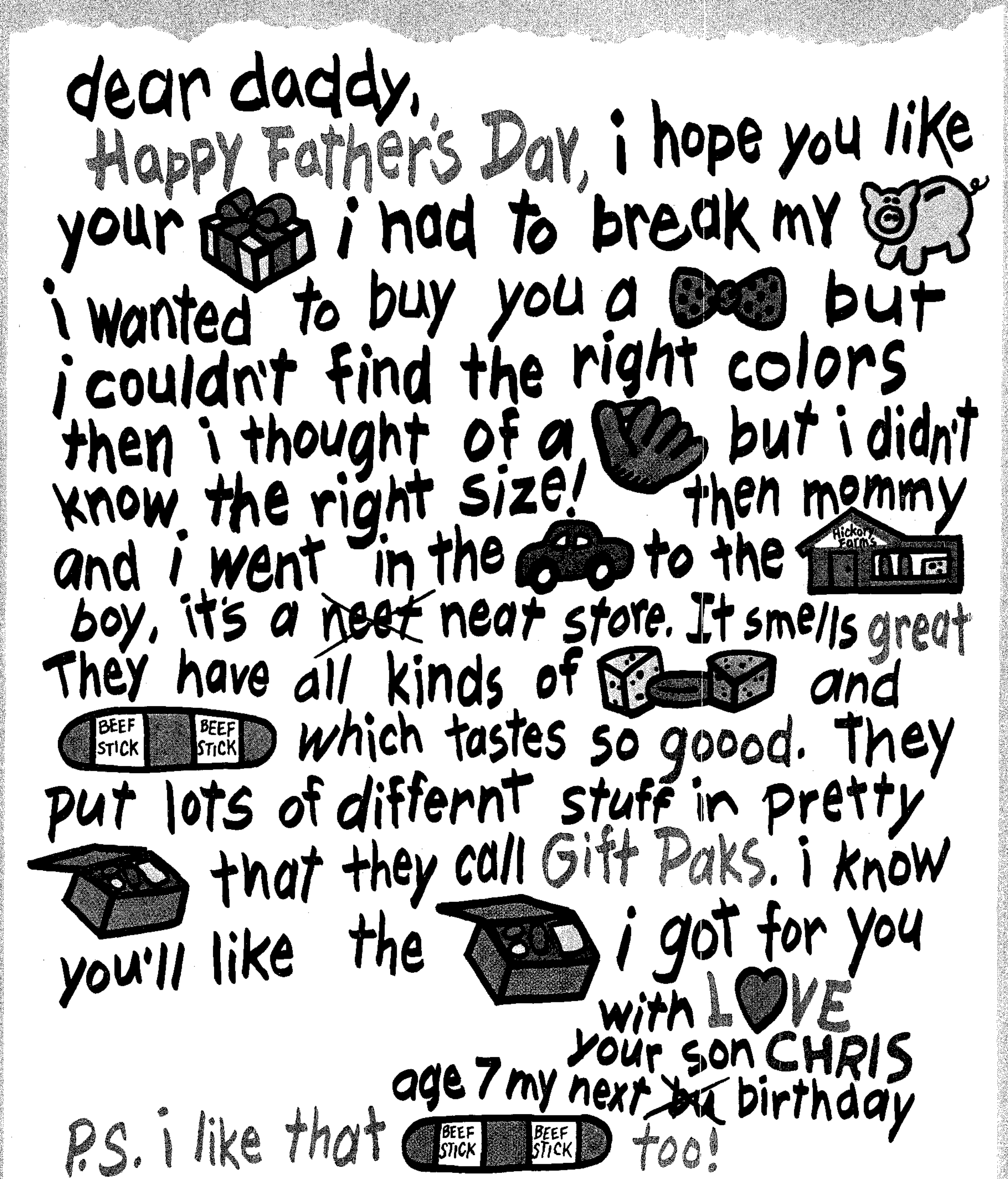

dear daddy,
Happy Father's Day, i hope you like
your i had to break my
i wanted to buy you a but
i couldn't find the right colors
then i thought of a but i didn't
know the right size! then mommy
and i went in the to the
boy, it's a ~~neet~~ neat store. It smells great
They have all kinds of and
which tastes so goood. They
put lots of differnt stuff in pretty
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you'll like the i got for you
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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some of the freebooting stylishness that comes more easily to English actors accustomed to playing Restoration comedy. There is a nice meal when the classy three of them, all on their beam-ends, are reduced to politesse about sharing a single frankfurter. "Pass the mustard," Hopkins says graciously to March. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 30.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to be one of his favorites. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 27.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (Eastside Cinema; through May 23.)

The Divine Mr. J—With Elliot Greenberg, directed by Peter Alexander. (Festival; starting May 24.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25-26.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 28.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 28-29.)

The Getaway (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (12/23/72) (Art; starting May 29.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, and especially at the disaster at Altamont. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 24-25.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (9/24/73) (Elgin; through May 28.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Paramount; May 22, at 8.)

Hands Across the Table (1935)—In movies written by Norman Krasna, you can see the jokes being set up; when the payoff comes you're already tired. Carole Lombard has a funny scene imitating a telephone operator, but it's an underwhelming comedy. With Fred MacMurray (not the subtlest of *farceurs*) and Ralph Bellamy. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 29.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia; starting May 26.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks around talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 23.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25-26.)

Huckleberry Finn—A musical version of the Mark Twain novel, with Jeff East as Huck and Paul Winfield as Jim. Directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Guild; starting May 24.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (12/23/72) (Quad Cinema; through May 28. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 29.)

VILLAGE
VILLAGE

Indiscreet (1958)—With Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman, directed by Stanley Donen. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 29.)

Katerina (1969)—Shostakovich's opera performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company, featuring Galina Vishnevskaya. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

Kazablan—An Israeli musical, in English, directed by Menahem Golan. (Festival; through May 23.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 28. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting May 29.)

Late Autumn (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Regency; May 29.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing. She is cinched into a wasp-waist dress and, with unstoppable and obstreperous romanticism, carols away about the death of love, the high-flown emotions displayed by this unexpected comedian being notably out of style with the words she is singing. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Lords of Flatbush—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Coronet.)

Love and Anarchy—About an attempt on the life of Mussolini in the nineteen-thirties. With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26-28.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Art; starting May 29.)

Morgan! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 28-29.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (Thalia; through May 25.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy (Peter Kastner) determined to go bad. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 23.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Waverly; through May 28.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Elgin; through May 28.)

The Public Eye (1972)—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective onto watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script based on his own stage play. (7/29/72) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 24-25.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. Academy Award as best picture of 1940. (Waverly; through May 28.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed sword fight. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 30.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 27.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cowlidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it because of the principals' tacit determination to note that there is all the difference in the world between a wisecrack and a wise saying.

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(Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 30.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 28. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting May 23. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 29.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against fifty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Regency; May 26-27.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 25.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Ciné Malibu.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 22.)

State of Siege (1973)—The most recent Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (4/14/73 and 5/12/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; May 26-27.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill try to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U. A. East, and Symphony.)

The Stoolie—With Jackie Mason, directed by John Avildsen. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Swan Lake (1960)—A Russian film, performed by Maya Plisetskaya, Nicolai Fadeyechev, and the Bolshoi Ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Elgin; starting May 29.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Thalia; through May 25.)

That's Entertainment!—Excerpts from M-G-M musicals from 1929 to 1958. Written and directed by Jack Haley, Jr. (Ziegfeld; starting May 23 at 7.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Greenwich; through May 28.)

This Transient Life (1970)—A film, directed by Akio Jissoji, that reflects a Japanese desire to return to a more nationalistic society. With Eiji Okada (the hero of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). In Japanese. (Regency; May 22.)

Thomasine & Bushrod—Bank robbers in the Southwest between 1912 and 1915. With Max Julien and Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stock cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Gramercy, Columbia I, Juliet 1, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Guild; through May 23.)

Three Stooges Extravaganza—Excerpts from films they made during the thirties. (Elgin; starting May 29.)

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Michael Cimino. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmos Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 29.)

Trail of Blood, Part II—Directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 30.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through May 28.)

Two Men of Karamoja—Eugene S. Jones, who made an apparently impartial but effectively partisan film about Vietnam called "A Face of War," here directs—with his wife, Natalie R. Jones, as producer—a good record of English paternalism at its death. The Ugandan-born British head of a game preserve in one of the most remote parts of Uganda is handing over power to a native-born Ugandan. Two urgent men are in conflict. One is white, better educated, English by his own standards of discipline and knowledge, about to leave the country to the Ugandans, but homeless without Uganda. The other is an instinctive chief crying out for training but too proud to take it when it is offered. The Union Jack comes down. Centuries of education yield to new learners. The film has marvellous, dangerous shots of wild animals, and scenes between white and black wives on familiar terms. (Beekman.)

ULYSSES (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

UNDER MILK WOOD (1973)—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (2/10/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

UTAMARO AND HIS FIVE WOMEN (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (Regency; May 28.)

WALKING TALL—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Loews Ciné.)

THE WAY WE WERE—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through May 28.)

WEDDING IN BLOOD—With Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy.)

THE WILD BUNCH (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23-24.)

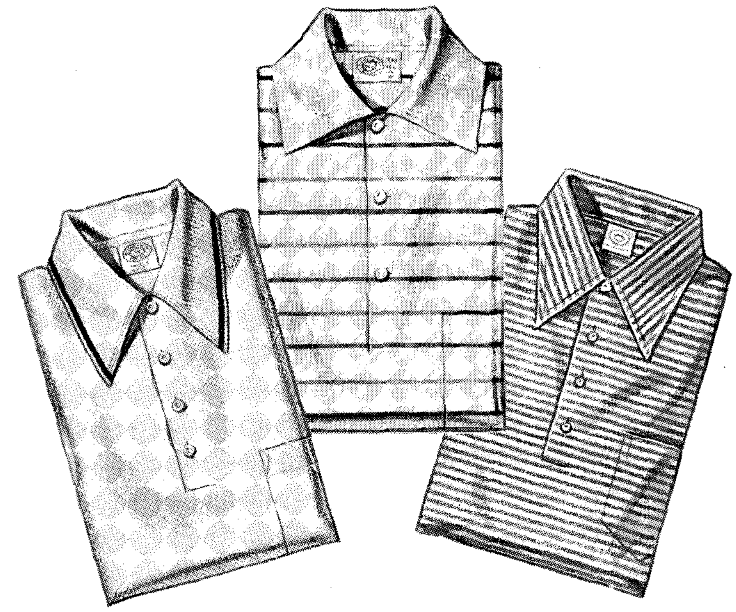
WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 30.)

YOJIMBO (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Regency; May 23-25.)

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Eastside Cinema; through May 23.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 26-27.)

ZANDY'S BRIDE—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman, both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Sutton.)



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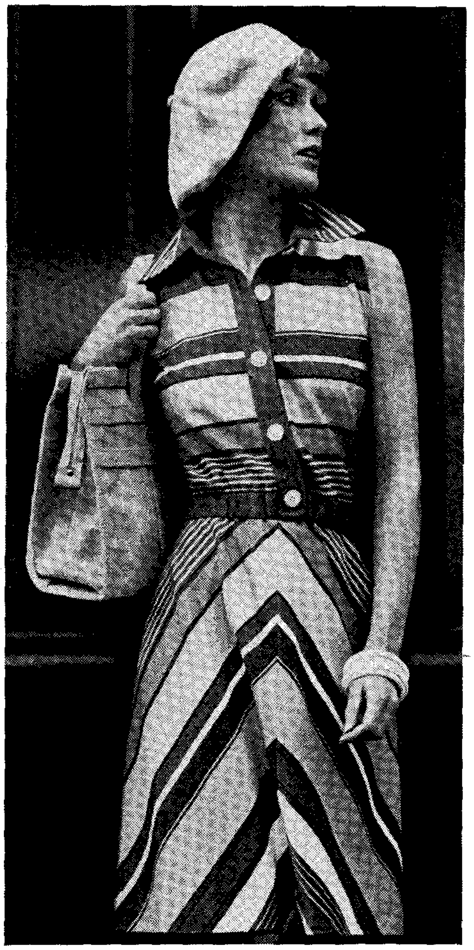

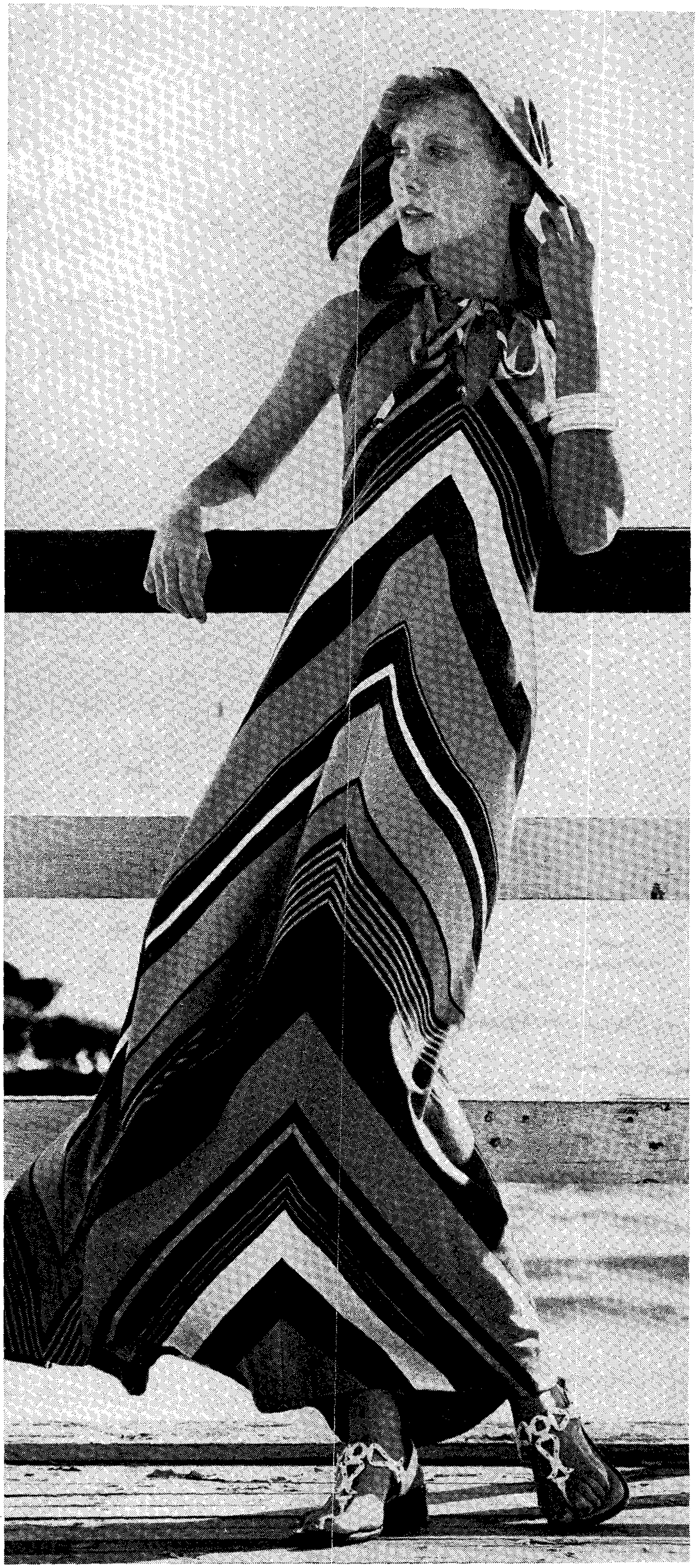

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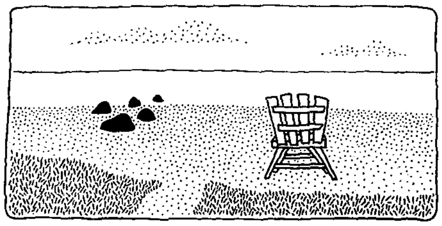
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER spending a year or so virtually in hiding, the Democratic Party has finally hit upon a position to take on the question of the President's fitness to continue in office. The denunciations of the President by such men as Senator Hugh Scott, the minority leader, and the calls for the President's resignation by other prominent Republicans gave the Democrats their opportunity to take a stand. In a rare show of unanimity, the Democrats raised objections to the Republicans' show of concern. Senator Robert Byrd, the Democratic whip, warned of "capitulation to emotionalism, which takes so little to deteriorate into mass hysteria." And Robert Strauss, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, criticized the "terrible hue and cry by Republicans running for office trying to put some distance between themselves and the President." Among the many strange developments in the story of impeachment, this is surely one of the strangest. The Democratic Party has, of all things, made a show of interposing itself between a besieged Republican President and the supposedly hysterical members of his own party. The way the Democrats tell it, they have had to protect the Constitution from hotheaded Republicans who want to railroad a Republican President out of office through mob action. There is even the implication that the Democrats are perhaps saving us from President Nixon's own possible impulse to resign, as though they had taken on the role of the eloquent officer of the law who persuades the would-be suicide on the ledge of an office building not to inflict his horrible display of self-destruction on the public.

We have scrutinized the scene carefully but have simply been unable to spot any sign of the mass hysteria that Senator Byrd is worried about. Nor have we heard any hue or any cry. Here in New York, at least, the usual sobriety of life remains undisturbed. And, reassuring as it may be to some people to know that if Senator Scott or some other Republican goes out of control Mr. Strauss will step in to restrain him, most people we've heard from were encouraged rather than frightened by the Republicans' rather normal human response—in the fad phrase of the moment, "moral revulsion"—to the White House transcripts. In fact, they wished it had come sooner. But wherever the country's best interests may lie, and however sincere some members of both parties may be in believing that they are serving those interests, the fact is that, politically, right now impeachment looks like the best course for the Democrats and resignation looks like the best course for the Republicans. And that seems to be why we see the sudden—and, we assume, temporary—alliance between the Democrats and the desperate men in the White House. Resignation would get things over with quickly and install another Republican President right away. Impeachment would be long and drawn out and would prolong the Republicans' humiliation. Resignation, insofar as it might be precipitated by people outside the White House, would mainly involve Republicans, and therefore would redound to their credit. Impeachment would involve the whole Congress, where the Democrats predominate, and would have more the look of a national judgment against a Republican President. Moreover, the Democrats, by staying safely in the background, remove themselves as objects of any backlash against the President's removal. At a solemn time in our history, when we dare to hope that politicians will rise above politics, we appear to be seeing one more example of the opposite.



There is another, perhaps more important, benefit for the Democrats in their new position. They have seized the political high ground of the "responsible," "restrained" position. Mr. Strauss says that he is proud of the Democrats' "remarkable restraint" in dealing with the matter of impeachment. There is, of course, more than a little poetic justice in the Democrats' assumption of the "responsible" position. For some five years now, they have been forced into the "irresponsible" position by President Nixon. Any form of opposition to the President was branded as irresponsible in those years. To oppose the war was irresponsible, to oppose repressive criminal legislation was irresponsible, to vote funds for social needs was irresponsible. What was responsible was to support the President. The Democratic Party, or a large part of it, was out in the political cold. Its numbers in the Congress increased somewhat, but its power to influence national affairs, like the power of the Congress itself, waned steadily. In a strange reversal of the traditional role of the loyal opposition, its power was reduced to whatever credit it could win by renouncing, with a show of "responsibility," its right to oppose. In this way, the idea grew that the role of the opposition was to line up with the President. Now it is the Republicans who have been forced, by the revelations in the transcripts, to abandon the "responsible" position, and to go into opposition to the President. And no sooner had they abandoned their advantageous position than the Democrats rushed in to occupy it. Senator Byrd has even suggested that the President's resignation under fire could do "serious and irreparable damage to our Constitutional system." (His position, paradoxically, represents a high point in the overawed respect for the Presidency which has grown up in our day. We have all just learned that the President can destroy the Constitution by seizing too much power. Now Senator Byrd tells us that he can also destroy it by relinquishing power.) But then it has always been the tactic of those in the "responsible" position to attack the "irresponsible" people for supposed "hysteria," "alarmism," "self-righteousness," "negativism," and the like. And this is what is discouraging about the Democrats' new tack. The roles have been reversed for the time being, but the old pattern has held. Senator Scott, by speaking up against official misconduct, and House Minority Leader John Rhodes, by merely stating that the President has the option to resign, are automatically placed in a position of weakness, while Mr. Strauss and Senator Byrd, by joining their voices with those of Patrick Buchanan, Dean Burch, and Julie Eisenhower, are in the position of strength. The Republicans are represented as hysterical as soon as they take notice that all is not well at the White House. Now, as before, those in opposition are attacked as "irresponsible" at exactly the moment when they begin to behave like responsible men.

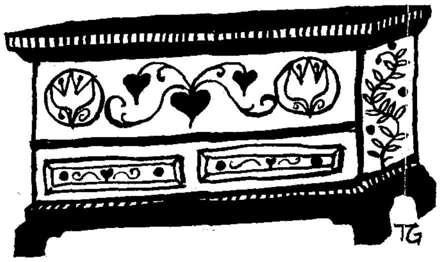
Possession

"DYBBUK," a new Leonard Bernstein-Jerome Robbins ballet, which was given its first performance last week by the New York City Ballet, is a powerful retelling of the most famous case of demonic possession in Hebrew literature. The plot comes from the celebrated play by the Russian folklorist S. Ansky. The music, though based on three tone rows and an eight-note scale, is melodic; it is also percussive. The choreography suggests states of mind, as well as events, through spare, abstract dance patterns. We did a little research on the subject before we attended a rehearsal, and discovered that dybbuks are wandering spirits who take over the bodies of human beings and cause endless trouble. Dybbuk legends seem to have originated with the Cabalists, a group of medieval Jewish scholars who rejected rationalistic interpretations of Scripture and attempted to approach God through mysticism and magic. Over the centuries, the Cabalists dabbled in alchemy, necromancy, astrology, Neoplatonism, and exorcism. They used complicated systems of letters and numbers to explain the mysterious universe, and they worked out elaborate descriptions of man's invisible inner world. Demonology was one of their preoccupations.

With this in mind, we arrived at the New York State Theatre shortly before noon one day last week and found Leonard Bernstein—bronzed, shaggy-haired, and as kinetic as ever—practicing a little alchemy on the New York City Ballet orchestra. Peering down at his score through half-moon glasses, Mr. Bernstein informed the musicians that there were some last-minute rewrites he wanted to give them before the rehearsal began. "I've added three low bells in the Dream," he said, "some muted horns in the finale, and a piano rewrite in variation N that reinforces the triangle, xylophone, and piccolo. Can I hear the piano solo, please?" Mr. Bernstein threw back his head, swept his baton down, and listened as the pianist played a series of chords against a muted orchestral background. "No," he said. "That's the only mezzo-forte Mason & Hamlin in captivity, and it's just *not* loud enough. Maybe we should add a percussion thing—a rim shot or something—to make it more brilliant." The musicians repeated the passage with the addition of a rim shot from the percussionist, and Mr. Bernstein moved on to add some fortification to a fugue. "Harp, you will find a new part doubling the second trombone," he said. "Piano, you keep doubling the *third* trombone. It's all very *marcato*, and the accents are all in unexpected places, which means you will have to practice."

Mr. Bernstein signalled to Jerome Robbins, who was leading four young men through an intricate line dance onstage, and suggested that they run through the Alchemy Variations. (This turned out to be the working title of a sequence in which Chanon, a poor theological student, invokes the powerful and dangerous Cabalistic formulas in an attempt to win Leah, the heroine, for himself.) The dancers took their places, and Mr. Bernstein propelled the orchestra into a sequence of surging, syncopated, Oriental-sounding episodes. Toward the end of the variations, the music built to a shattering climax, as Helgi Tomasson (Chanon) whirled around the stage in a series of dazzling leaps and turns.

"Splendid!" said Mr. Bernstein. At the end, Mr. Tomasson was lifted high in the air by his fellow-Cabalists, and then fell to the floor in simulated death, as flute, harp, and piano uttered two final musical twitches.



"That was a little rushed," said Mr. Robbins, coming down from the lighting desk to stand behind Mr. Bernstein. "And I think the first plonk came too soon."

"I don't know where to take it from," said Mr. Bernstein.

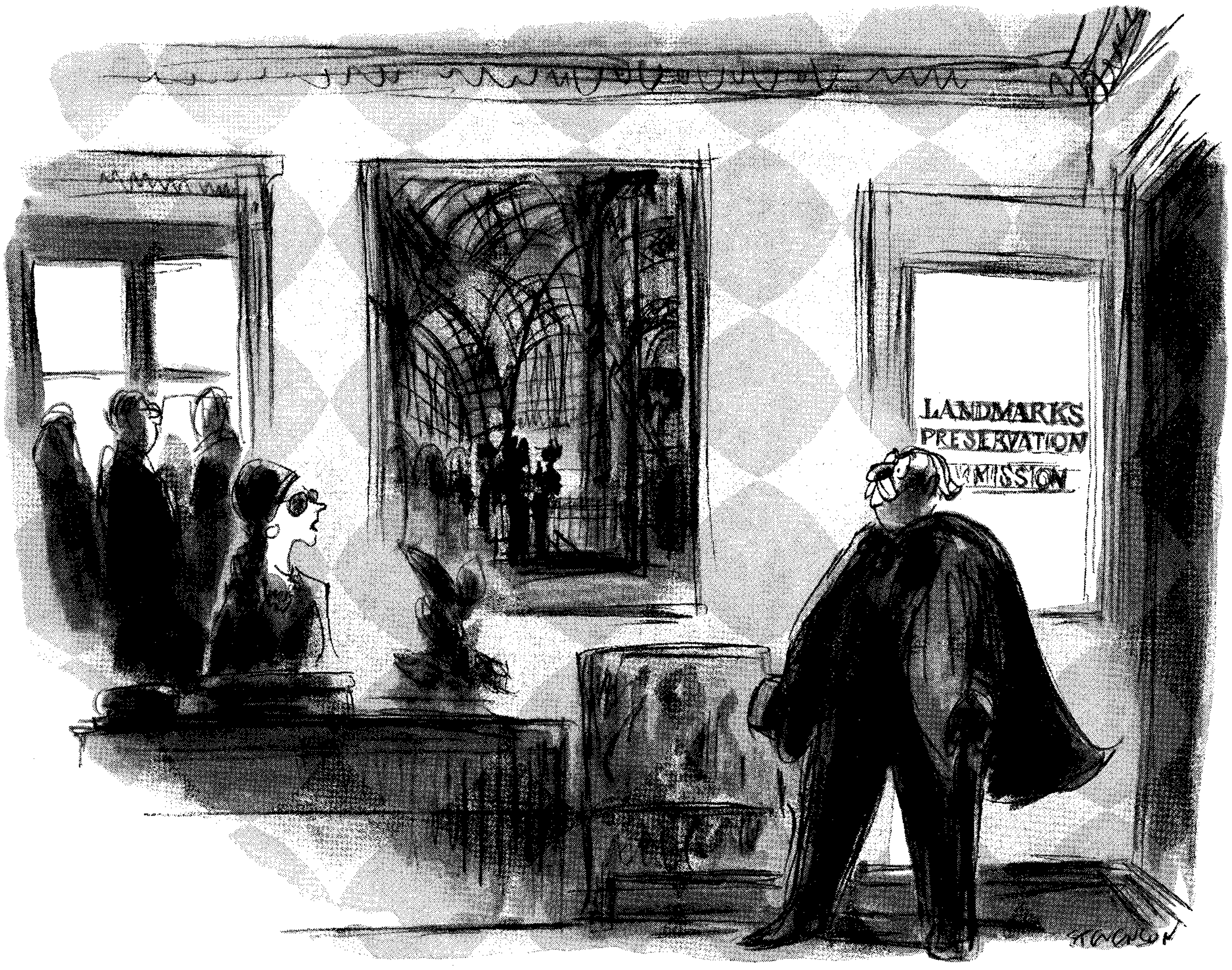
"Take it from Helgi," said Mr. Robbins. "He has to get up there, and then there's the slipout—the oboes holding and the two final plonks."

"I'm not a ballet conductor," said Mr. Bernstein, with a smile. "The last time I conducted dancers was in 'Les Noces,' and that was easy, because I conducted onstage and they were all behind me."

"Let's take ten minutes and go on to exorcism," said Mr. Robbins.

During the break, we asked Mr. Bernstein to tell us how he and Mr. Robbins approached the dybbuk legend. "Ansky's story is a kind of ghetto version of 'The Ring of the Nibelung,' " he said. "Greed versus love. A compact that is broken. Two young men pledge that their children will marry, but one of them eventually disregards the oath because he wants a wealthy husband for his daughter Leah. Chanon, the son of the other man, becomes a wandering scholar, a very *farbrente* Talmudist, and a Cabalist. He comes to this little town, sees Leah, and, even though he doesn't know about the pledge, falls in love and desperately tries to find Cabalistic ways of winning her. In the dance you've just seen, Chanon calls on the dark powers to help him, and at the moment of revelation he dies, because no human vessel can contain that much fire and knowledge and survive. His soul becomes a dybbuk and finds its resting place in the body of his beloved. And when the rabbi exorcises the dybbuk from her body, Leah joins him in oblivion."

Mr. Bernstein lit a cigarette, sank back in an orchestra seat, and added that both he and Mr. Robbins had prepared for the ballet by reading Cabalistic literature. "Many of the numerical relationships in this score—the rows and intervals, the scales, inversions, and retrogrades—were arrived at unconsciously," he said, "but I'm sure they were influenced by the books I'd been reading. The Sefer ha-Zohar, the Book of Splendor, for example, presents a kind of metaphorical view of the universe that enables a human being to relate to God in a more intimate way. You have to remember that this is a story about ghetto people who have nowhere to go, no professions



"I'm sorry, sir, but our commission is not authorized to designate individuals as landmarks."

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they can be in, no place in the world except the isolated provincial town in which they live. They are forced in on themselves, and they turn to their Torah and live their whole lives in terms of that. And they get to such a point of intensity, of concern, of concentration on their relationship with God that they come to believe the whole universe depends on it. That is the reason behind all the diagrams, the mysticisms, and the calculations. Where else could these people look except to Heaven? Jerry suggested a marvellous line for the program note. He said that this ballet deals with the visions, hallucinations, and magical religious manifestations of an oppressed people. And that's exactly it. All they had for centuries and centuries was a book with the words of God."

Six Gatherings

BEFORE Blossom Dearie began to sing at Reno Sweeney's, on West Thirteenth Street, the other night, our eyes were drawn above the stage to a successful neon sign involving a yellow neon banana, a yellow-and-green neon palm tree, and blue neon waves. After Blossom Dearie began to sing, we lost all interest in the neon sign and turned our attention to Miss Dearie *même*. We've been looking for a phrase to describe Miss Dearie, and we've decided to settle for "Blossom Dearie, the witty chanteuse." Well then, Blossom Dearie, the witty chanteuse, was wearing red pants, a white blouse that was very nearly opaque, and rhinestones in her shoulder-length blond hair. She was singing amusing songs in her definitive high voice, and she gave, over all, the impression of Power masquerading as Fragility. If Zeus ever disguises himself as a witty chanteuse, he must resemble Blossom Dearie.

The crowd on the night we heard Miss Dearie was a press crowd—a young press crowd, composed of people who were not necessarily familiar with Miss Dearie or with the idea of witty singers. Many people were learning to adjust to the Night Club Ethic. One girl spent quite a while examining the bar, where many bottles of liquor were equipped with little pouring spouts. "Did you ever wonder who puts the tops on all those bottles?" she asked. "I mean, it seems like so many hours of work." Once Miss Dearie began to sing, further adjustment was necessary. She began by singing a very funny song by Jonathan Tunick and the late Steven Vinaver, called "The Pro Musica Antiqua," which is about a girl who gets picked up at The Cloisters. Then she sang a song she wrote about Georgie Fame, and one she wrote about John Lennon, and then she sang a wonderful song she wrote called "I Like You, You're Nice," which includes the line "If you're good, I'll make you a marvellous, wondrous, and quite notorious cup of Costa Rican coffee." She finished with "When in Rome, I Do As the Romans Do," which is a famous song of hers, and "Peel Me a Grape," which is another famous song of hers—the first written by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, the second by Dave Frishberg. Everyone liked these songs, including the people who were just learning about the Night Club Ethic. "She's terrific," a young man with a beard said when the show was over. "I'm not sure where she fits in with post-Watergate morality—I mean, pushing Costa Rican coffee in a Shirley Temple accent—but she was terrific."

We asked Miss Dearie where one can get Costa Rican coffee.

"In England," she said. "In England."

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LATER that night, other people, who had not yet learned the rudiments of the Night Club Ethic, attempted to piece together the fragments of the Rock-and-Roll Party Ethic at a gathering on the East Side for the English singer Gary Glitter. Gary Glitter is one of that large band of singers who are a little too old to be young but much too young to be revived. The Gary Glitter gathering was held in one of those supposedly private clubs that have velvetlike substances all over the walls and furniture. "This is where it began," said Richard Gersh, the public-relations man, as we came in. "This is where the whole backgammon thing is happening."

We ran into Susan Blond, who for many years held the Rock-and-Roll Party Ethic together almost single-handedly and who, when we had last seen her, favored what she called the Cheap Look. Susan, we noticed, now had brown hair instead of her customary vivid blond hair. We also noticed that she was wearing a fairly conservative dress instead of something unusual and recognizably Cheap.

"Is the Cheap Look over?" we asked Susan.

"The Cheap thing is over," Susan said. "No one looks cheap anymore. Tacky is dead." Susan showed us the label on her dress. "It's a von Furstenberg," she said. "See? I've made this connection in the retail business. I get Clovis Ruffin and von Furstenberg." Susan showed us a ring she was wearing. "See my emerald?" she asked. "My boyfriend gave me an emerald. It's little, but it's an emerald."

We said hello to Gary Glitter. Gary Glitter is very big in England, but he's never really caught on here except for one record. He is a pleasant-faced man, and was very visible at the party because he had a big pompadour and wore a blue outfit with lots of sequins. He also wore a pendant with two big "G"s on it.

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ON another evening, we went to the Empire Room for the opening of Joey Heatherton, who has the best pout in show business. The Empire Room is a night club with an unusually high ceiling, off the Park Avenue lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria. It looks like the gymnasium of a high school where the Dance Committee has discovered that through a clerical error an extra couple of hundred thousand has been deposited in the crêpe-paper fund. It has tall mirrors, pale-pink walls, and intricate decorations in gold and silver brocade. It looks like a crib for a baby girl the size of a tugboat. When people from Ohio think of Gotham's glamour, they think of places like the Empire Room, and they're right.

Joey Heatherton is still as yummy as she was when she used to perform for the boys in Vietnam, where her singing and dancing, and especially her dancing, provided something that Bob Hope conspicuously lacked. Joey is small and blond and snub-nosed, but she knows how to smolder icily, and this dissonance is what makes her special. She is a pert engine of destruction. Her best move was tousling her short haircut with her left hand while holding the microphone in her right. She was wearing a black cocktail dress that was somewhat more demure than the gown in her picture outside. Her father, Ray Heatherton, who was once a star of the musical stage himself and later played the Merry Mailman on local television, was in the audience. Joey mostly sang standards—old standards, like "My Funny Valentine," and new standards, like "I Am Woman." Ed Sullivan was there, and when Joey introduced him he stood up and said "Wonderful." Ed Sullivan was the first person to applaud at the opening bars of "You Made Me Love You." Joey was terrific, but every silver lining has a cloud. On our way out, looking at the events-of-the-day board in the lobby of the Waldorf, we noticed that we had missed the Plastic Bottle of the Year ceremony.

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PRINCESS MARGARET and Lord Snowdon visited the Dance Theatre of Harlem, on West 152nd Street, when they were here. They drove up to the theatre in a limousine, and they stepped onto a red carpet. Theatre functionaries took care that no one (except the man who swept it) stepped onto the carpet until the Princess arrived. There were two police lines—

one, on either side of the carpet, to restrain the press, and one several feet back to restrain the bystanders. The royal presence was garnished by the presence of notable society people—Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II, Mrs. Dru Heinz, Mrs. Alva Gimbel (carrying the serpent-headed cane for which she is known), Marietta Tree, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Peabody, and Lincoln Kirstein. On the other side of the farther police line, among the bystanders, were Joyce Gibbs, Adrian Buckman, Matthew Talley, Mrs. Viola Absdid, Robin Hoe, and Saundra DuBois (who said she was no relation to W. E. B.). Also among the bystanders was George Howard, who told us, "My name is George Howard. I'm seventy-two years old. I was born the twenty-ninth of March, 1902. I live on West a Hundred and Fifty-second Street, and I don't have a police record."

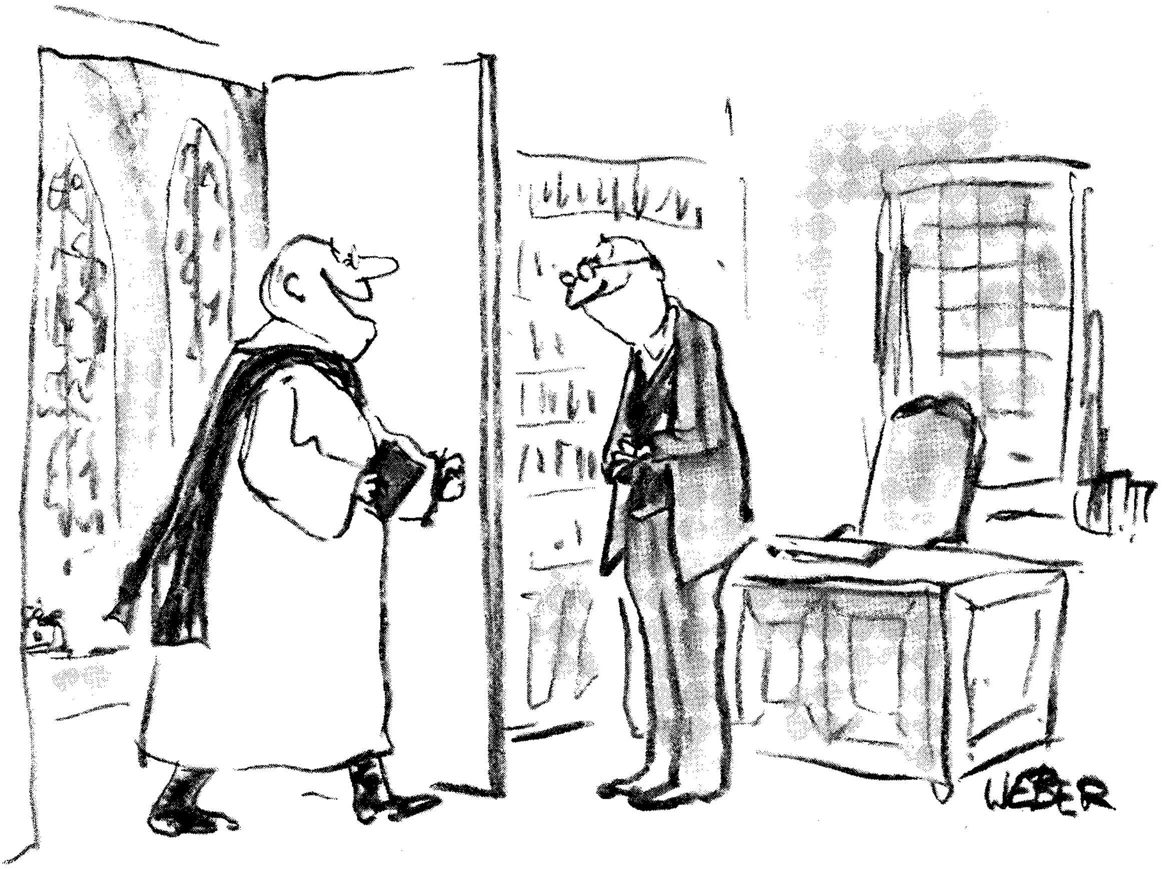
Arthur Mitchell, the director of the Dance Theatre of Harlem, handled the introductions, and he did splendidly. He addressed the Princess as "Your Royal Highness." The royal personage and her husband sat in the same pair of Adam chairs provided for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip when they attended a reception and dinner at the 7th Regiment Armory in 1956. During the first number, when a five-man bongo group got particularly hot, we looked down the first row of seated notables and counted the tapping feet. We saw only three, and they belonged to Mr. Mitchell, Karel Shook (the co-director of the theatre), and Cicely Tyson, the actress. One of Lord Snowdon's feet seemed about to tap at one point, but then it didn't. The Princess kept her ankles primly crossed. At another exuberant moment, a little girl dancer backed into a photographer from Reuters.

Outside again, we found a much larger crowd awaiting the Princess's exit than had awaited her arrival. Greg Harris, star forward of his high-school basketball team, said that there were more people because school had just let out. Dino Alexander, another high-school student, said, "I can't see no princess in New York City. I thought princes and kings was all over with. That's what they used to have over in Egypt. You have to say 'Your Majesty' and all that?"

"You have to address her as 'Your Royal Highness,' " we said.

"I know they're joking now," said Dino Alexander.

The Princess came out, to moderate applause, and drove away. Then Cicely Tyson came out, and the crowd went wild. They screamed and thronged around her, and they jumped on her limousine. "She touched my hand! She touched my hand!" one bystander shouted, and indeed she had.



"Did you see that? I had them in the aisles."

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WE had to miss the Esalen Institute's third New York Weekend, at the Commodore, because it conflicted with the first Ninth Avenue International Festival (see below). So all we can tell you about is the pre-Esalen Weekend birthday party for Gregory Bateson, the distinguished ethnologist, biologist, and anthropologist, and the first man to apply cybernetic and communications theory to such problems as cultural instability, schizophrenia, learning theory, evolution, and aesthetics—also the first man to name and define the "double bind," a verbal weapon often employed in families with schizophrenic children, and in other places, which consists of issuing a command and implying at the same time that you will hate forever anyone who obeys the command.

Mr. Bateson was a featured speaker at the Esalen Weekend. He turned seventy on Thursday, May 9th, and was presented with a large cake from Cake Masters at the party we went to, which took place on Central Park West at the home of a man named John Brockman. Others at the party: Dr. John Lilly (also a featured Esalen speaker), the physician and psychiatrist who has done LSD research and dolphin research, was once a follower of the diminutive Bolivian guru Oscar Ichazo, and now does sensory-deprivation experiments to find out what happens to people when they are in tanks of tepid water and can't see anything or hear anything; Margaret Mead (Mr. Bateson's first wife), who arrived toting a curious four-and-a-half-foot-long walking stick, cleft at the top, which she called her Cumberland thumbstick; Dr. Gilles Quispel, a Dutch scholar who has authenticated and translated the Gospel of Thomas, found in Nag Hamâdi, Upper Egypt,

"*Ordinarily, I love a man with a pipe.*"

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and was in town to lecture at the C.G. Jung Foundation (he's also an authority on angels); Will Schutz, Esalen stalwart and author of "Joy;" Betty Friedan, who came late.

Then there was a banker in a double-breasted pin-striped, who had a pair of shorts in his jacket pocket; and the host's dog, a German shepherd named Zettel, which is the title of a posthumous book by Ludwig Wittgenstein; and a jolly investment man named Geoffrey Gates, who is involved in a number of gold- and silver-mining ventures out West; and the new president of Esalen, Richard Farson; and Jonathan Dolger, vice-president and managing editor of Simon & Schuster; and Julie Osler, editorial coördinator of *New Ingenue*.

The living room was filled with lovely plants, including some stunning African violets, and was decorated with two large posters of our host, one needlework portrait of our host, and one small snapshot of our host. We all ate lasagna, except Dr. Lilly, who emerged from the bedroom, where he had been lying down for a while, to eat a steak that had been specially grilled for him. We asked our hostess why Dr. Lilly was eating steak. "I believe he's been ill lately," she said. "And also he's a vegetarian."

Then Margaret Mead showed Gregory Bateson some photographs of New Guinea. They both agreed the photographs were fuzzy. When Betty Friedan arrived, the banker with the shorts embraced her and said, "Darling, you're on the West Side! It's *show biz*."

Gregory Bateson took Betty Friedan over to his present wife, Lois. "Remember Betty Friedan?" he asked his wife.

"Weren't you at our house?" Lois Bateson asked Ms. Friedan.

"Remember?" said Betty Friedan. "I arrived in the middle of the night, and I stayed."

Then Gregory Bateson blew out the candles on his birthday cake. "I hope," he said, "that you all stay around long enough to blow out a similar number of candles."

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THE highlight of the Ninth Avenue International Festival was a spaghetti-eating contest in front of Giordano's, the good Northern Italian restaurant on West Thirty-ninth Street that is so popular with the Madison Avenue set. This was at 5 P.M. on Sunday, May 12th. To get there, we passed a man eating a slice of watermelon, with a parrot on his shoulder. The man claimed to be an American Indian. And we passed a small parade in front of Esposito's Pork Store, on the corner of Ninth and Thirty-eighth. The parade consisted of a small boy with a silver salver full of pork-sausage bits on toothpicks in one hand and an American flag in the other, followed by a small boy with an Italian flag. It was raining slightly.

The contest was arbitrarily limited to eleven entrants—three women and eight men—who had large napkins tied around their necks. They each had to eat a heaping plateful of spaghetti and marinara sauce with their hands behind their backs. The first one to finish would win fifty dollars, the second a basket of fruit. A large crowd pressed around the contestants, straining to see their technique or catch a glimpse of spaghetti. We stood right behind contestant Larry Lerner, from the East Side of Manhattan. He looked relaxed and confident. Spaghetti steamed in a bowl in front of him, and he poured it back and forth from the bowl to a plate a couple of times, so it wouldn't sear his palate.

Then the contest was on. Larry leaned down, hands locked behind his back, and went right to work. No chewing—no time for that. Most of the other contestants were laboring, and getting marinara sauce on their noses. Not Larry. There was hardly a trace of red on him—not even on his chin. He was *inhaling* spaghetti. Then it was over—Larry the winner by twenty seconds over his nearest competitor. His time: approximately forty-two seconds.

"How do you feel, Larry?" we asked.

"Great!" he said. "The name is Lombardo now. The spaghetti is delicious, and I recommend the restaurant."

"What was your training program?"

"Well, I eat spaghetti four times a week."

Mr. Giordano gave Larry a check for fifty dollars. The crowd yelled, "A *check*? Give him the money!" Larry's wife took the check from him. The crowd yelled, "You'll never see that fifty, Larry!"

Then a serious-looking chap in a black cap and black raincoat came up and asked Larry a whole string of questions. How many contests had he participated in? What was his technique? How old was he? Questions like that.

"Who's that?" we asked a fat fellow next to us.

"Must be a reporter for *Spaghetti World*," he said.

WHERE IS JENNY?

SATURDAY, 11:05 A.M.: Just woke up, after less than six hours of sleep. It was a night of squirmy dreams, some of which seemed to touch upon my long poem, "Love Currents," which I had worked on until very late. But recalling bits of dream now, I find no clear connections, only glints. This is an irritating way to start a day. I feel uneasy, not rested, interrupted in midstream. I am too hungry for my breakfast—sardines, imported from Denmark. Maybe I should stick to prose.

12:10 P.M.: Edwin Okov just phoned to say he is accepting my story "Where Is Jenny?" for the upcoming issue of *The Jocund Magician*, which is, of course, the only interesting literary journal in this desultory college town that I now call home—a home to me in the merest physical sense. I expressed my thanks several times, because they have rejected my last three stories. In fact, this is my first acceptance anywhere. Edwin said he likes "Where Is Jenny?" for the mystery that hovers over its details and for the pace of the narrative. "It doesn't drag," he said.

"Thanks, Edwin," I said.

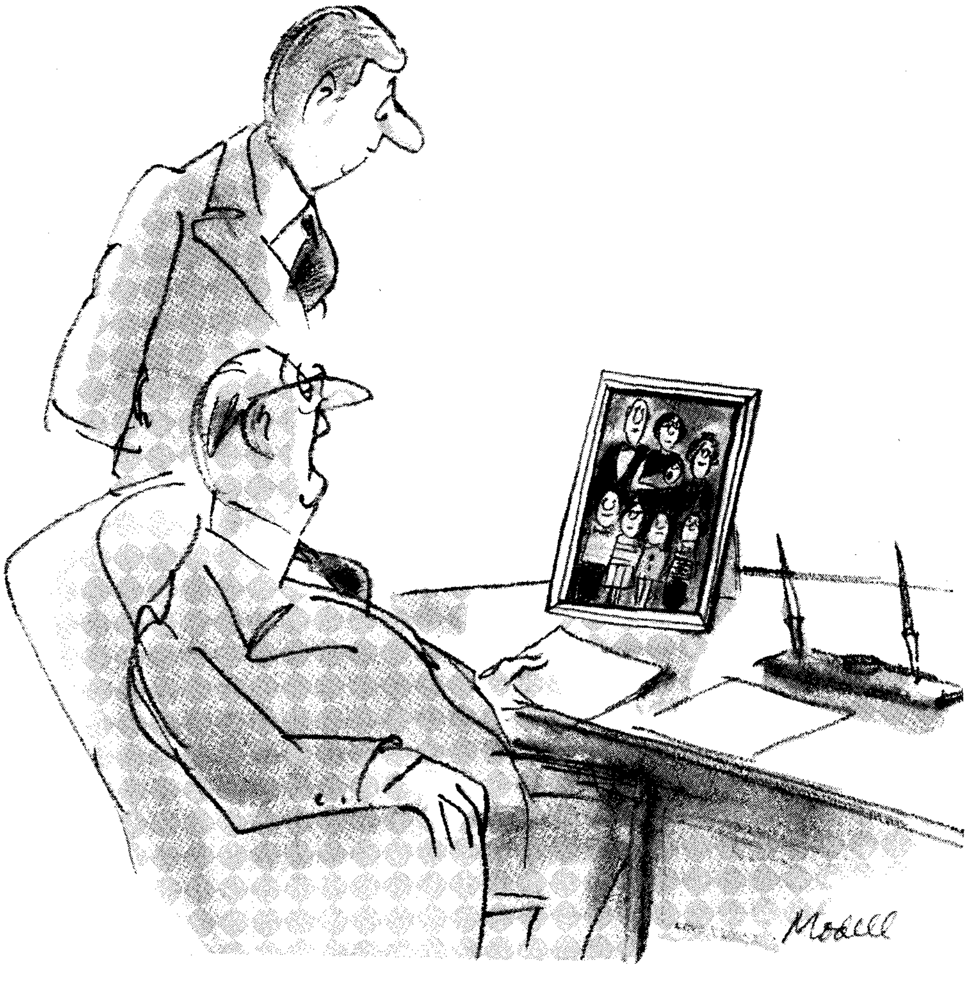
"It's sort of buoyant," he said.

12:30 P.M.: Sandra Goli phoned to suggest that we go to the modern-dance concert at the Civic Center tonight. I agreed. In a burst of inspiration, I recommended that we try to get in free as reviewers for *The Jocund Magician*. "But we're not connected with it at all," said Sandra. "They're going to publish a story of mine," I said, "so it's all right if I describe us as contributors." Sandra mentioned that I had left a notebook at her apartment last week. I said I would pick it up tonight. It must be my green notebook—the one in which I keep rough drafts of my stories.

1:00 P.M.: I've been wandering around my apartment, picking up books and reading page 77 (my lucky number) in each one, dropping them, turning on the TV, turning it off. The good news about my story seems to have paralyzed me. I'm drifting. Something reminds me of that poem I wrote four years ago about our vegetable garden. I remember how Jenny made fun of it and rewrote it with frivolous rhymes—radish and faddish, beet and discreet, trowel and jowl, loam and gnome. She was acting a bit crazy, of course, but her jokes may have helped me to leaven the poem's dangerous seriousness with a touch of humor. Anyway, it certainly was a witty poem—witty *and* meaningful—but it never saw print. But now a story of mine is about to be published, really published! So why do I feel this dyspeptic, bobbing feeling? If my words have found the acceptance they sought, can there be anything left for me to do? I see my story bobbing away from me on a wave of public approval; off it goes, and I am left alone on the dock.

1:20 P.M.: Sammy Basset just came over to complain about all the work he has to do this weekend when he could be playing softball and watching the two Red Sox games. He has to prepare a brief about some life-insurance litigation involving a death at sea that may have been only a feigned death. A typical law-school exercise. Sammy stomped around the kitchen asking the cosmos how he could get his thoughts organized. I told him he needed a notebook like mine, with labelled section dividers. Just then the phone rang. "Look on the dining-room table," I called out as I went into the pantry to answer the phone.

It was Chipper Kinzell, an assistant editor of *The Jocund Magician*. I met him at a party last month. He struck me as more of a journalist than a lover of literature. He was calling to ask whether "Where Is Jenny?" was somehow autobiographical. I said it was, in a way, though of course the chronology is surreal and certain facts are obviously distorted by my perception. "Yeah," said Chipper. I could tell he didn't like the story, though he tried to sound enthusiastic. "I just wanted to know if we should treat it as fiction," he said. I said to treat it as fiction. Possibly I sounded just a bit contemptuous, because then his voice became stern. "Just what is the point of the story, if you can summarize it?" he said. I said it was about loneliness—the isolation of the individual in time as well as space. "O.K.," said Chipper, "but who exactly is Jenny?" I decided to be frank, and told him that Jenny is my sister. She went to Europe four years ago and I haven't heard from her since, except for two postcards and three letters, the last one now more than a year old. "O.K.," said Chipper, "but to tell you the truth, I think your story leaves out too many of the transitions—you know, like from one para-



"Oh, mercy no, that's not my family! It's Steve McKay's, in Accounting. He wants a raise."

graph to another. But Edwin really likes it." I thanked Chipper for his candor and hung up.

I found Sammy seated at the dining-room table, writing furiously in the back of my gray notebook—the one in which I keep carbon copies of my final drafts. I wondered if Sammy had been sampling my work, but he told me excitedly that my notebook (with the labelled dividers) would allow him to plan his brief. "I've already divided my main points into five sections," said Sammy, flipping through the unused back part of the notebook. " 'History,' 'Precedents,' 'Maneuvers,' 'Character of Litigant,' and 'Reasonable Doubt.' "

"That's great," I said. "You'll make a brilliant lawyer." I wasn't really paying attention to Sammy, because my eye had been caught by a sheet of paper protruding from the top of the front part of the notebook. It was not one of my carbon copies. By twisting my head, I was able to read the first two lines typed on the paper: "and knew the spring night as a sea of her voices, which dive away from my stiff hands like laughing silver fish." I recognized this as the fourth page of the final copy of "Where Is Jenny?"

The story, I recalled, was six pages long. Edwin Okov had only five-sixths of my story. How could I have been so careless? How could he be blind enough to think he had the complete manuscript? I should have numbered the pages.

"Listen," said Sammy, "I've got to get back to the library. How about if I just borrow the whole notebook, and I'll bring it back tomorrow?"

I was already on my way to the phone. "Sure, Sammy," I said. "Excuse me a minute—"

Edwin Okov was not at his office. As I stood in the pantry listening to his phone ringing, I heard my front door slam.

2:15 P.M.: I've been watching television for half an hour, planning to phone Edwin again at 2:30. I know he usually eats a late lunch. He'll be back by 2:30, and I'll call and warn him not to send "Where Is Jenny?" to press until I get page 4 to him.

Strange—I just saw a young woman who looks amazingly like Jenny, in a commercial for Dutch Diamond Cruises. She spoke eagerly about how she'd like to see me on one of their luxury liners; then she smiled radiantly and said something in Dutch that seemed to mean "There's no time to lose."

In her last letter, Jenny remarked, "You would never dream how much I'm enjoying Bern—'the romantic capital of Switzerland,' as they say on posters."

THE LADY KNIFE-THROWER

In the gay silver air of the tent
I'm at ease, fingers
at rest in my lap.
Before me the tools of my trade—
cleaned, well oiled, and waiting
for the warmth of my hand, for the time
when the flick of my wrist will send them
out into the morning for their casual trip
to my husband's waiting body.
One at a time, they plant themselves at his sides,
tucking in the air around his body.

At night, under the big top,
he is strapped to the board.
With a roll of drums I appear with my knives
and release my repertoire of throws.

There is no question in our lives of fidelity.
At night, after the knives are cleaned and placed
in their teakwood rack, we are all we desire.

—DANIEL HALPERN

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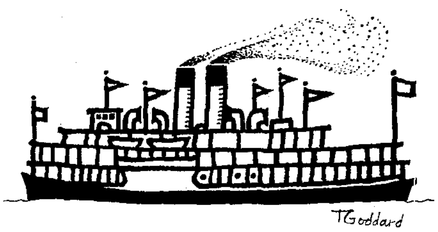
2:32 P.M.: Edwin is still not in his office. I'm going to take page 4 and walk over there, and if he's still out I'll give the page to Chipper Kinzell or Ursula Wilby. Or else maybe I'll look for Edwin in one of the restaurants near his office. I know he sometimes eats at Ada's Clam House.

2:33 P.M.: I just realized that Sammy has gone off with my gray notebook. What is making me behave so stupidly? It's as if my story were fated to remain incomplete. Somebody has been reading too much Borges.

I think I'll go over to Sandra's apartment and collect my green notebook, which contains the rough draft of "Where Is Jenny?" I'll take it to Edwin Okov, explain the problem, and we can reconstruct the proper sequence of images. Who knows—this may even improve the story.

3:05 P.M.: I'm sitting at Sandra's desk in her apartment, which is filled with dark-blue dusty light. She's not home, but her door was unlocked. I know she wouldn't mind my coming in to look for my notebook. I can't find it. Sandra's records and books are scattered all over the soft navy-blue carpet, but no green notebook.



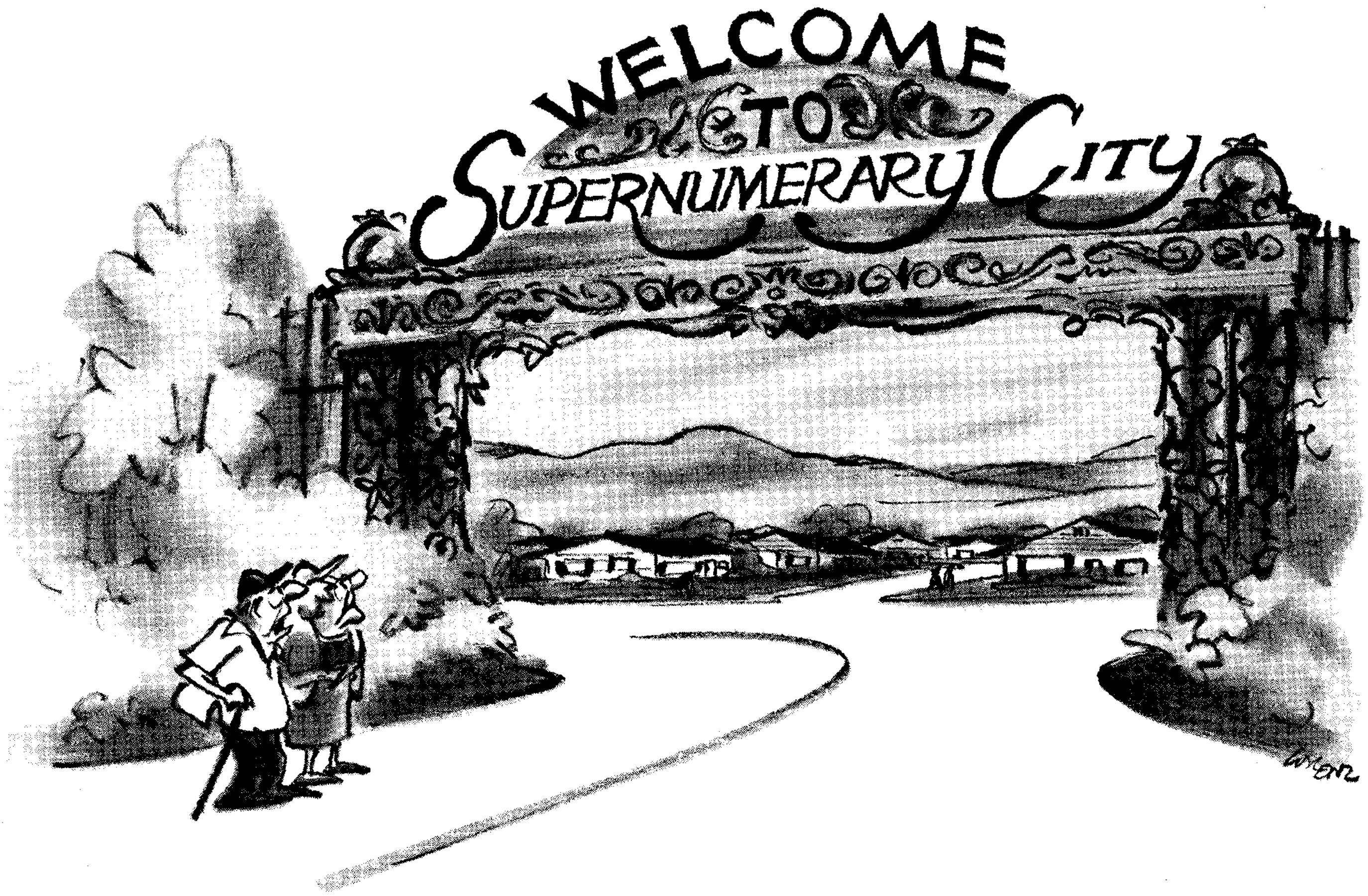
I wonder what she would think of my sitting at her desk staring at her calendar. Today's entry: "Lunch w. E. at A's, 2:00. Meet J. at museum, 3:15. Dance concert w. M., 8:00." I don't believe I'm jealous. My relationship with Sandra is fairly casual. I'm just curious.

4:00 P.M.: I've been to the historical library and the humanities library, and now I'm on the fourth floor of the sciences library. No sign of Sammy Basset. I'm at a carrel used by some student of oceanography. There is a paper entitled "Inversions of Cross-Gulf Tides" in front of me. It is seventy-six pages long. None of the pages is missing.

6:30 P.M.: I've just spent an hour trying to reconstruct page 4 of "Where Is Jenny?" Somehow, the more I try to recall the farther I seem to stray from the precise wording of the original. I've given up, for now. For the remainder of this evening, I'm determined not to worry. My story will not spoil my excursion with Sandra. I'm not even going to ask her about the green notebook. She has expressed the opinion that I am too fastidious with my writings, but lately I think I've appeared more relaxed to her. I won't rock the boat tonight.

I'll get the gray notebook from Sammy tomorrow, after all.

My dinner is broiled flounder. I



"Well, Ma, this looks like the place."

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am concentrating on the enjoyment of each bite.

7:50 P.M.: On the way to the Civic Center, Sandra made some remark about how time seems to pass at irregular speeds, and I suddenly remembered that a very important paragraph of "Where Is Jenny?" comes on page 4. In this paragraph, I introduce speculations about the relation between time and space. These speculations lead to the feeling that I should not grieve over Jenny's disappearance but rather should accept her absence as necessary and temporary. (In the story, Jenny is, of course, a symbol as well as a person.) The paragraph appears about two-thirds of the way down page 4 of the final draft. It is crucial to the thematic unity of the story.

Even after recalling this paragraph, I resisted the impulse to ask Sandra about the green notebook. For one thing, it occurred to me that in typing the final draft I made some changes. In fact, I remember that these changes were almost brilliant.

I thought of phoning Sammy Basset from the lobby of the Civic Center, but then I decided not to violate my resolution about the evening. ("Time is a river," Sandra told me the night I met her. "You gotta let it flow.") While we found our seats and waited for the curtain to rise I forced myself to joke with Sandra, trying to make my jokes as unfastidious as possible. "A digital clock is like a ship without sailors," I said, knowing she liked aphorisms. "In what way?" she asked. "No hands," I said. Sandra laughed rather uncomfortably.

8:43 P.M.: A new dancer just appeared onstage. I have to say it: She looks incredibly like Jenny—the way Jenny would look today. She dances beautifully. They all dance beautifully. Such control. Her costume is bright blue, with gold stripes down the legs. It's not her face, really, but the way she moves—the gliding motions of her arms and legs. That's how Jenny moved. I remember swimming underwater in a sunlit pool at some motel when we were kids and suddenly seeing her glide by, a bright smiling submarine.

11:05 P.M.: I'm home alone. Sandra said she was tired.

Ursula Wilby just called.

"Edwin told me he'd called you," she said, "and I wanted to talk to you as soon as possible. I agree with him that your story is interesting, but I honestly don't think you've found the right form. With all the jumps and abrupt changes in tone and subject, you know, and the density of the metaphor, et cetera, I get the idea that this is not really meant to be prose at all. I think what you really want is a poem. So what I'd like you to do is try and compress the story—you know, distill it—and see if you can capture the essence of it in the form of a poem. Because I really don't think it works as fiction."

"You may be right, Ursula," I said. I think I was smiling vaguely to myself. My story was now so far away across an endless plain of rippling green water that I could not protect it. "But listen," I said, "you know how I really think you ought to handle it? As a review. Run it as a review of the dance concert at the Civic Center tonight. No kidding, Ursula. It's a review."

She laughed. I hung up. They probably won't run it at all.

—MARK HALLIDAY

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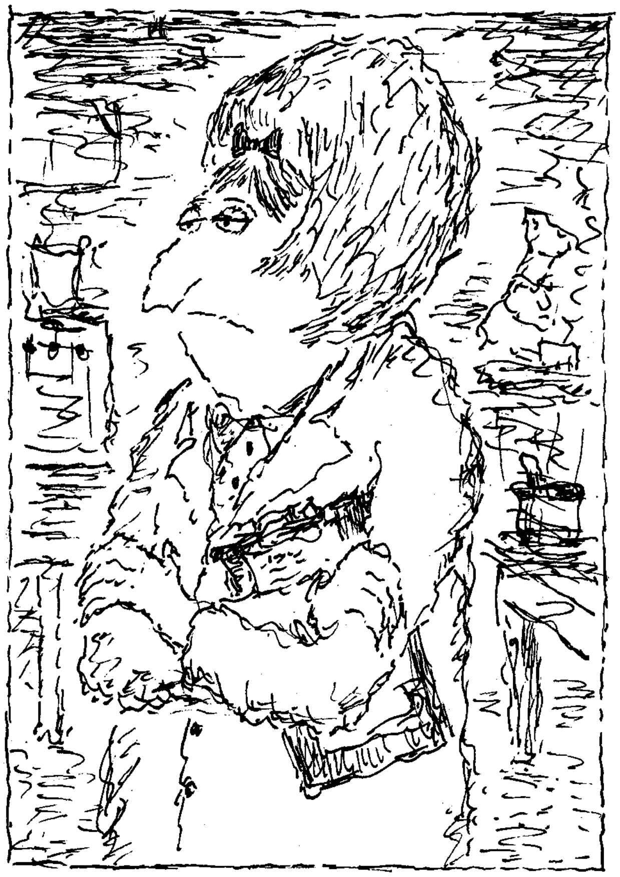
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Tampa (Fla.) Tribune]

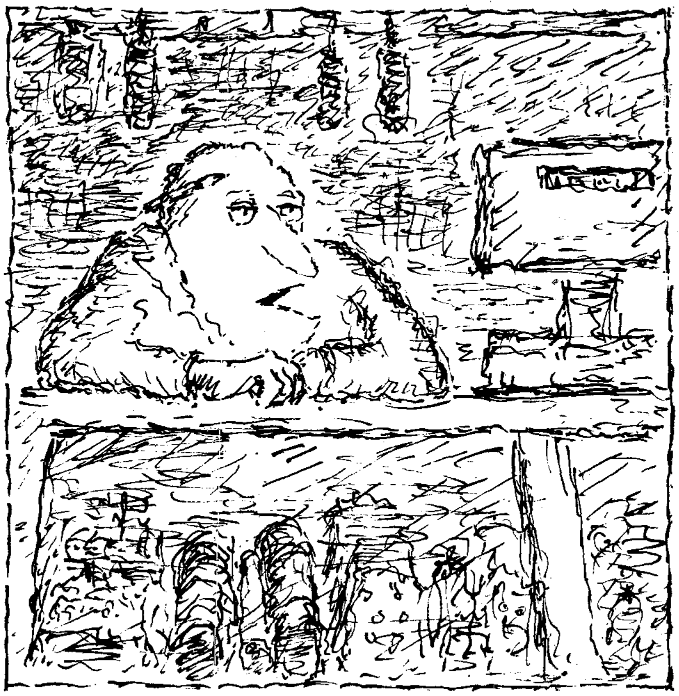
Mrs. Ronald Macdonald of Rye, N.Y., who has been spending a month here, stayed with the Guthrie's cat, Candi.

THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: DO YOU THINK THE ADMINISTRATION WILL BE ABLE TO STOP THE CONSTANT INCREASE IN THE COST OF FOOD?

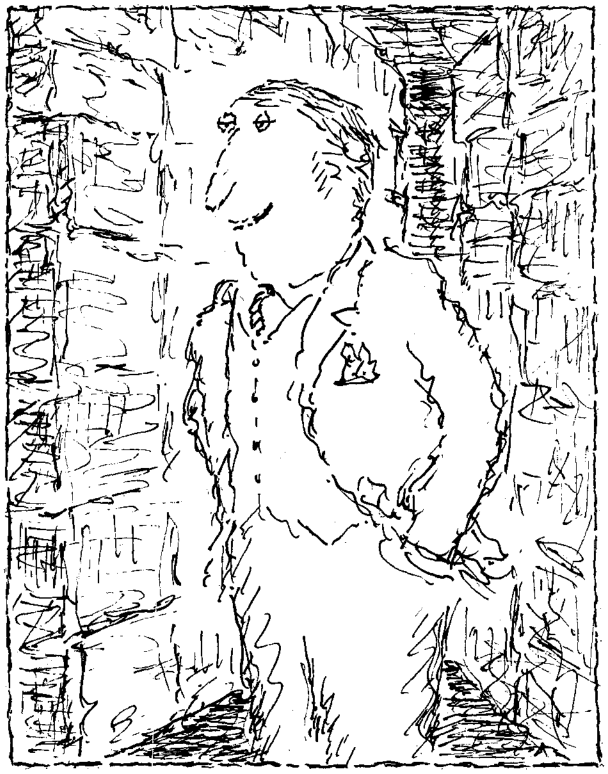


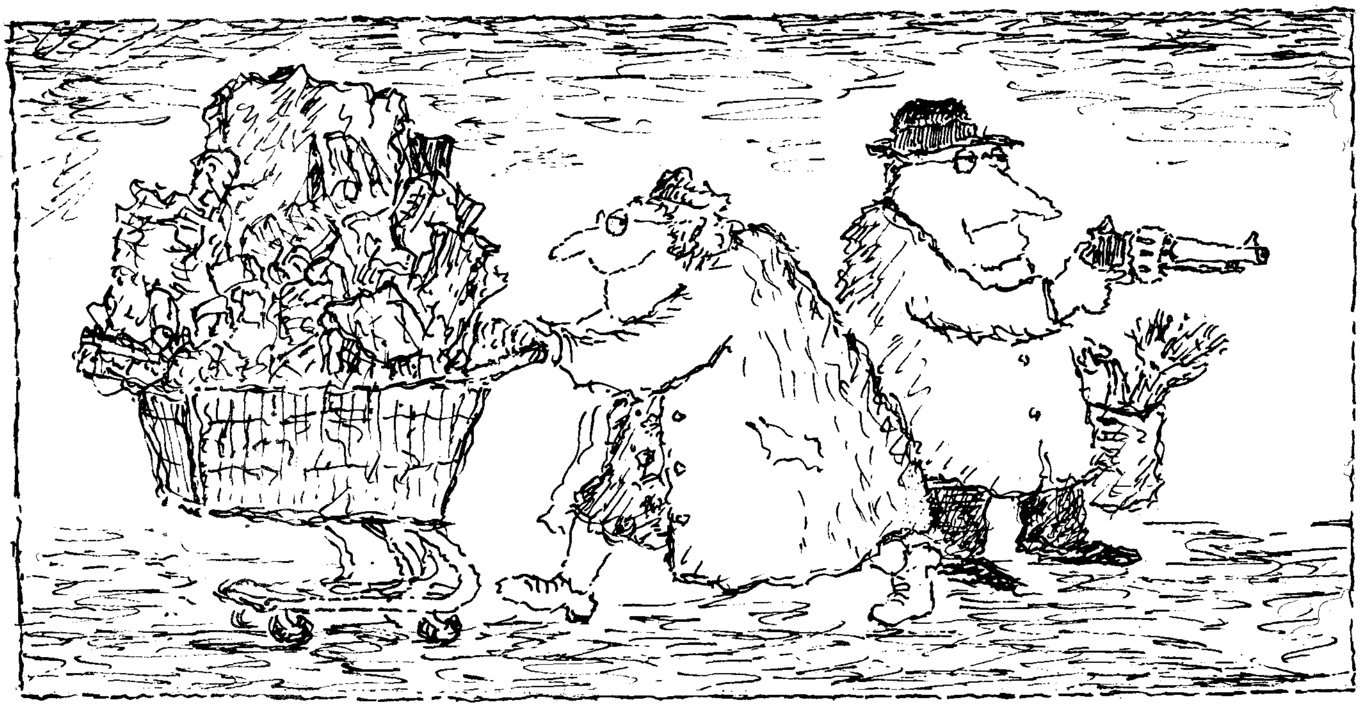
MYRNA BLEIK, COLLEGE DINING HALL DIETITIAN, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS: It seems hopeless. Gray-meat prices are up. Carrot-and-raisin salad prices are absolutely ridiculous. We find that if we buy Brussels sprouts on Monday and begin to cook them, the price has doubled by the time we finish on Thursday.



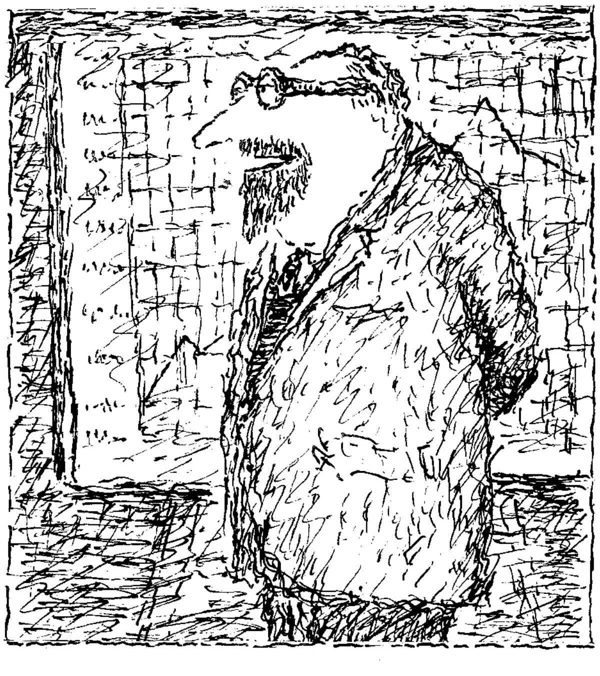
MAX GOLD, PROPRIETOR OF MAX'S SUPER SANDWICHES, MANHATTAN: Stop inflation? That crowd? They couldn't stop a sink! They don't care about food prices because they never tasted anything worth eating. You know what Nixon has for lunch? Cottage cheese. On a big day he eats Presbyterian meat loaf on Wonder Bread. What does he care about how much it costs a human being to buy a decent pastrami on rye and a side of chopped liver made with real schmalz?

STANLEY MORGAN, INVESTMENT ADVISER, PHOENIX, ARIZONA: It's just a matter of getting in at the right moment. For instance, three years ago my wife and I felt that egg prices were going up—all the indicators were there—so we went into eggs in a big way. We got in at eighty-nine cents a dozen, extra large. We bought four hundred and fifty dozen at eighty-nine. If you wanted to get into eggs now, you'd be getting in at ninety-eight, say, or maybe even a dollar. It's true that some of the eggs in our hall closet now are three years old, but with a little ketchup on them they taste good as new. We got into ketchup in 1972 at twenty-nine. We have eighty-three cases in our garage, under the eggs.

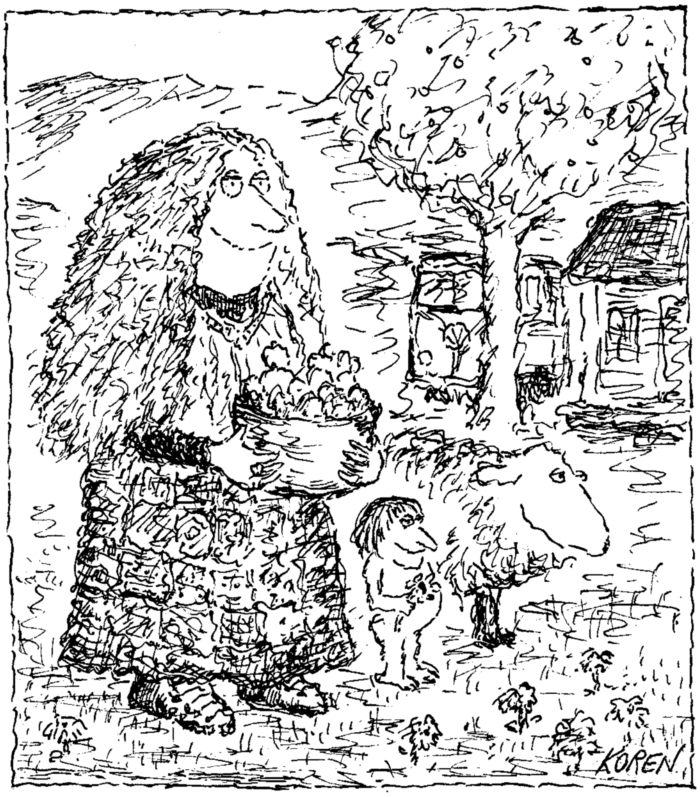




Floyd Farnum (and Mrs. Farnum), Senior Citizen, Fort Myers, Florida: About a year ago, Ma and I hit on a way to balance the budget—armed robbery. We organized the Beachview Golden Years Shuffleboard Club into a gang, and we take turns hitting the supermarkets. It works kind of like one of your food co-ops. Our only problem is getting enough protein. A rib roast is kind of heavy for an old codger to snatch.



Herman Fensterhaben, Economist, Bethesda, Maryland: I would not in principle oppose the idea of slowing down the staples market by passing an across-the-board bread tax. I do not agree, however, with those in the Administration who believe we could encourage a stricter adherence to the American work ethic by imposing an additional surcharge on day-old bread. My own suggestion to the Administration was that pump-priming be based on a softened private sector, with productivity reduced toward the goal of having parity reflected in the adjusted G.N.P., on the basis of real dollars or 1939 dollars, whichever came first, but that seemed too neo-Keynesian for the post-Keynesians, not to mention the reverse.



Tulip Rose Marigold, Organic Farmer, Sonoma County, California: I love these people. I have a lot of love for Richard Nixon. I really, truly do. I love him. I love that Earl Butz—Secretary Butz is a love person. I think he has a lot of love in him. Roy Ash is full of love. So much love—you can tell from his picture. I love them all. If pumpkin seeds don't go up, I'll love them even more.

—Calvin Trillin
and Edward Koren

AN ACCIDENT

THEY'D been making love. The big, high-ceilinged room was brimming with light. It was late afternoon but it was also late May, and you could still see the sun over the patch of New York City that showed at the louvered door opening onto a terrace. There was also a window, covered by a broken blind that was permanently lowered but held together by the tapes, with the bottom resting on the air-conditioner and the slats all slightly out of kilter. This was a one-room studio, a sublet, with six months to go on the lease. The place was in disarray, but so was Louise Gallagher's life at the moment. It had served her purposes to take the apartment but not to take any interest in it, and if it offended the eye, the offense didn't seem serious on sunny days like this when the necessary architectural butchering—counters and dividers and shelves—bent the light into shapes that rearranged themselves interestingly from time to time. Louise waved her arm in a leisurely arc and said, "How do you like my light show?"

But Charlie Davis wasn't wearing his glasses, and all that light was a strain on his eyes. He covered them with one arm; there was a shimmery circle right over the bed, a second sun—no, a third. The second sun was on the mirror-topped coffee table, a direct reflection of the real one; the third was beamed from the table to the ceiling and shone down, all glare—like sun seen through a haze. He said, "I feel like something at the bottom of the ocean."

"Sunken treasure." She touched her fingers to his chest, one by one, as though she were pressing keys; he took her hand and kissed the fingertips, playing back the tune—a sad tune.

"Our last afternoon."

"Please," she said, "I'm feeling low enough." But these were familiar depths. She'd sounded them eight years before when she was in love with Charlie Davis for the first time and he married someone else. Now she was like a diver exploring waters where her ship had gone down, examining the wrecked hull, recognizing how unseaworthy it had been.

"I'm terribly proud of you," he said.

"To tell you the truth, I'm proud of myself." On Monday she was starting a new job—senior editor with a very good small publishing house.

He said, "Don't let it go to your head."

"I'm the soul of modesty, and you know it." He'd criticized her for that in the old days, calling modesty immaturity, but he'd revised his opinion.

Now he said, "You know what modesty is."

"A virtue."

"No, pride."

She moved in closer to him. They had long bodies, both of them, and long feet and hands, long arms, long legs interlaced. "Don't be cross," she said.

"It's our last afternoon." The last of a couple of dozen; she'd been two months looking for this job—out all morning, back here by three at the latest. "Why shouldn't I be cross?" he said.

Why wasn't she? That was the real question, and the answer was that she'd long since spent anything in the way of bad feeling she could have had for him. Now she only loved him, but it was a limited love, love without expectations—the idea of trying to take someone else's husband was beyond Louise's powers of imagination or her powers of anything else, for that matter. She was a conventional person. Though the conventions had never particularly rewarded her spirit of acquiescence, she continued to consider it unquestionable that they had the last word in life, and in this case it was spelled out. A man who was married—even a man with irregular hours, a man like Charlie, a photographer—couldn't go on indefinitely, or even very long, telling his wife he was working at night. So this was the moment for a break, and yet it seemed ridiculous. They were as much cronies as lovers. There was great fondness between them, a feeling of affection so strong and yet so ambiguous that it frequently ran off into foolishness. She pulled back and studied his face, a thin face with a preoccupied look that was heightened now, possibly on account of his being without his glasses. "Can you see me?" she said.

"I can see you."

"What do you see?"

"A very sweet, serious girl. About twenty-two. Long black hair, nice legs, a nice smile."

It was Louise when she first met him. She said, "You couldn't possibly see her. You didn't ever know that girl."

"You're wrong. It's now I don't know you."

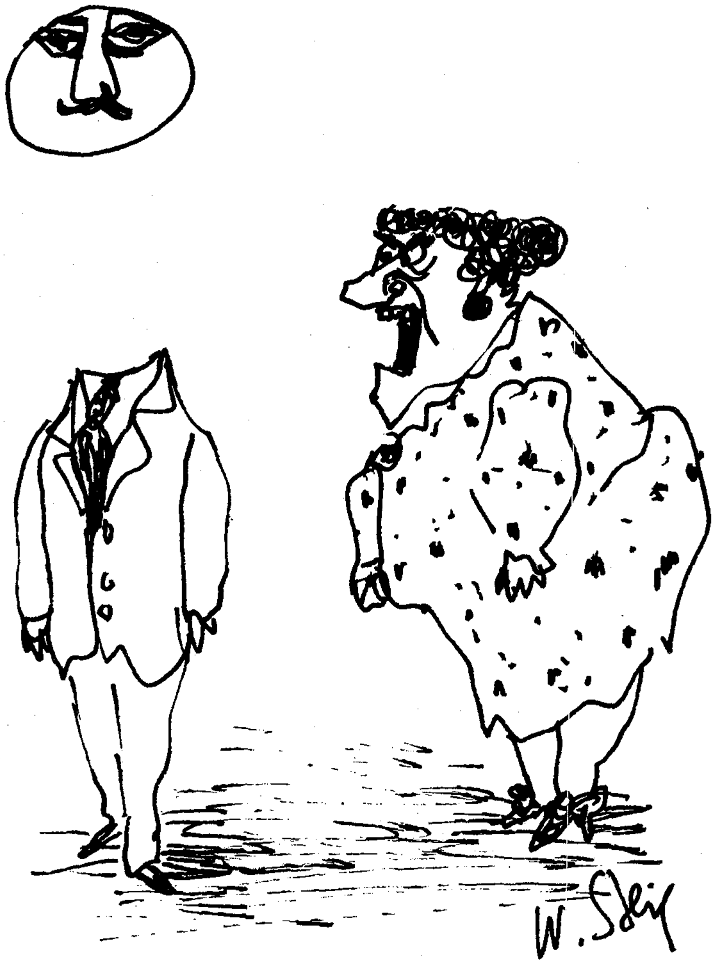
"That's silly," she said, knowing it wasn't really, for she was no longer twenty-two. She'd learned what to give in love—as much as you wanted. And how to give it—generously, because what mattered in the long run was what you held back. This was trickery, of course, and Louise disliked herself for making use of it but she couldn't deny the satisfaction it gave her to have mastered a trick she'd once failed at miserably.

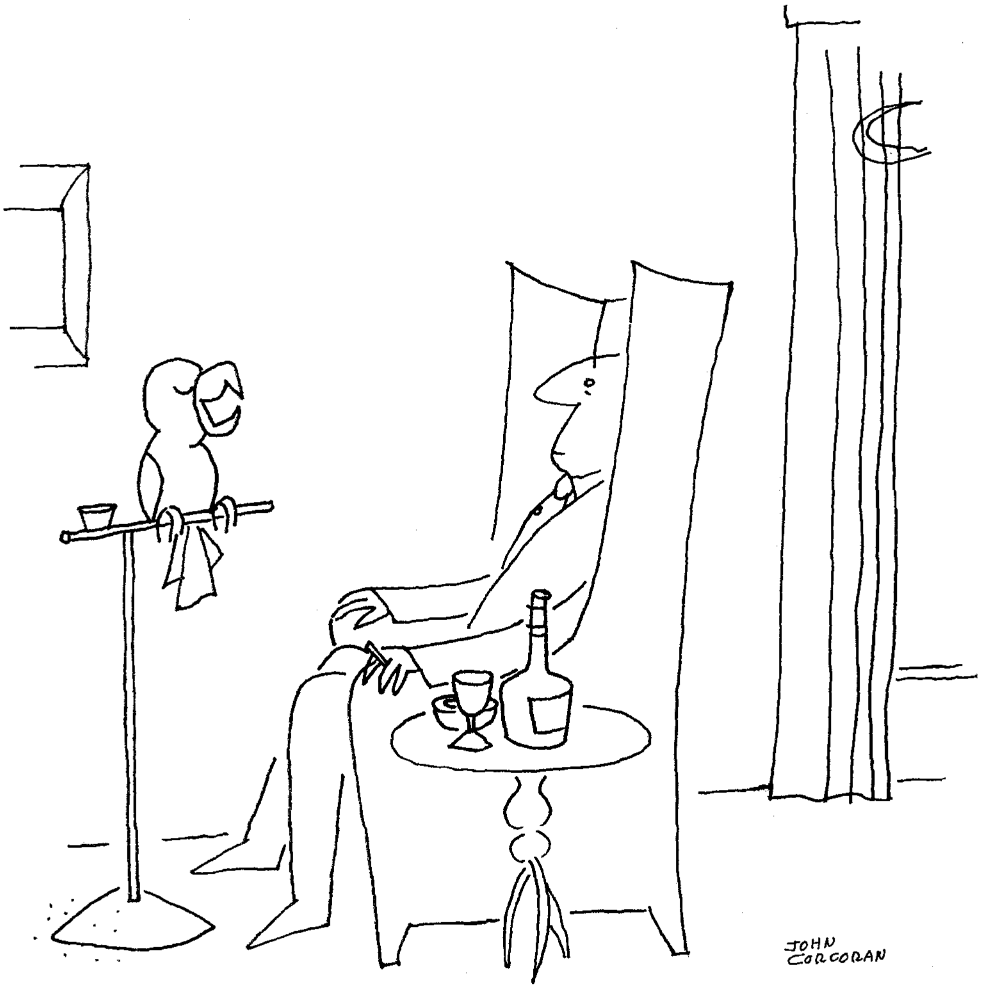
"You talk and talk," he said, "but what does it all add up to?"

"Five feet six inches, one hundred and eight pounds—"

"Skin and bones."

"—of Irish-American Roman Catholic." His family came from New England; his ancestors were Scots; he'd married





"I say 'M'! I say 'M-O'! 'M-O-P'! 'M-O-P-P'! 'R-A-G-G-M-O-P-P, Raggmopp'! 'Rada-de-daa-de-dada'! 'Raggmopp'!"

• •

a girl of Scandinavian descent. All that had given Louise a feeling of being beyond the pale that it took years to get over; when she did, she discovered she liked being beyond the pale, and she got a kick out of rubbing it in, but he didn't rise to the provocation she'd just given him.

"I hope you like the new job," he said.

"I'd love any job at all right now." She hugged him. "I'm longing to have an office to go to again."

"Nobody likes offices." He reached for his glasses and put them on.

Louise said, "I do." They'd met in an office—the news magazine where he still worked. It was her first job. She said, "I love going to work, getting a carton of coffee and seeing everybody come in and what they have on, what sort of mood they're in. I love the manuscripts and proofs and the mail and the phone calls."

"The roar of the greasepaint, the smell of the crowd."

She gave him another hug. "Please don't be cross."

"I'm not." But to be deprived of what you'd rather not have can be deprivation still, and this parting without the trappings, without the tears, the pressure, the vague guilt, the even vaguer commitment—it left something to be desired. He said, "You don't cry much, do you?"

"No, not much," Louise said.

"I can't remember ever seeing you."

"You must have—before." What an uneven match they'd been; how hard it was for her to see that and how firmly he'd had to go over and over their differences. For a start there was religion—he had just enough interest to be against it but not enough to be so much as an atheist. Then, age—he was ten years older than she. And experience—he'd lived with girls periodically for years, and she was still living with her family. And then disposition—she was too good-natured; he felt he needed someone with a temper, someone who'd stand up to him. It added up to the kind of argument a parent would have mounted and this, more than anything he actually said, made the truth so convincing and so agonizing for Louise. She said, "You made me so unhappy, you must have made me cry."

"I can't remember a single time."

"I can—the last time we went out."

"The last of the old times?"

"Yes." Neighborhood pigeons were roosting out on the terrace. All along they'd been raising a steady stream of complaints, and now their bleating added to the melancholy note that ran through Louise's telling of her story. "We had dinner at that restaurant that used to be on Third Avenue, L'Escargot. Across from us was a table of men having a night out. They were French, and I remember being surprised that French men would be out with the boys. They were acting stupid, and that surprised me, too."

"The French can be swine."

"No!"

"It's true," he said. "Don't laugh."

"I'm not—not at you." At least not entirely; if he sometimes went in for sweeping statements, she on the other hand had once swallowed everything he said, regardless. To this day, following some set idea back to when it took hold of her, she would half the time find it came from him.

"A Frenchman who's a lout is a real lout. I learned that when I was stationed in France in the Army."

"I believe you," she said. Hardly any of his judgments that she'd ever tested failed to have some truth to them, but she'd had to learn to rely on her own judgment—she'd learned that from him. "Anyway these weren't acting like swine. They were just a little drunk. One of them made a pair of false eyelashes out of a paper napkin and started fooling around with the owner's wife. Then they all began to sing 'Auprès de Ma Blonde' and for some reason that made me cry."

"Because you're not a blonde."

"*Blonde* doesn't necessarily mean blond," she said, "does it?"

"No, but maybe you thought it did. You were so innocent back then."

"And how you corrupted me."

"Anyway you didn't cry. You put your face in your hands, but when you took them away your eyes were dry."

"How did you remember a thing

like that?" Louise was momentarily thrown off. Her own thorough recollection of the evening fell short of the reality he'd called up in one quick stroke, but then the reality was the suffering and, unlike him, she'd had to put that out of the picture. It had been her suffering. For a second it was hers again. She was suddenly back there in the pretty restaurant—across the way, the merry party of Frenchmen; on a plate in front of her, the specialty of the house, reeking of garlic.

"I really cared for you," he said. "I cared a lot. You just didn't care for yourself."

Too sweet, too easily impressed, and too easily crushed—those weren't grounds either for self-approval or for being thought of in any way Louise could conceive of as not detrimental. She said, "What else do you remember?"

"The first time I waited for you down in the lobby." At the magazine, his office was across a court from the room she shared with three other girls. One afternoon she was looking out when he happened to be looking out, too. For nearly a month they played the game of catching and pretending not to catch the other's eye. Then, one day after work, she got off the elevator downstairs and there he was, leaning against the wall waiting for her, as if that were what she'd been expecting or even asking for, though she hadn't been conscious of asking for anything. Looks across a courtyard—to her it was a simple diversion, an end in itself. He said now, "You acted as if I were a rapist."

"I went right along with you, though." Out of sheer amazement.

"What does your new office look out on?" he asked.

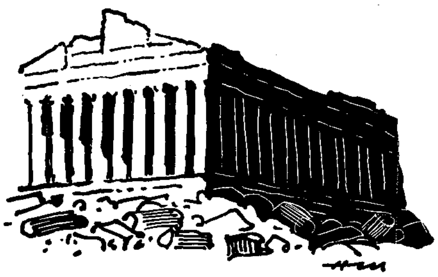
"A blank wall."

"That'll help keep your mind on your work."

"It better. Paul Spier has the next office." He raised his eyebrows. "Not that that matters," Louise added, ashamed of herself for bringing the name up—the man was a letdown after his reputation with women, and besides, it struck her as an act of disloyalty. But to the lover or the crony? How much easier it was when they'd been one thing or the other—especially the other. If she hadn't gone to London to live for a while six months before, they'd probably still be that other—cronies—but it turned out he missed her. When she got back he was glad to see her and sweetly made no bones about it.

"What sort of fellow is Spier?" he asked.

"A bit dull—not my type, anyway." If she'd thrown herself into making him jealous, she couldn't have done as good a job.



He turned over on his side. "How many years have we known each other?"

"1965, 1966, 1967—"

"Nine years," he said. "Think of it."

They were time flattened out, those years. They had no definite structure, nothing that led to any conclusion but the obvious. "Nine is a lot of years."

"Not the way we've been, off and on."

"When I'm working, we can have lunch together again."

"Now that you mention it, I didn't have lunch today."

Lunches were all there'd been between them for most of the nine years—nice lunches, thought Louise, happy times. She looked over at his tan gabardine suit coat hanging on the

TO RETURN TO THE TREES

Senex, an oak.
Senex, this old sea-almond
unwincing in spray

in this geriatric grove
on the sea-road to Cumaná.
To return to the trees,

to decline like this tree,
the burly oak
of Boanerges Jonson!

Or am I lying
like this felled almond
when I write I look forward to age—

a gnarled poet
bearded with the whirlwind,
his metres like thunder?

It is not only the sea,
no, for on windy, green mornings
I read the changes on Morne Coco Mountain,

from flagrant sunrise
to its ashen end;
gray has grown strong to me,

it's no longer neutral,
no longer the dirty flag
of courage going under,

it is speckled with hues
like quartz, it's as
various as boredom,

gray now is a crystal
haze, a dull diamond,
stone-dusted and stoic,

gray is the heart at peace,
tougher than the warrior
as it bestrides factions,

it is the great pause
when the pillars of the temple
rest on Samson's palms

and are held, held,
that moment
when the heavy rock of the world

like a child sleeps
on the trembling shoulders of Atlas
and his own eyes close,

the toil that is balance.
Seneca, that fabled bore,
and his gnarled, laborious Latin

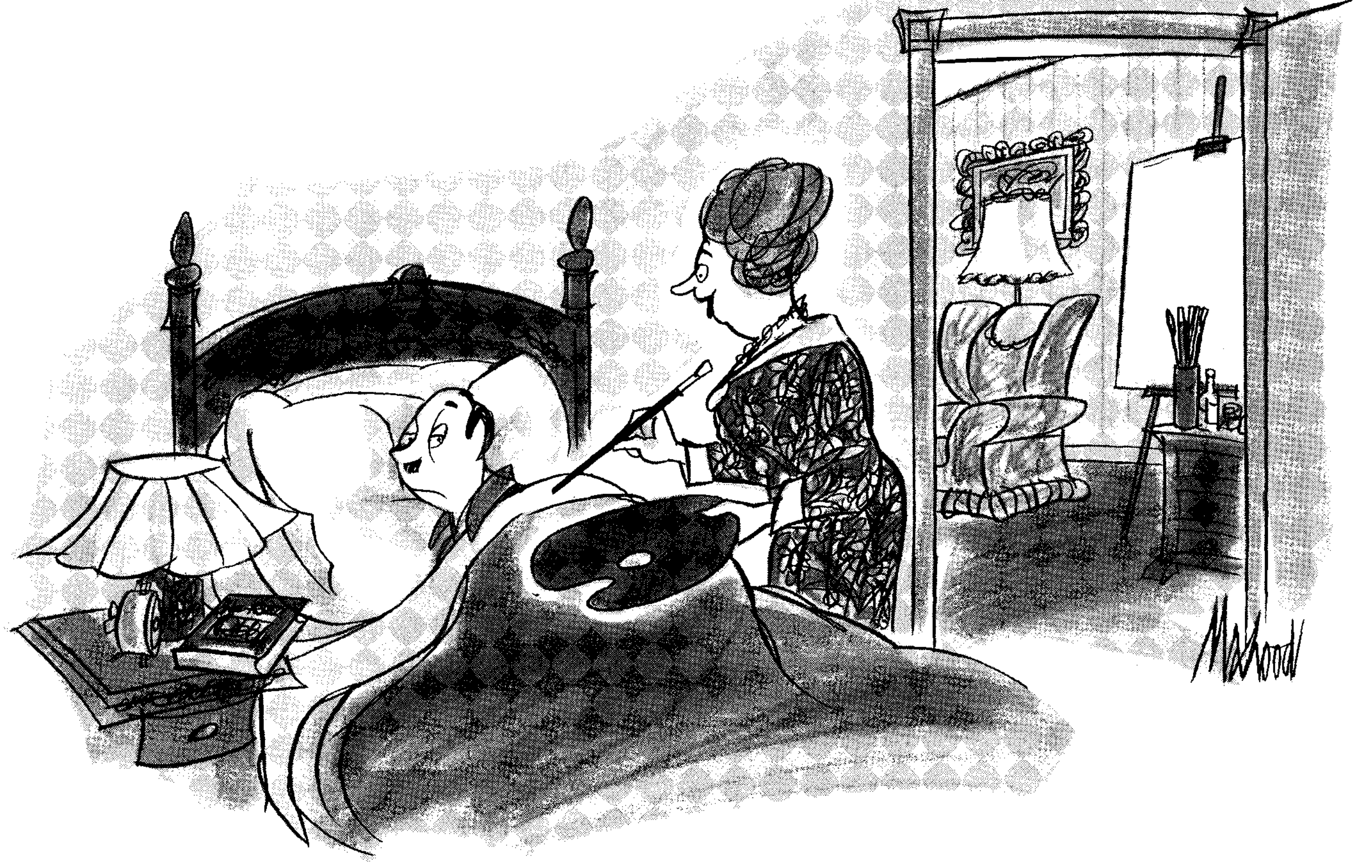
I can read only in fragments
of broken bark, his
heroes tempered by whirlwinds,

who see with the word
senex, with its two eyes,
with the boles of this tree,

beyond joy,
beyond lyrical utterance,
this obdurate almond

going under the sand
with this language, slowly,
by sand grains, by centuries.

—DEREK WALCOTT



"Rise and shine! It's Sunday! Time to get up and paint!"

• •

back of a chair. She liked the way he dressed. She'd always liked meeting him at a restaurant, coming in and spotting him. Waiting made him look more than usually preoccupied and a little apprehensive; it was his characteristic expression, that of a man expecting someone he'd rather not be meeting, and that the expression was no guide to his feelings Louise finally understood when she finally noticed that it didn't change by so much as a blink when she reached him. She herself had always been beaming. She remembered thinking that people must have taken them for lovers at full tilt, but anyone eavesdropping on the basis of appearances would have been disappointed. At that stage they were delving into what they'd only scratched the surface of before—the facts. They both came from mismatched parents, though very different kinds of mismatching. His father had been successful in business and a businesslike failure as a father. Her father was in the classic Irish pattern of wit and improvidence, and her mother was classic Irish, too—devout, innocent, goodhearted, fearful, a woman who was never clear in her mind or easy at heart. His mother was all clothes and Caribbean vacations. He had one brother who drank; of the two others, he liked the older and couldn't stand the younger. She was close to both her brother and her sister, but they weren't close to each other; she was caught in the middle. Not that any of this was significant in itself. The facts could have been assembled in other ways, or other facts substituted—the exchanging was the important thing, the process by which each of them became the repository of the other's world, for these were facts that constitute the fixed in life, old coin as opposed to new currency, which tends to fluctuate. He gradually began turning from straight news photography to special assignments and then to free-lance work. She got better and better editorial jobs. He developed an ulcer. She was operated on for appendicitis—when she was in the hospital, he sent her the kind of get-well cards that are meant for children, with pictures of talking animals and flowers that had faces. When he was only thirty-five, his hair went almost completely gray. At some point she changed the style of hers—he couldn't conceal his dismay, though he assured her that the two kinds of hair he liked were the way she'd always worn it (straight) and the new way (short and blown-looking). From what she occasionally said about something she'd done, he knew when she was seeing someone else and when she wasn't. And she understood that his marriage turned out badly. Every so often he moved into a hotel for a couple of days. He grabbed at jobs that took him out of town. He gave her advice along the lines of "Don't ever marry anyone who's going to depend on you for a sense of himself." The upshot of it all was what Louise eventually realized she'd probably wanted from the time she met Charlie Davis—simply to be a part of his life. It was loss you dreaded in love. Any kind of contact was better than nothing.

"Let's go out and see if we can get something to eat," he said.

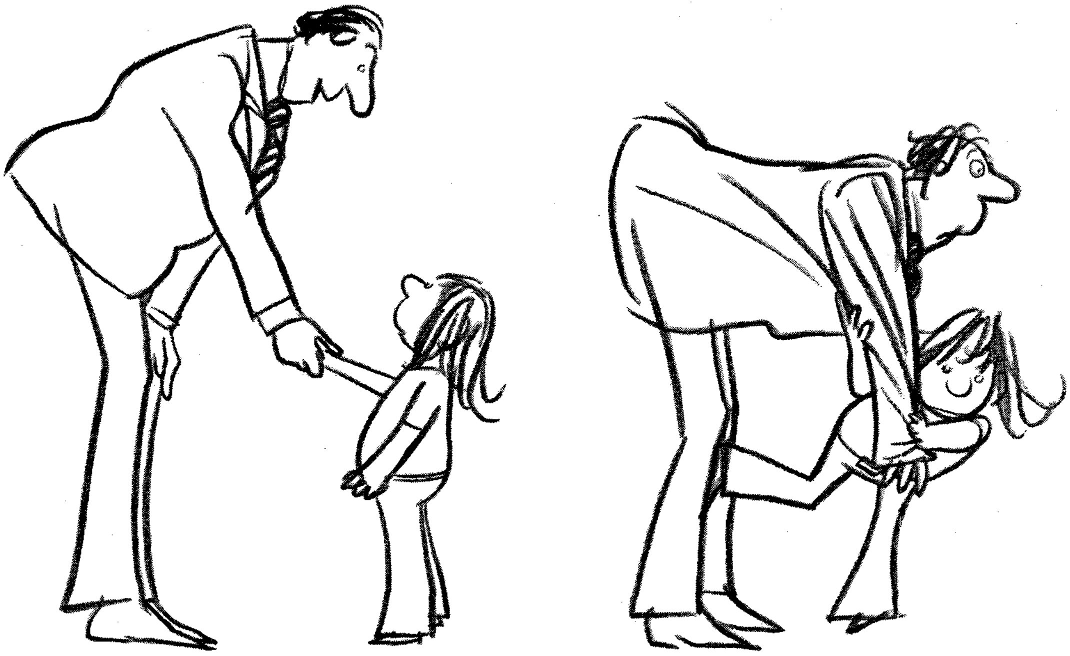
"Now?"

"Right this minute. What do you say?"

"I don't know." She got a picture of them going into a restaurant, sitting down, ordering, eating. The picture seemed dated. "I had a hot dog before you came."

"It's no wonder you're thin." He ran the back of his hand along her side. "You don't eat enough."

"Yes I do. I eat a lot." She propped



"What did you learn in school today?"

• •

herself up on her elbows. "I like to cook."

"I didn't think you could."

"I like any kind of housework."

"You'd never know it."

Louise looked around the room. There were gray patches of dust on the floor; dust peppering the white surfaces of desk, table, chest of drawers, bookcases; dust discoloring the carving of the beautiful marble fireplace. "Nothing here is mine," she said. "I don't feel responsible."

"But you cook."

"Yes, I cook."

"What?"

"Nice things."

"What?" he persisted, as if this were something she'd kept from him, though the subject had never come up before, not directly.

"Oh," she said, "chicken with almonds, beef Stroganoff, chocolate mousse, creamed spinach, quiche Lorraine—"

"I don't believe it," he said.

"Quiche Lorraine is simple. You buy a frozen piecrust."

"I don't believe any of it."

"I give up." Love that has nowhere to go stages contests that can only be in dire earnest or in fun—necessarily inconclusive but no less contests. She pulled in her elbows and collapsed on top of him. "You complain that I don't tell you things, and when I do you don't believe me."

"All right, prove it. Cook me something now."

"I'm not prepared."

"See?" It was a make-believe victory but it gave him real comfort. He took his glasses off again and put his head to the hollow of her shoulder. "How nice that nobody ever made you stand up straight."

She turned over, gently bumping him to one side. "How would you like some corned-beef hash?"

"Funny—I don't feel much like eating anymore." But she got up anyway. He watched her cross the room and go behind the kitchen counter; then she disappeared, hunting for the hash and the can opener. "Louise," he said. He had to wait for her to find the things and to look up, and then he had to wait for her to realize he wanted her full attention; he waited a minute more, for good measure, and then he said, "How dear to me you are."

She had a sinking sensation, as of a just barely adequate swimmer who looks around and sees a friend going down—and no one else nearby to come to the rescue. She said, "You're dear to me, too, Charlie," which was true. She loved him dearly, but she also loved him with reservations he'd instilled in her and that she could no more set aside now than she could set aside the love. She fitted the opener on the can and began to turn the handle. "When I'm back here, I always feel like one of those television cooks," she said.

"That's what you look like, come to think of it—except they dress up a little more on television."

She lit the gas under the frying pan. "Start off with a low flame," she said. "Unless you're in a hurry, audience."

"I'm in a hurry."

She raised the flame and dumped the hash onto the pan; she reached for the pancake turner and held it up. "In England this is called a fish slice," she said. "I'll bet you didn't know that."

"As a matter of fact I did."

She leaned against the counter. "Once when I was in London, I used a friend's flat while she was away for a week, and before she left she kept apologizing because the fish slice was broken. I didn't know what she was talking about and I didn't want to ask."

"Why?"

"It seemed low-class."

"Louise," he said, "let's forget about the hash."

"Fish will always mean Catholic to me, and I thought that in England Catholic meant Irish, and Irish meant low-class."

"Forget about England," he said. "Forget about being Irish. If I can forget you're that, certainly you can."

"That flat—" She folded her arms on the counter, fixing her mind's eye on the cream-colored stone house, one of eight or nine on a short Kensington street. It was precisely the sort of image that prompted you to go off somewhere—the remote and picturesque that you believed to be the world, which it or any such image only was or could be insofar as you left it alone. Going after it reduced the world to those familiar dark streets, the cramped houses and cluttered rooms of your own private geography. She said, "When Diana offered me the place for a week, I jumped at it. I thought it would be so nice there. It had two big rooms, but it turned out they never got any sun except very early in the morning, and the whole place smelled of mildew."

"Speaking of smells"—there was

smoke in the air—"the hash, the hash!"

She straightened up and stretched. She felt she could afford to relax and that she deserved to—singlehanded she'd got them into these safe, shallow waters. "Calm down, Charlie," she said. "Everything's under control."

He burst out laughing and then couldn't stop. "It wasn't that funny," said Louise, but he was laughing so hard he began to cry. She felt a little foolish. "What is it you're laughing at?" she said. He shook his head, speechless, but a minute later he was wiping his eyes. And then cold sober, or sober enough, anyway, to realize what he was doing but not sober enough to keep still, he said, "Well, if you must know, I think I'm probably in love with you."

She had the sinking sensation again. When you told someone you loved how you felt, you risked yourself completely. The best you could ever do was make it a calculated risk; the worst was to let it out recklessly the way he just had. He'd regret that, regret it and hold it against her, which might have been all to the good except that it turned out she wasn't prepared to be quite that good—not yet, not so suddenly. She said, "I mustn't know."

"Why not?"

"I don't have to."

"I know that. I just thought you might be interested." She smiled at him. He said, "The least you can do is tell me you love me."

"Yes, at least I can tell you that." Maybe he hadn't meant it seriously or maybe she was meant to take it that he hadn't. In any case, that was the assumption to go on—he was looking as if he were sorry he'd spoken out. "I've made a hash of this hash." She emptied it onto a plate and brought it over to the bed with two forks. "What a mess," she said. But a mess of her making was just the thing to restore the balance and retrieve the situation.

"It isn't a mess," he said kindly. "It's just what I feel like. What's that you say on your television show when you sign off?"

"*Bon appétit!*"

The can had been the smallest size—no more than four bites apiece, with one left over. "That's for you," he said, "for going to all that trouble."

"No, it's for you." She pushed the last bit onto his fork with her own. "Because I'm the hostess."

He started to laugh again, but it seemed he'd laughed himself out. He put down his fork and lay back. Louise leaned over and set the plate on the floor. As she was sitting up again, a couple of pigeons swept past the window, coming in so close that the shadows of their wingspread made the room darken. The light being diffuse, the effect was flickering and also subtly menacing, as if mischievous and unfriendly hands were playing with half a dozen switches. Louise shuddered.

"What's the matter?" He covered her hands with his.

"Nothing," she said, but for the first time all afternoon she had a sense of things ending. It came with a jolt and with reverberations—she was back in the little restaurant on Third Avenue with her face in her hands and her life, as far as she could see, over.

He said, "Tell me what's wrong, Louise."

She stretched out beside him, carefully unfolding her legs, like someone after an accident—shaken, wondering what was the extent of the injury.

"Tell me," he said.

She said, "It hurts."

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

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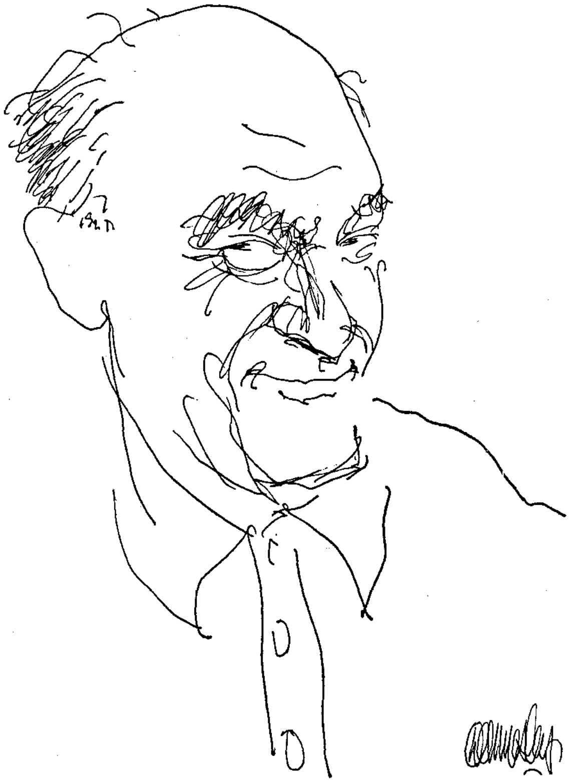
A performance of Early Music with Blanche Winogron at the harpsichord, Eric Rosenblith on the violin, assisted by Adrienne Hartzell and Viola de Gamba, will perform sonatas of Bach, Mozart, Bonporti, Piston and Milhaud at 8:30 P.M. in Jordan Hall on Thursday.—*Harvard Medical Area Newsletter.*

There's our Viola again. She really gets around.

PROFILES

ABSOLUTE TRUST

ONE evening in 1970, the Chicago Symphony visited Carnegie Hall and, under its chief conductor, Georg Solti, played Mahler's long, gloomy Fifth Symphony. The concert turned out to be one of the most impressive musical events to take place in New York in many years. Torrential applause broke loose at its conclusion, and might have lasted all night if Mr. Solti had not finally led his concertmaster off the stage, signifying that the point had been made and that more applause would not add to it. The event was a surprise to many New York concertgoers and critics. There were, in fact, two surprises. Although Mr. Solti and the Chicago Symphony had appeared separately in New York before, nothing like this had ever occurred. Mr. Solti enjoyed a considerable reputation among record collectors for his Wagner "Ring," issued between 1959 and 1966 by Decca/London (the "Die Walküre" segment alone has sold more than fifty thousand copies), and most people interested in music knew that he had raised London's Covent Garden to a position of parity with the world's great opera houses—a rank it had not held since the days of Sir Thomas Beecham—and in the process had propelled a large number of British singers into stardom. But Mr. Solti had never impressed New York audiences—either at the Philharmonic concerts or at the Metropolitan Opera House—as anything but a driving, sometimes even slightly coarse, Hungarian conductor who occasionally seemed to lose control of a performance in his excitement over the music. As for the Chicago Symphony, everybody knew that it was a venerable orchestra of good quality, recently overhauled by the dictatorial Fritz Reiner, but its numerous previous visits to New York under the baton of the French conductor Jean Martinon had not generated any particular excitement. This time, something had happened to both the orchestra and its conductor. Solti's remarkably flamboyant conducting, which caused one critic to compare him to a beleaguered tennis player, and the enormous power, accuracy, and intensity of the orchestra—its cohesion of ensemble and its variety of tone, ranging from the subtlest pianissimos to fortissimos in which the Chicago brass sounded like all Michigan Avenue bursting through the auditorium—brought the most critical listeners up short. Nothing like this had been heard since the days of Toscanini. Conductor and orchestra seemed to be a single unit. From that concert on, performances in New York by the Chicago Symphony and Mr. Solti were sold out long before they took place. They were the sensation of every symphonic season, and Mr. Solti and the Chicagoans suddenly became known as the finest conductor and the greatest orchestra active in America.



Georg Solti

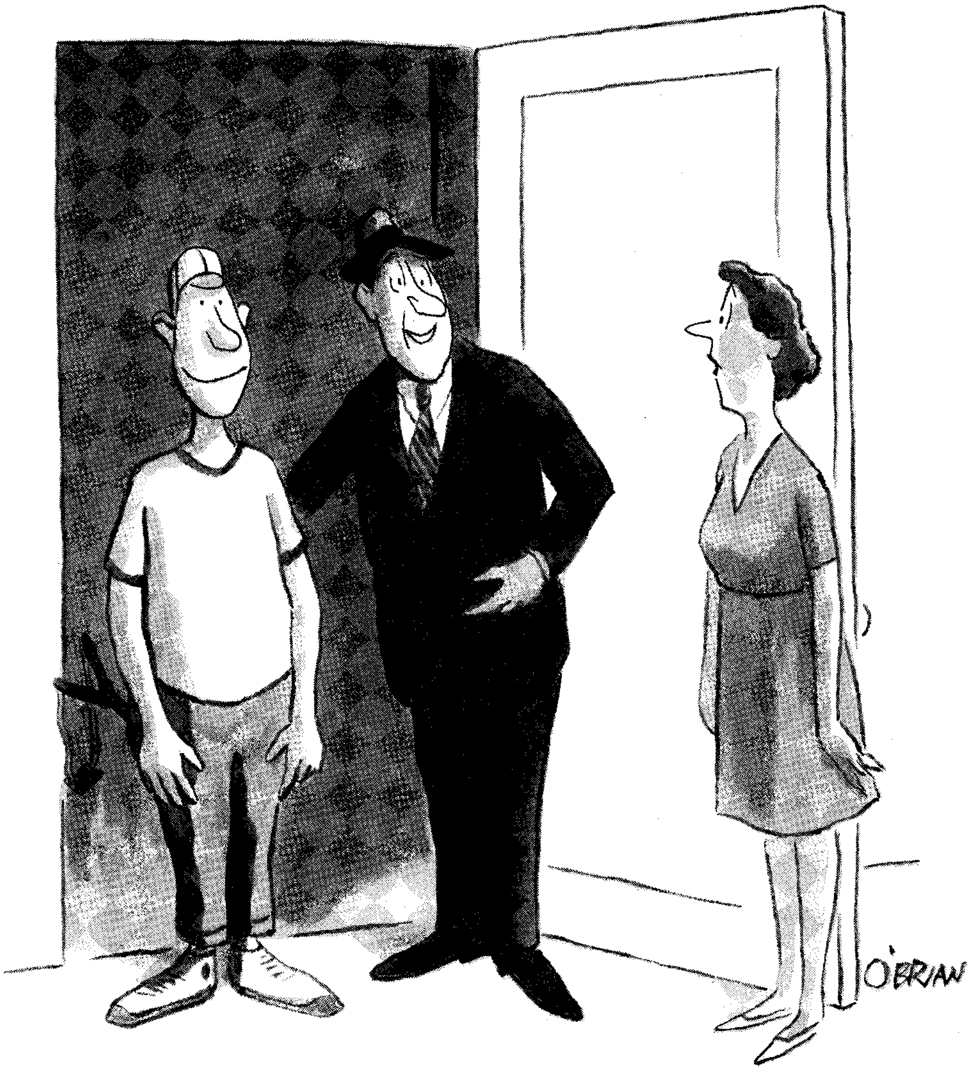
Curious as to how this miracle came about, I recently visited Chicago, talked to nearly everybody concerned, and attended a number of the Chicago Symphony's rehearsals and concerts. Both the rehearsals and the concerts took place in Orchestra Hall, an old but attractively redecorated auditorium on the ground floor of a building that houses the Symphony's offices. During rehearsals, Henry Mazer, the orchestra's associate conductor, a prematurely white-haired, jovial fellow, sits in the audience, gauging acoustical effects—the balances between the orchestra's sections and so on—and reporting to Solti. Solti himself, on the podium, seems to be electrically charged—feet planted wide apart, body swaying from side to side, scooping sounds from the floor, holding his hands high above his head, sweeping his baton around in tremendous arcs. (While recording Wagner's "Parsifal" a while ago, he punctured his left hand with the tip of his baton.) The motions are actually awkward. In his excitement, Solti sometimes flings his left hand at the first violins as if he were a nervous doctor shaking down a thermometer. In expressive passages, he frequently uses a gesture that betrays his debt to Toscanini: he rests the middle finger of his left hand on his chest and vibrates it up and down. Only in some pianissimo passages does the display of acrobatics give way to moderate forms of expression; then he often leans back, as if increasing the distance between him and the orchestra would induce it to play softly. Solti has trouble with his neck, where a vertebra has deteriorated, and as a result he cannot turn his head to look behind him—he has to turn his whole body. There has been some speculation that his flamboyance as a conductor is a result of this condition. His wife denies it, however. "He was always a flamboyant conductor," she says. "But he is not theatrical. He is a very natural man, not a calculating person."

In any event, it is not the extravagance of a conductor's motions that explains the results he gets from an orchestra. In the main, it is the force of his personality and the respect that his musicianship commands, and these factors go a long way toward explaining the extraordinary rapport between Solti and the Chicago Symphony. Moreover, an absolute trust exists between him and the players. The method that Solti follows in his rehearsals is practically unique. He does not drill his orchestra at all. The Chicago Symphony does not need drilling; it can play magnificently even if left to its own devices. Solti runs straight through a movement of a symphony without stopping, flipping the pages of his score absently as he does so. When the movement has ended, he calls the attention of the players to various details he would like to have changed—louder cellos here, more prominent oboe there, softer strings at some other point. (Owing to his long service in London, he uses the British terminology for notes—"quaver" and "semiquaver" instead of the American "eighth note" and "sixteenth note.") Then the surprise comes. He does not repeat the movement, or any passages from it, to make sure that his orders have been carried out. He simply goes on to the next movement, which he treats similarly. There is no hint of tempestuousness in his attitude toward the orchestra. His admonitions are always kindly and lucid. He will listen while a member of the orchestra makes a suggestion, and then accept or reject it; he will even ask a musician's advice. Frequently, he checks with Mazer to see whether the balance of forces or the tone quality is right. Obviously, Solti has implicit trust in his orchestra. And the trust, to judge from several performances I heard, is never betrayed. From a few spoken words, the musicians know just what the Maestro wants, and they give it to him. In fact, several of the players told me about a time when Solti "rehearsed" his orchestra in a plane flying from Dartmouth College to New York. He did this by calling the principal musicians to his seat in the airplane and, with a score in hand, telling them what he wanted at various points.

Talking to a number of musicians in the basement locker room after one rehearsal, I found a few reasons for the unwavering respect they have for Solti. The basement is a pleasant, scrupulously clean place, with lockers for the general run of instrumentalists and private dressing rooms for the principals—dressing rooms so capacious that they are often used as teaching studios. The enthusiasm for Solti was spontaneous and unguarded. "I don't think there's anybody like him at all," said Frank Miller, the principal cellist. "His knowledge of music is enormous. He's the first one who has made us world-famous. A great deal is due to the man's dynamic personality. The players always try, but with another conductor it simply isn't the same." Victor Aitay, one of the two concertmasters, went into more detail: "It's his knowledge that commands respect. His knowledge and his authority. The knowledge behind the beat unifies the orchestra. He doesn't need to be tyrannical. Fritz Reiner was tyrannical and sarcastic—those were the days of the tyrants. But Solti is a completely organized man. He's the only man I know of who can do four things at once—listen to a tape, talk to an engineer, mark the score, and correct the first players. His mind has such speed that it conceives of several things at the same time. Everything is planned. If I should come up with a suggestion, he has already thought of it. He knows what will happen before it happens." Ray Still, the first oboist, added a point: "He does not puppetize the players, the way the late George Szell did; he lets them have their way to some extent. And he has a much larger repertoire than Szell had, or than most conductors have." There were a few amused comments from other players. One trombonist remarked that nobody in the rear of the orchestra could understand Solti's Hungarian-accented English. "They think it's Chinese, but they know what he means," he said.

Solti has none of the swank that other conductors affect—Bernstein's Mephistophelian cape, for example, or von Karajan's addiction to high-powered cars and private planes. He owns two cars—a Volvo and a Fiat—and he always drives slowly. Unlike those conductors who claim to be able to read a score at a glance or play it at sight on the piano—and sometimes can—he studies a score silently, first horizontally, then vertically, spending many hours at the task. "Everybody has a different method," he remarked to me. "I learn the score tone by tone, and I go through it at least three times before my first rehearsal. I work three hours at a time; I cannot do more. When I made the recording of the 'Ring,' I learned a hundred pages a day."

THE Chicago Symphony is the third-oldest symphony orchestra in the United States, being outdistanced only by the New York Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony. It was founded in 1891 by the great pioneer conductor Theodore Thomas, and it has held Chicago to an important standard and tradition of performance ever since. Many of its members are native Chicagoans, and most of these have ar-

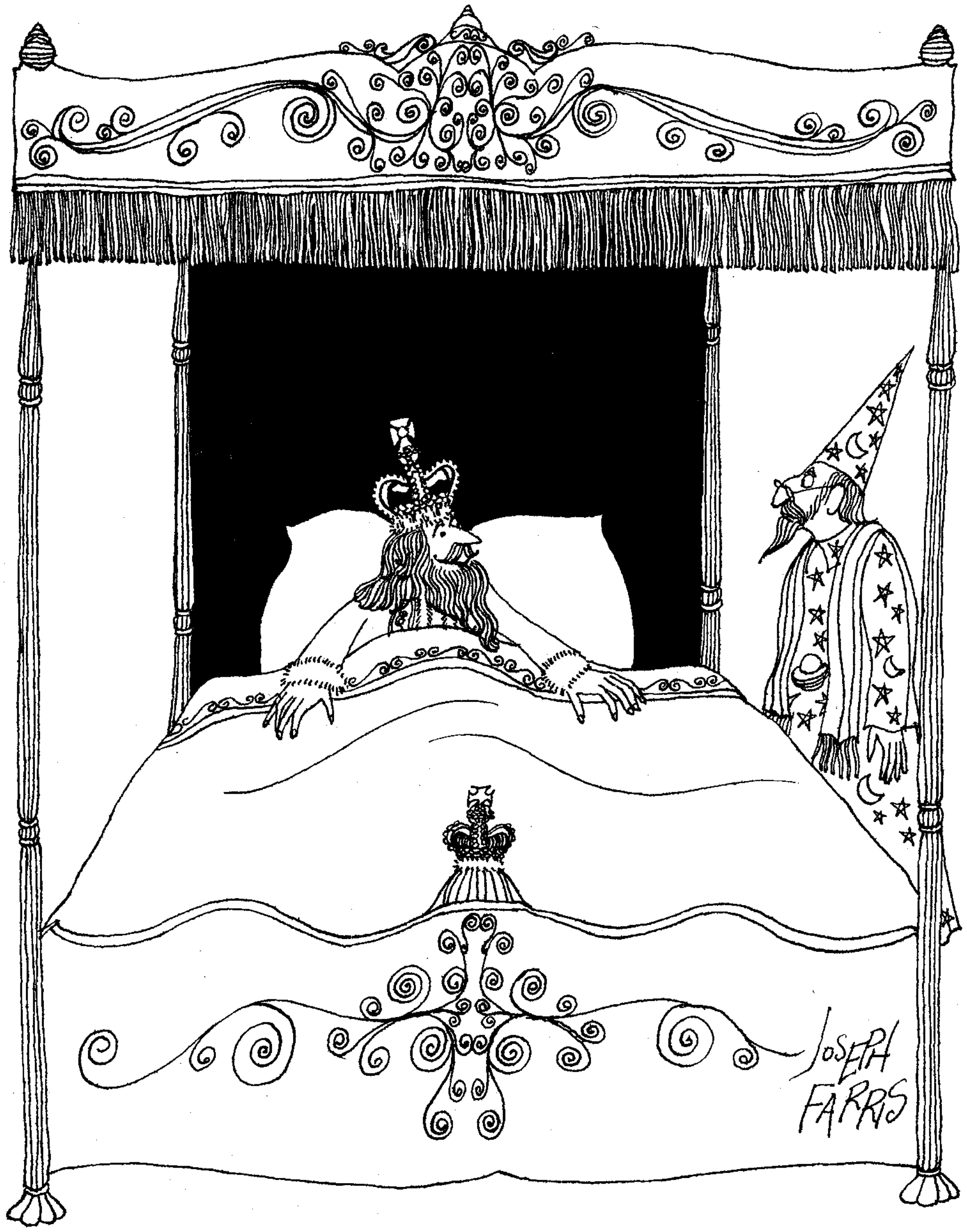


"Remember me telling you about Charlie Schwing, who was in grammar school with me? Well, who should I run into just now but good old Charlie, and he hasn't changed a bit!"

rived by way of a training orchestra known as the Civic Orchestra of Chicago, an organization founded by Frederick Stock, Thomas's successor, in 1919. A curious fact is that the Chicago Symphony is the oldest orchestra in America in a different sense; that is, in terms of the average age of its personnel—fifty-one. Several of its members are over seventy. When Solti first came to Chicago, he said he thought it was time to "rejuvenate" the orchestra, which quite naturally enraged the players. A little later, Solti held auditions for all those musicians who wanted to move up in the ranks. "You think I'm old," one of them said. "But listen to the way I can play!" Solti did indeed listen, and finally he had to apologize to the whole orchestra. Later on, he said, "I have never found a group of musicians who take music so seriously. I think my Chicago Symphony is the finest in the world."

But during the years immediately preceding Solti's reign, the morale of the orchestra had fallen to a low point. A group of maestros of secondary rank—Désiré Defauw, Artur Rodzinski, and Rafael Kubelik—had been followed by the great and outrageously tyrannical Fritz Reiner. Reiner failed to raise morale by much, but he did build up the quality of the orchestra to virtually what it is today. He was followed by Jean Martinon, a French conductor of limited repertoire and dictatorial habits, who lasted from 1963 to 1968. When Solti arrived, he found morale at a desperate level. Everybody was edgy and defensive. Solti quickly appraised and remedied the situation, mainly by exerting his inborn authority, by eliciting admiring reviews from the Chicago critics, and by taking the orchestra on tour to other cities, where other critics expressed their astonishment at its quality. In 1971, the orchestra made a tour of Europe, where nobody had previously thought of Chicago as an important place from a musical standpoint. The response was tremendous. No State Department or other federal-agency funds were contributed to this tour. It was financed entirely by proud Chicagoans and the State of Illinois. The city contributed a hundred thousand dollars, the state fifty thousand, and fifty-seven Chicagoans put up seven hundred and fifty dollars apiece for the privilege of accompanying the tour. The expedition cost more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars beyond this preliminary financing, but Chicago thought it was worth it, and the debt has since been liquidated. At the end of the tour, a parade was held up State and La Salle Streets, with Solti in the lead car, waving to the assembled crowds. It had all been a triumph.

Behind these happy events was a millionaire real-estate promoter named Louis Sudler, whose interests have always been divided between business and music. He is now chairman of the board of the Orchestral Association. "I told myself that after I made my first million I would devote myself entirely to music," he said to me—possibly an overstatement, since he is the moving force behind Chicago's huge new skyscraper, the John Hancock Center. But his interest in music goes far beyond that of the average symphony board chairman. He is, in fact, a professional baritone, who has sung lesser roles with the Lyric Opera of Chicago, and he has his own show, called "Artists' Showcase," on WGN-TV, in which he interviews well-known figures of the musical world. He is an almost theatrically handsome white-haired man of seventy-one. At lunch one day, he explained what he had done for the Chicago Symphony. "When I became president of the board in 1966, I said, 'We're going to be the best there is. We're going to get the best conducting staff, and we're going to put the Chicago Symphony on the map.' " Sudler made inquiries as to who was the most highly regarded orchestra manager in the country, and found that it was John Edwards, a former critic and newspaperman then serving as man-



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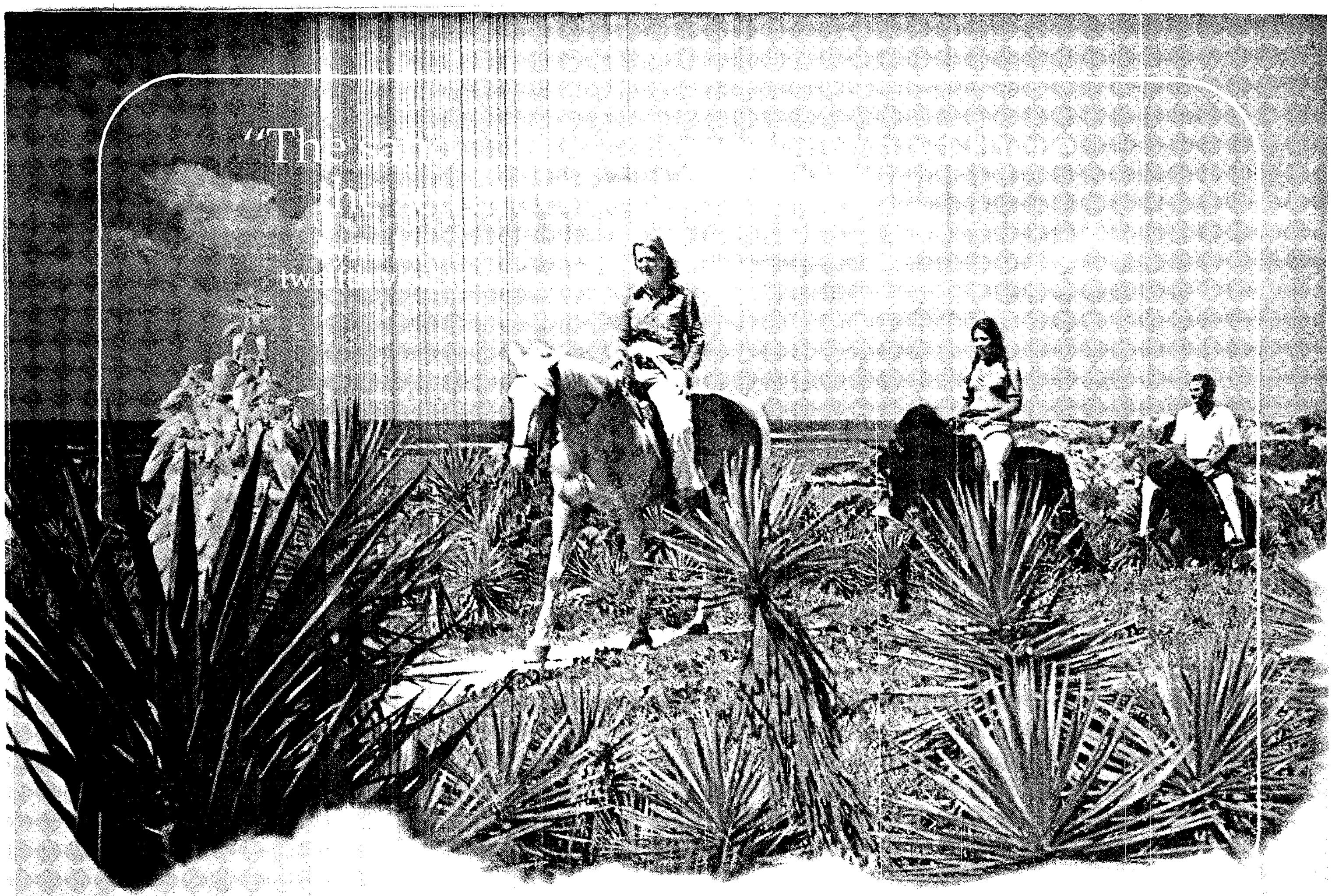

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ager of the Pittsburgh Symphony. Sudler lured him away from Pittsburgh and set him to scouring the music world for the best conductor he could find. Edwards came up with Solti, who was then conducting at Covent Garden. Solti was hired, and started work in 1969. Sudler, himself a man of great enthusiasms, remembers scornfully one of the least enthusiastic statements he has ever heard. It was made by Ambassador Walter Annenberg when the Chicago Symphony visited London. “This is the best orchestra that has been here since the Philadelphia Orchestra,” Annenberg said.

But the prime cause of the Chicago Symphony’s preëminence is, of course, its conductor. In an interview I had with Solti in his suite at the Hotel Drake, he confirmed the reports of the demoralized state of the orchestra when he arrived in 1969. “I found the musicians very unhappy,” he said. “The third trombone wanted to leave. Martinon had fired Ray Still, the first oboist—fired him outright, without even talking to him. Now he’s back. The sound of the orchestra was harsh. It had been run by both Reiner and Martinon on the principle of fear. I got the men talking to one another again. I am not their natural enemy, as the conductors of some orchestras are.” Solti, who is sixty-one, stands about five feet ten and has an athletic figure, bronzed skin, slightly slanting deep-brown eyes, high Mongolian cheekbones, and a somewhat square face. He is bald, with a fringe of black hair at the sides and back of his head, and often during a rehearsal, when he is thinking hard about something, he will stand on one foot and caress his scalp with his left hand. He sleeps very lightly. “I cannot get rid of the music in my head,” he said. “I have a half-conscious remembrance of short phrases. But I have a great horror of addiction, so I do not take sleeping pills.” He has only one marked eccentricity, and that is a profound aversion to chicken. “I was taken by my mother to a very small town when I was a child,” he told me, “and I entered a kitchen and saw a row of these poor little animals there, all plucked and hung up by the neck. It gave me a lifelong distaste for chicken. I am really a frustrated vegetarian. I like pasta, bread, soup, and potatoes, and I like sausages and salami and that sort of thing, where you can’t see the form of the animal. I don’t like to see a corpse when I am eating.” Solti radiates energy even when he is not conducting, and his athletic figure is the real thing: he is an avid bicyclist, skier, and tennis and Ping-Pong player. He loves to watch soccer on television, and reads at least two newspapers a day to keep up with political developments—the London *Times* and the Paris *Herald Tribune* being his favorites, though he also admires the New York *Times*, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, and *Le Figaro*. He is a considerable reader of books as well—mostly in bed before going to sleep—and he is particularly devoted to Thomas Mann and Hermann Hesse, whom he reads in German. He has largely forgotten his Hungarian, and, owing to the geographical vicissitudes of his career, German is the language in which he expresses himself best. A few years ago, his wife, an Englishwoman, tried to call room service at the Drake and, with her English English, couldn’t make herself understood. Solti picked up the phone, and his Hungarian English was understood perfectly. He likes to tease his wife about this episode, being very proud that Americans can understand him.

THOUGH Solti is best known in this country as the conductor of the Chicago Symphony, he actually spends only about fourteen weeks of the year in Chicago, and this period is not continuous; in between times, he is busy with assignments in Europe. Daniel Barenboim and Claudio Abbado are guest conductors in Solti’s absence, along with Carlo Maria Giulini, who is the orchestra’s most regular guest conductor and its oldest in point of service. Giulini is regarded by Chicago critics and by the orchestra members as quite different from but not inferior to Solti himself. He is a suaver conductor, who takes more liberties with tempo than Solti, and many of the players feel that he is a more “spiritual” conductor. The notion of the peripatetic star conductor is quite common nowadays, and it involves an enormous amount of travel—for Solti, three round trips between Europe and America every season—virtually all of it by plane. Solti dislikes this. “The airplane has ruined musical life,” he told me. “And for me it is not true that the more you travel the more you get used to it. Travel is very terrible. I really have a hate for it.”

For three months in London, Solti conducts the London Philharmonic and serves as guest conductor at Covent Garden. (“I like to do a certain amount of work in Britain; the under-

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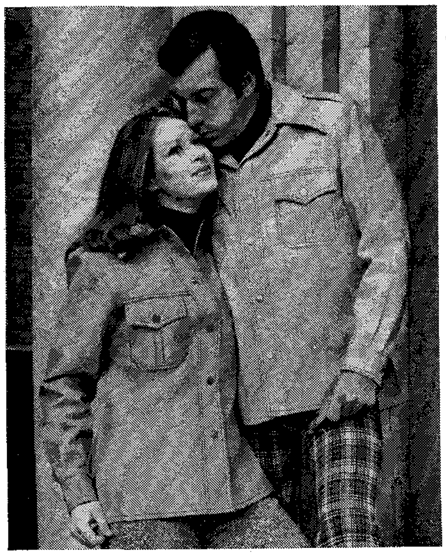

standing and enjoyment of music in London is terrific.") For three months in Paris, he is the musical director of the Orchestre de Paris and an occasional guest conductor at the Paris Opéra. Three months are devoted to Chicago, and the remaining three months of the year he likes to spend in Italy, at his summer place in Castiglione della Pescaia, near Grosseto, but recording dates usually interrupt him there. "Recording with the Chicago Symphony is not practical, because its members are paid three times as much as those of European orchestras," Solti has said. (Nevertheless, both Decca/London and Deutsche Grammophon have used the Chicago Symphony for recordings, gladly paying the difference.)

This schedule, strenuous in itself, is made even more so by the fact that Solti has a large establishment—his wife, two daughters, a housekeeper, a governess, and a secretary—that has to be moved every time he moves. The logistics of this system were explained to me by his wife, a beautiful and highly intelligent blue-eyed blond woman about half his age; the former Valerie Pitts, she was once—and still is, off and on—an interviewer on B.B.C. television. "We have a house in London—a rambling Victorian mansion in St. John's Wood, near Regent's Park—but we are in it for only a few weeks of each year," she said. "We spend half our lives in hotels, and we solve part of the problem by having a complete set of everything necessary—china, clothing, and so on—in each city where we stay." In Chicago, these items fill six cabin trunks, which are stored in the basement of the Drake when the Soltis are away. The same arrangement exists in Paris. The Solti children are Gabrielle Teresa, aged four and blond, like her mother, and Claudia Vanessa, aged one. Both parents worry about the effect that their constant coming and going will have on the children. "I plan to limit my travel," Solti told me, though it is hard to see how he can do this, with his present intercontinental commitments. "One trouble with travel is that you can't cultivate friendship. I am very loving of people."

Solti not only divides his career between three countries but also tries to keep the musical life of each country discrete. When he was musical director of Covent Garden, he used English singers and English conductors—Colin Davis, Charles Mackerras, and Edward Downes among the latter—and today the musical world has become conscious of a new quantity and quality

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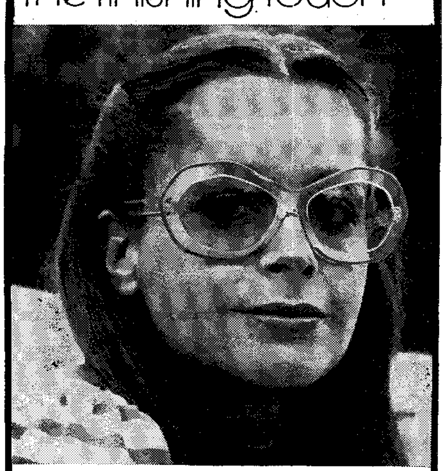

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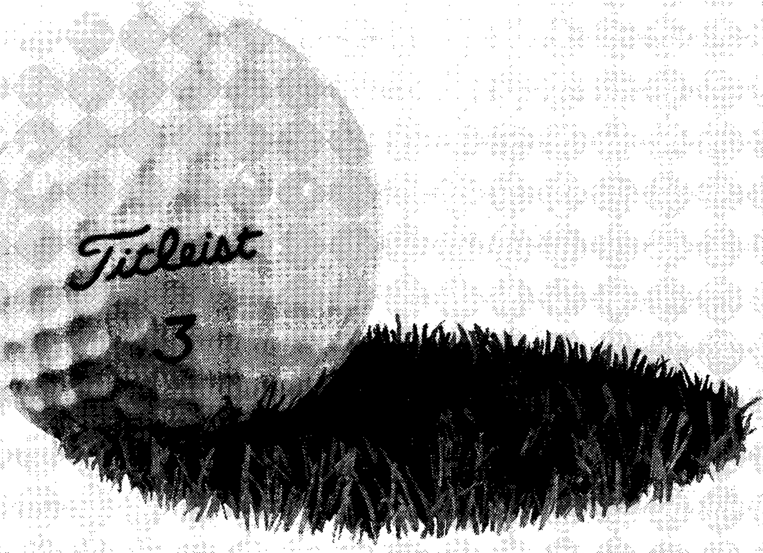

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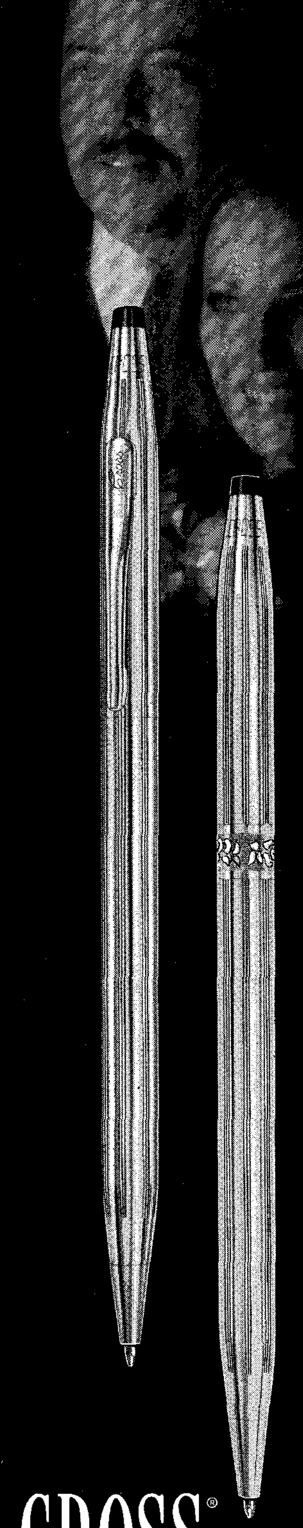

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of English operatic stars. "I tried to give scope to English singers and English musicians," Solti told me. "London had never had English singers in any numbers, but now look. English singers are famous everywhere." In Chicago a couple of years ago, in an effort to encourage Americans to become conductors, Solti held a competition for young aspirants, putting up prize money of five thousand dollars out of his own pocket, and arranging for the winner to conduct the Chicago Symphony. More than a hundred candidates applied. The winner was Guido Ajmone-Marsan, an American born in Turin, who is now with the London Symphony.

In France, however, as musical director of the Orchestre de Paris, Solti had to abandon his support of the native article. The problem was the French bassoons and horns favored by the orchestra. French bassoons and horns are small-calibre instruments, easy to play—the horns small and tinny in tone, the bassoons also small in tone and lacking the character a bassoon should have. Both are much beloved by French musicians, but they do not measure up to today's international standards of performance—especially in German and Austrian music, which, after all, forms the bulk of the symphonic repertoire. Herbert von Karajan, when he was musical consultant of the Orchestre de Paris, had recommended that it get a set of Holton horns (manufactured in Elkhorn, Wisconsin) and some Heckel bassoons (a kind of bassoon originally developed by Johann Adam Heckel, 1812-77). The Heckel bassoon, which is in use almost everywhere except in France, is heavier than the French bassoon both in physical weight and in tone, and it has a different method of fingering. (The Chicago Symphony, like most American orchestras, uses Heckel bassoons.) By the time Solti arrived to take over the Orchestre de Paris, in January, 1972, the Holton horns were in place, and the first bassoonist and the contrabassoonist, at least, were playing Heckel instruments. The second and third bassoonists, however, were playing French ones. Moreover, the first bassoonist, out of pique or exuberance, occasionally made deliberately funny noises on his instrument—a practice that was soon terminated by Solti. The horn players also found their new instruments much more difficult to play, and at first there were missed bull's-eyes in the top registers. Today, things are different. "My first bassoonist is in love with his instrument," Solti said,

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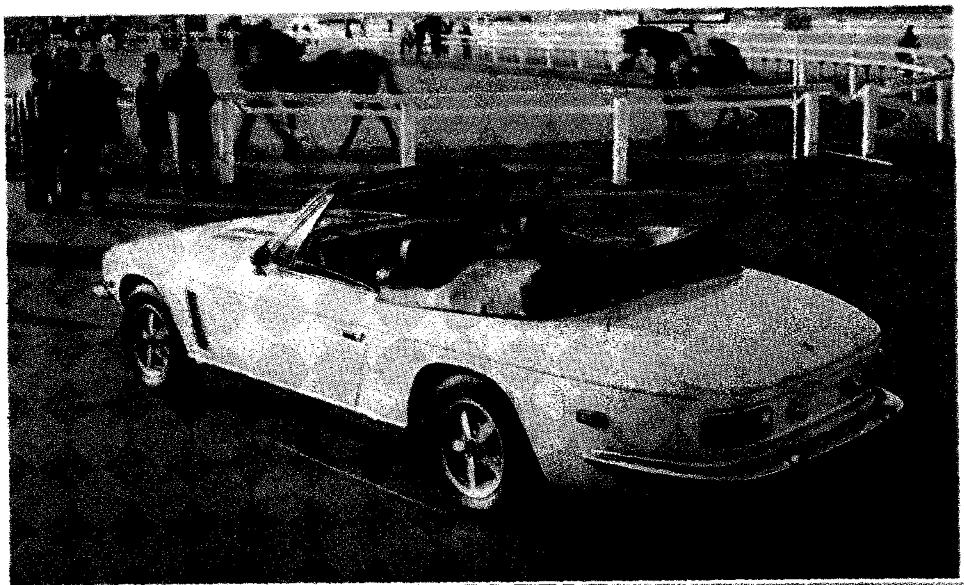

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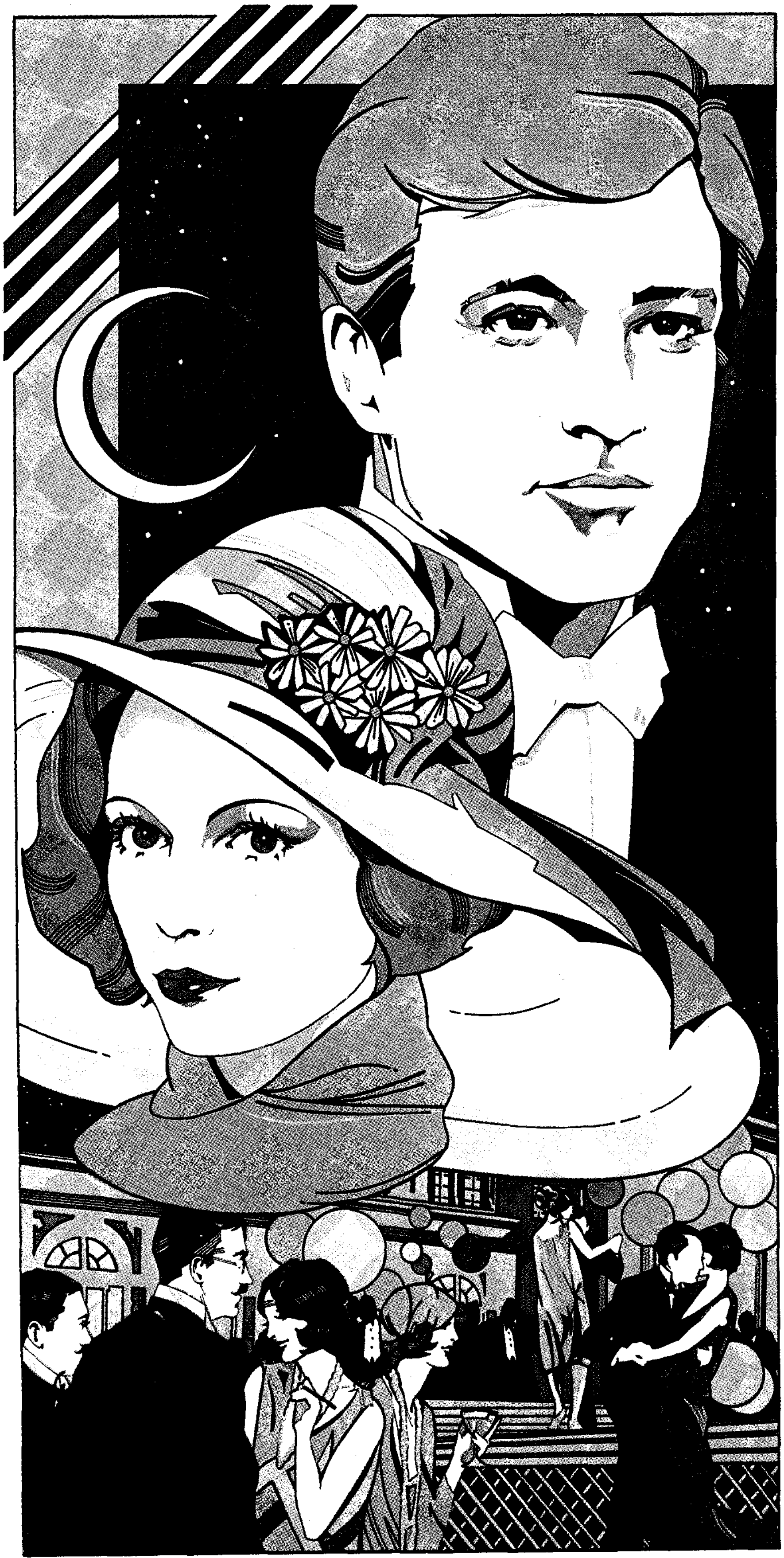

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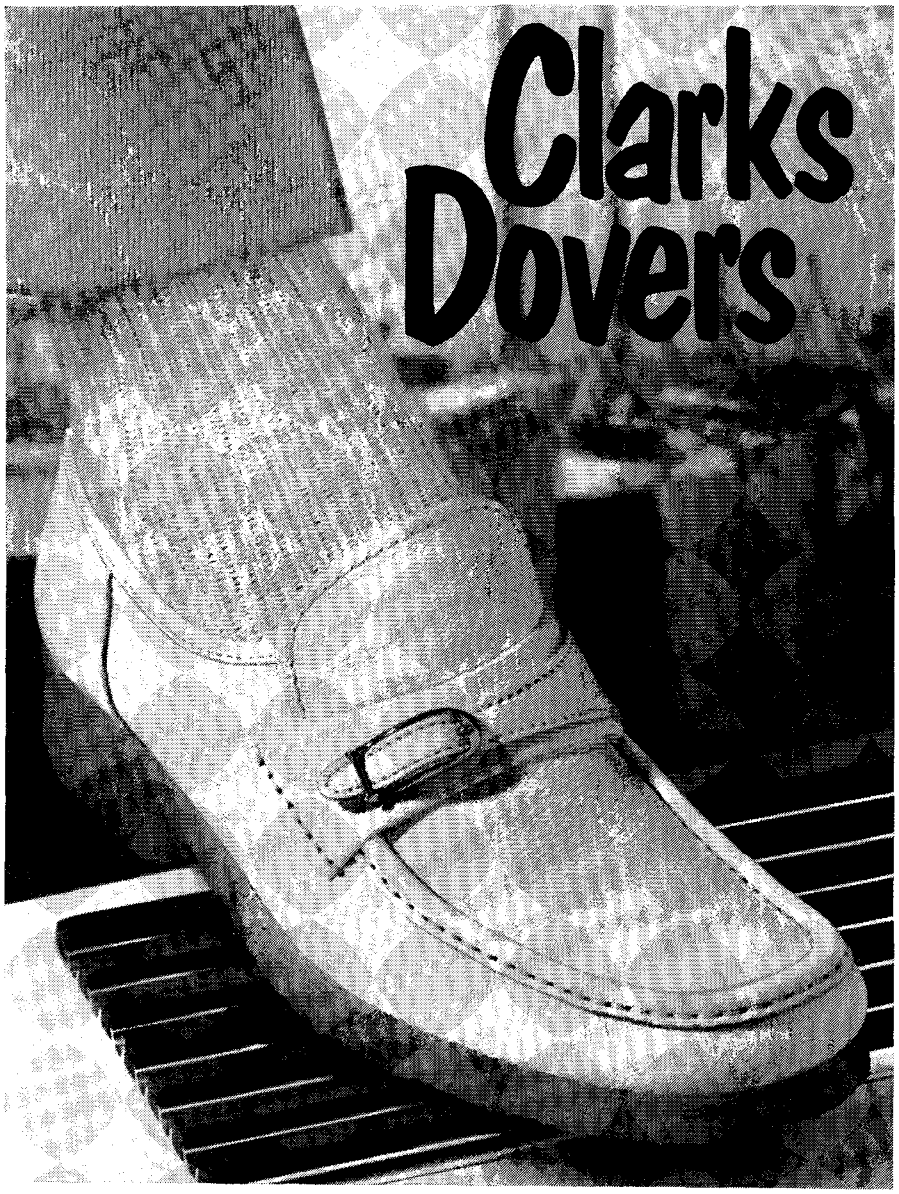
"and the Orchestre de Paris is a very decent orchestra, from a European point of view."

As guest conductor of the Paris Opéra, Solti ran into more trouble with the native article. This occurred in the first French production of Schoenberg's "Moses und Aron," which was sung in French. "Moses" is a difficult atonal opera, and one that French audiences would not normally be expected to like. There was no problem with the soloists—the tenor Richard Lewis, who had sung the role at Covent Garden, and the admirable French baritone Raymond Gérôme. The trouble came with the French manner of accenting words, which conflicted drastically with the Germanic musical phrasing that Schoenberg had created. There was a great deal of correcting from Solti, and finally a hopeless muddle. In the end, Solti threw the niceties of the French language overboard and, to the dismay of the choristers, insisted that they pronounce their French lines with a German accent. The result must have sounded peculiar to the French audiences, but "Moses und Aron" was a success.

ALTHOUGH Solti is sixty-one, his conducting career did not get started until about twenty-five years ago. He was not only a late starter but a late developer and a late ripener, and he is still developing and ripening. The son of a grain merchant named Mor Solti and his wife, Theres, he was born in Budapest. His sense of absolute pitch and his early proficiency on the piano led his mother to think that he was a prodigy, and he was sent to the Franz Liszt Academy, in Budapest, where his teachers were Béla Bartók, Zoltán Kodály, and Ernö Dohnányi. Soon he became a coach—what in Europe is called a *répétiteur*—at the Budapest Opera, putting singers through their paces at the piano. Although he was a virtuoso pianist, he was set on becoming a conductor. Eventually, on March 11, 1938 (the date seems to be engraved in the memories of the Solti family), he was given Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" to conduct. The critics were enthusiastic. "He conducted Mozart's masterpiece with great energy, keeping the over-all form and style of the music," one of them wrote. "Here his natural conducting talent came to the surface, and we can definitely count on his making his name in the future."

It was a long time, however, before that future arrived. Solti had been to Salzburg for the festivals of 1936



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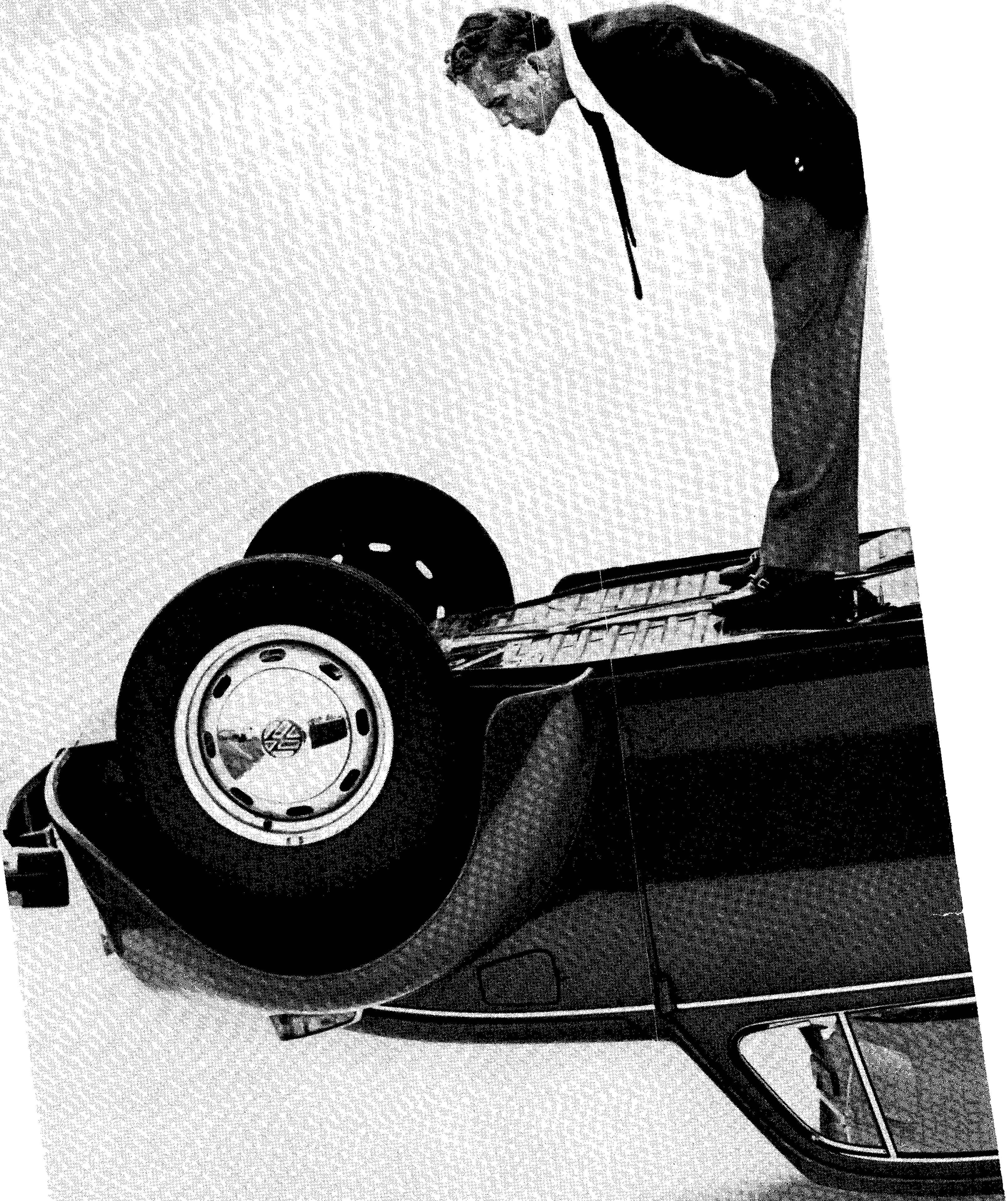

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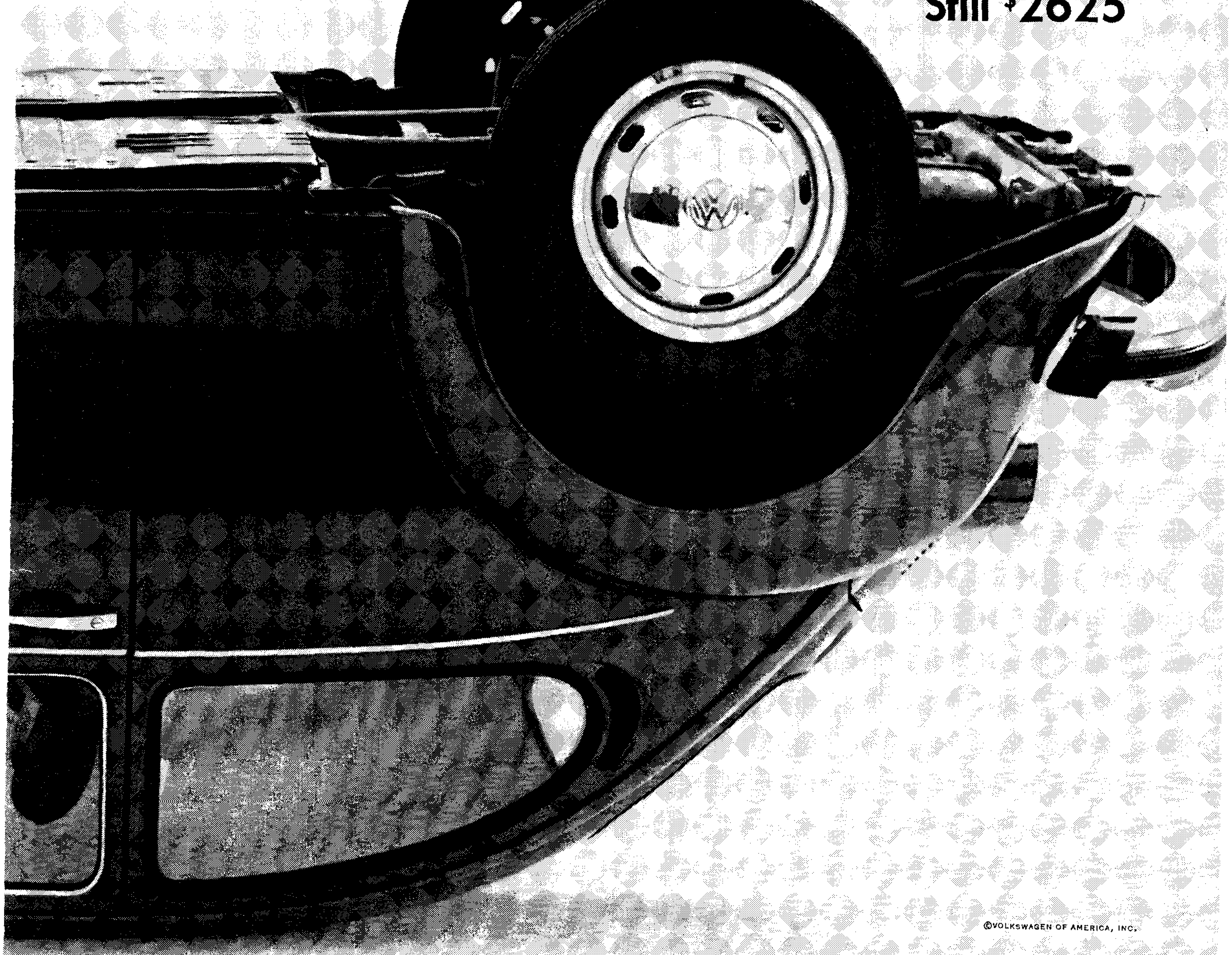

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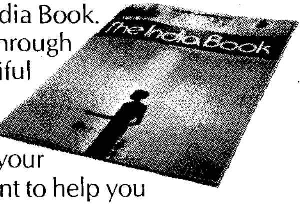
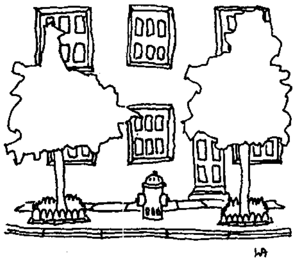


and 1937, and had served there as an assistant to Toscanini. Again his principal duties were to coach singers, and he also played the glockenspiel for Papageno's bells in "The Magic Flute." But he had an opportunity to study Toscanini's methods, which practically overwhelmed him. "I learned an enormous amount, for which I am eternally grateful," he said recently. "I had never seen a man of that calibre. He was absolutely magnificent. Today, we would call him mad. He put up a relentless, never-ending fight for every detail. That 'Magic Flute' was a fabulous experience for me. Long afterward, though, I heard that somebody had made a tape of the performance, and I got a chance to hear it. It was a great disappointment. I found everything highly exaggerated on the tape—too fast or too slow. I didn't find a single tempo with which I agreed." Also before the war, Solti had had frequent opportunities to hear Wilhelm Furtwängler conduct the Berlin Philharmonic. "You forget performances, but I can still hear his Berlin Philharmonic sound," he said to me. "The orchestra is probably better today. But even then there was a nobility of sound. Furtwängler was a great interpreter. He used the ritardandos in Beethoven's Third Symphony, especially in the part where the horns end in the last movement. This way, one loses impact but gains clarity. One of the greatest Furtwängler performances I ever heard was of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. He used great liberty of tempo without loss of form. I think that the right course is between Toscanini and Furtwängler. As they grew older, Toscanini got faster and faster, and Furtwängler got slower and slower. Klemperer also got slower and slower. I myself am conducting slower. I time my performances and find that they are getting longer. You imitate yourself. I have to get a new score for things like the 'Eroica,' so that my old markings are not there."



In 1939, with Admiral Horthy in charge of the Hungarian government and Hitler in charge of neighboring Austria, Solti fled from Hungary to Switzerland—or, at any rate, he went to Lucerne to see Toscanini—and while he was away his mother cabled him not to come home. This caused a severe disruption in his life, for he had always lived with his family. In Switzerland, Solti was not allowed to conduct, because of government regulations concerning work permits. But he played the piano, gave recitals, and taught, and in 1942 he won the Concours International d'Exécution Musicale, in Geneva. Meanwhile, he coached a tenor friend in "Tristan und Isolde." The tenor learned his role, and Solti learned the whole opera.

In 1946, by a coincidence, a friend and fellow-student of his—the Hungarian-American pianist Edward Kilenyi—turned up in nearby Austria as music-control officer of the U.S. Occupation Forces. Kilenyi was looking for conductors who had no Nazi connections, and he recommended Solti to conduct a performance of "Fidelio" at the Bavarian State Opera, in Munich. Solti was not very familiar with the work, but he boned up on it rapidly, and conducted it with such success that he was named musical director of the opera house—a post that he held until 1952. This was his first substantial job, and he carried it off triumphantly. He was thirty-four years old, and had recently married; his wife, Hedi—a very elegant, patrician woman—was just the sort of wife for a budding musical director.

In 1952, after six successful years at the Bavarian State Opera, Solti became musical director of the Frankfurt Opera, a better post, and started what was to become a lifetime of guest conducting—in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Rome, Florence, Buenos Aires, and finally San Francisco, where he made his American début during the season of 1953-54, with both the San Francisco Opera and the San Francisco Symphony. "I wanted to come to America when I was an exile in Switzerland," he has said. "I went to the American consul in Geneva, but there was a quota for Hungarians, so he threw me out. In 1953, I was luckier."

Solti remained with the Frankfurt Opera for ten years. While he was there, John Culshaw, of Decca/London, heard him conduct "Die Walküre" and determined to record the entire "Ring" with him. Because Decca had a contract with the Vienna Philharmonic, the recording had to be made in Vienna, and it took all of seven years to complete. "The Vienna Philharmonic is a very conservative orchestra, and sometimes I had to fight with it to get what I wanted out of it," Solti has said. "It is not as elastic as my Chicago Sym-

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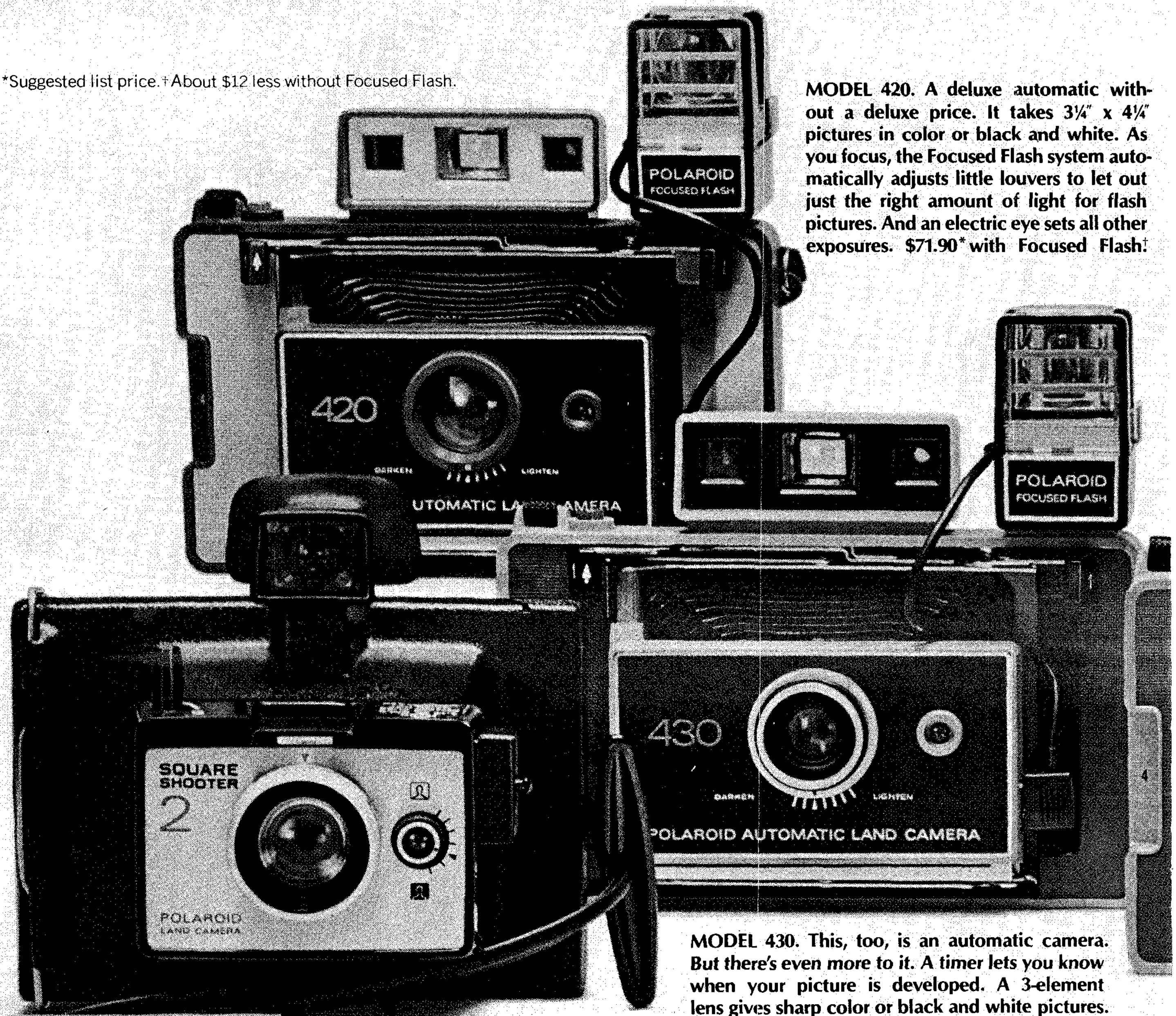
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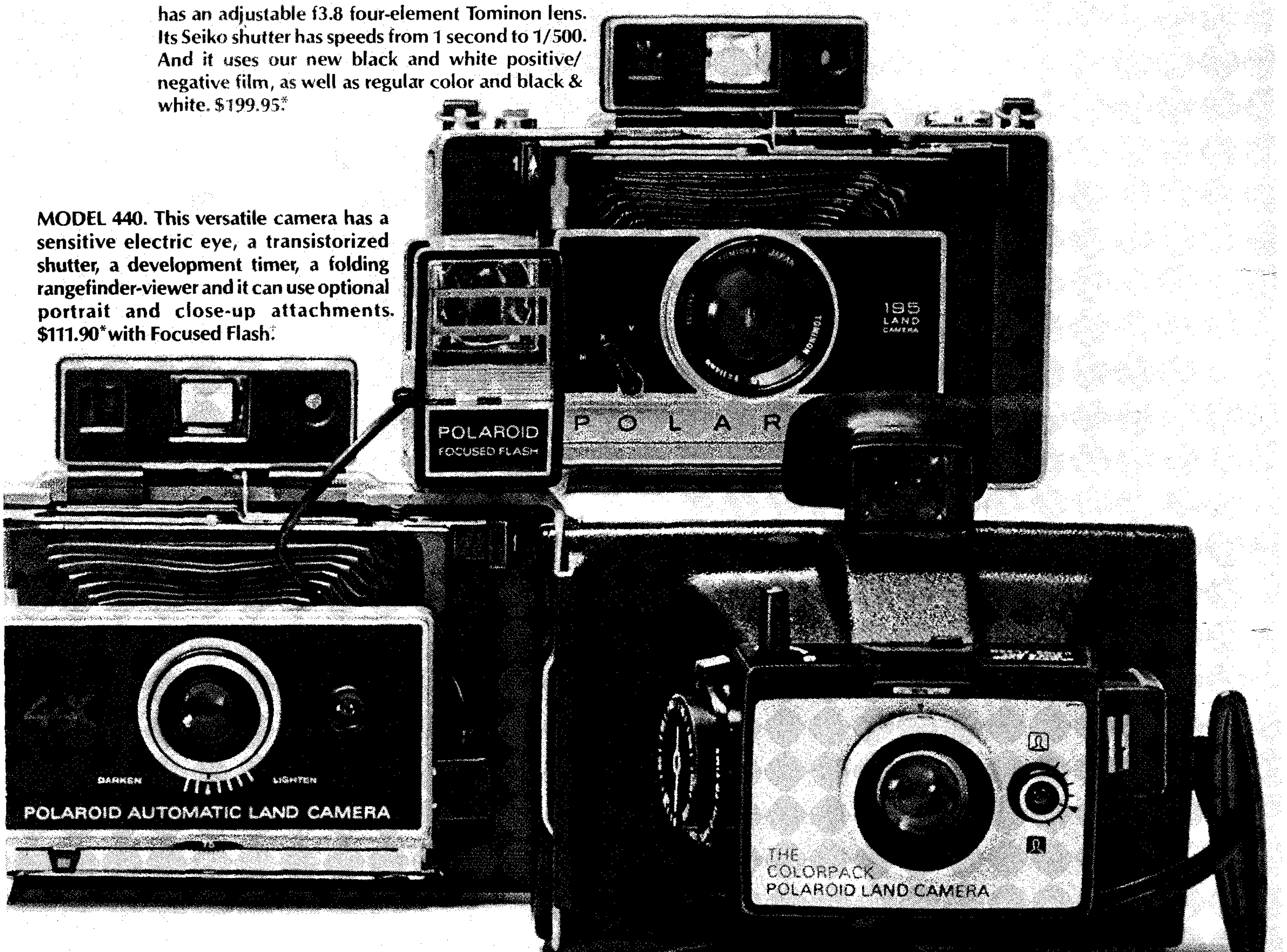
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phony." The "Ring" recording, in four albums, was enormously successful, and Solti went on to record a great many other things, most notably a complete set of the symphonies of Gustav Mahler (some done with the London Symphony, some with the Chicago Symphony). His international reputation was growing, much of it on the strength of these recordings. In 1954, he conducted at the Ravinia Festival, in Chicago, and was guest conductor with the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the St. Louis Symphony, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and several other American orchestras. Two years later, he became conductor of the Chicago Lyric Opera.

Then, in 1959, Solti was invited to conduct "Der Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden, and was later signed on as musical director. (He continued to commute to Vienna to make that "Ring" recording, which was not released in its entirety until 1966.) At first, the job at Covent Garden was tough sledding. Some Londoners thought that Solti was a bit boorish as well as standoffish. According to friends, the latter impression may have been due to his first wife's *grande dame* personality. The former was unquestionably due to Solti's own imperious way with singers and orchestras, for he was then a hard-driving, tempestuous maestro. To make things more difficult, Solti was not getting along very well with Hedi, and in 1966 they were divorced. He had met Valerie Pitts when she conducted a B.B.C. interview about a "Ring" series he was presenting at Covent Garden. They were married in 1967, and settled down to a domestic existence. Valerie gave up her television career, except for occasional appearances. "You can't have two prima donnas in the same family," she says. There has been a lot of talk and writing about the civilizing roles that his wives have played in Solti's life. Valerie—or Lady Solti, as she has been styled since 1972, when Solti was knighted—scoffs at the idea. "My husband was always a highly civilized man," she remarked recently. "Hungarians are never altered by anything." Solti's knighthood was accorded him for his services at Covent Garden (he became a British subject in 1972), and it was, in a way, a memorial, since he had left his post as musical director there the year before. "I had a very good arrangement at Covent Garden," Solti said to me. "We had about twelve productions per season. Now the Paris Opéra has adopted this system—I per-

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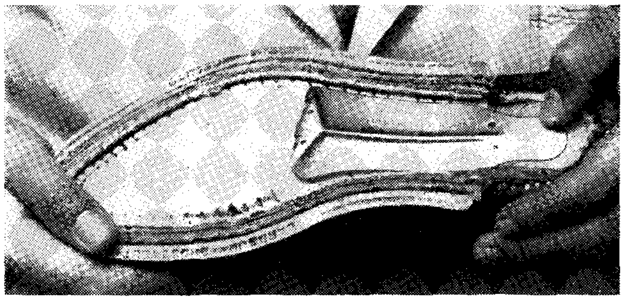

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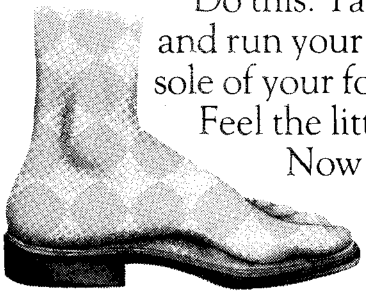

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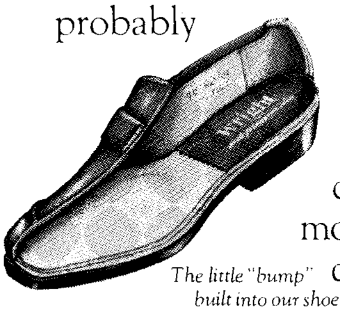

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suaded Liebermann, the Opéra's new director. I do not believe that a repertory company like the Vienna Opera or the Metropolitan can achieve the finest performances. You must keep the same cast together as long as possible. Schuyler Chapin, the Metropolitan's new director, agrees, and I may come to the Metropolitan in 1977." Just how Mr. Chapin is going to put the Metropolitan on a schedule comparable to that of Covent Garden is a good question, however. The Metropolitan produces twice the amount of opera that Covent Garden does. (The Royal Ballet takes up much of the Covent Garden schedule.) The Met depends to a great extent on box-office receipts, whereas Covent Garden has a big government subsidy. At the Metropolitan, the box-office requires a performance almost every night of the week, and so does New York's operatic public. London's operatic public may be more discriminating, but New York's is very much larger.

Solti's loyalty to his friends and their loyalty to him are legendary. (A Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Fellner, of Berkeley, who knew him when he was at the Budapest Opera, fly to New York for every appearance he makes here. They are not in the best of health nowadays, and the Soltis take care of them when they are in New York.) Perhaps as a natural corollary, Solti is quite unforgiving of people who he thinks have insulted him. He had a row with the eminent tenor Jon Vickers several years ago; Vickers walked out on a recording of "Aida" in Rome after a stormy scene over Solti's insistence that Vickers push his voice beyond what Vickers thought was good for it. Solti has never conducted with Vickers since, though he agrees that Vickers is a fine artist, and has even hinted that he might be willing to work with him today. During Solti's stint with the Chicago Lyric Opera, in 1956-57, the famously caustic Chicago critic Claudia Cassidy saw him smiling during some ensembles in "The Marriage of Figaro" and wrote the next day, "He smiled happily through ensembles so ragged it would have surprised me less to see him cut his throat." "I really have a hate for that woman," he said the other day. "I wouldn't be in Chicago today if she were still writing. It is a very interesting phenomenon in my life: my disasters turn out to be my luck. Now, sixteen years later, I am popular in Chicago." Perhaps the biggest dustup of his career occurred in 1960, when Mrs. Norman Chandler, the grand dragon of Los

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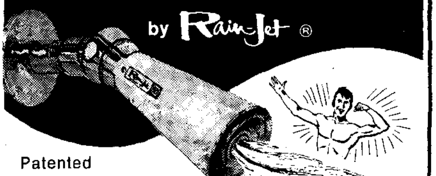

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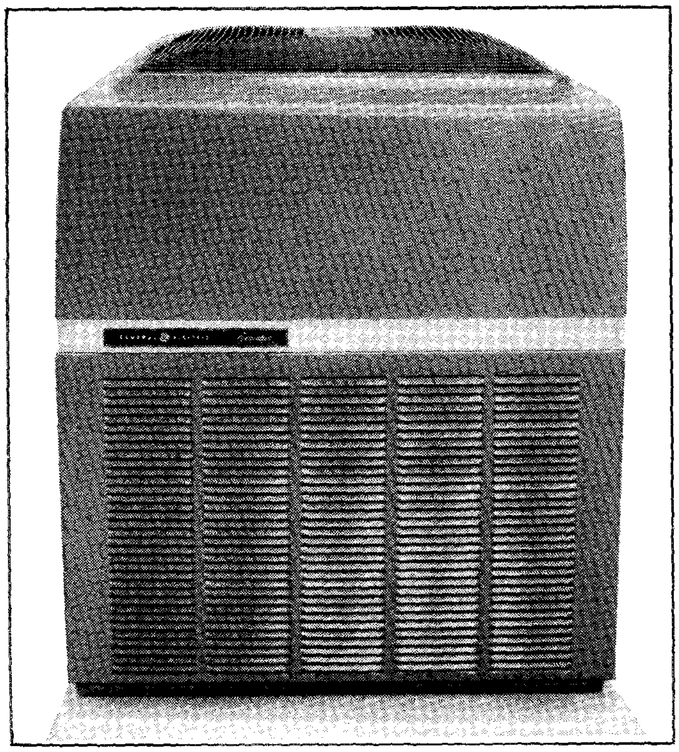

Efficiency Rating

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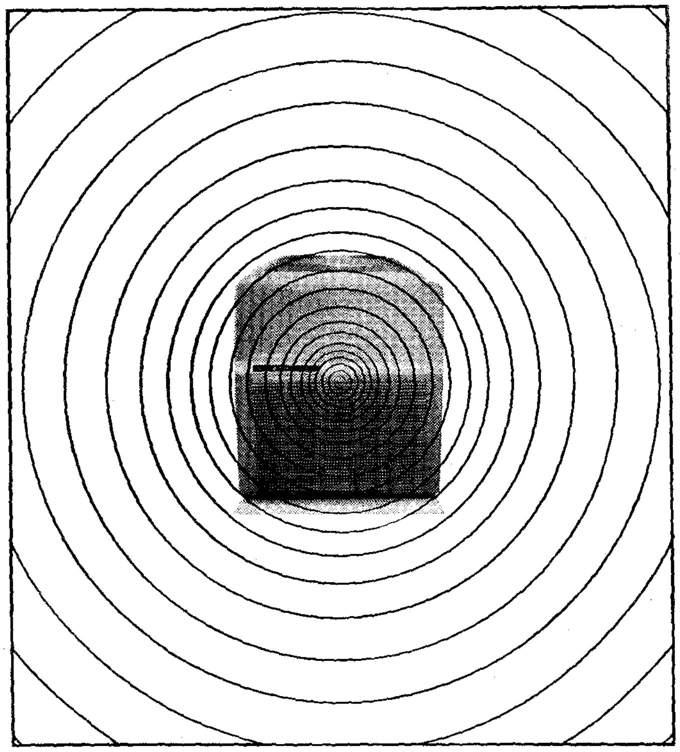

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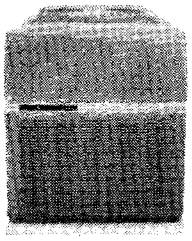

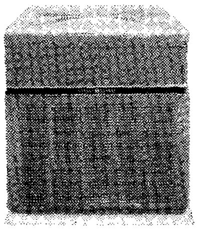

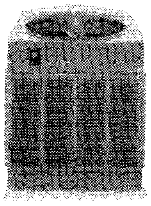

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10.0	TA 930E XA 942A	17	8.6	TA 830R XA 031A	19	7.3	TA 730B XA 031A	19
9.3	TA 936E XA 960A	17	8.0	TA 836R XA 034A	18	7.2	TA 736B XA 034A	19
			8.0	TA 842R XA 942A	18	7.2	TA 742B XA 942A	20
9.3	TA 948E XA 960A	18	8.1	TA 848R XA 948A	19	7.2	TA 748B XA 948A	20
9.8	TA 960E XA 972A	18	8.0	TA 860R XA 960A	19			

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Angeles musical life, signed him on as musical director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Mrs. Chandler later came across a young conductor named Zubin Mehta and, without consulting Solti, put him under contract as a guest conductor. Solti immediately and indignantly resigned the Los Angeles post, and Mehta was hired to fill it. "Thank God for Los Angeles!" Solti has exclaimed. "If it were not for Los Angeles, I would not be where I am now in Chicago." In this connection, it is notable that, on national tours with the Chicago Symphony, he has never appeared in Los Angeles. Angelenos who wanted to hear him with the Chicagoans have had to travel to nearby San Diego.

Solti's long-term anger in these matters is probably related to what was once a tempestuous personality. It used to be frequently noted by critics that Solti excelled in very emotional Romantic music, up to and including the work of Arnold Schoenberg. He has the excitable temperament that lends itself to Wagner and Mahler, and there are those who claim that his Mozart and Haydn are not as successful as his work with later composers, though they admit that he has recently improved a lot in his approach to the eighteenth-century classical school. But whatever his past shortcomings, Solti today is a master conductor of all types of music except, perhaps, that of the French impressionists, which he finds uncongenial because of its lack of strong rhythm. And as a human being he has been somewhat softened by marriage and domesticity. The Soltis engage in very little social life; they have a few old friends whom they see in London and Paris and Chicago, but Solti's busy career as a conductor does not permit him to stay up late except on concert nights, or to play the lion among crowds of people. As a matter of fact, he likes to go to bed at ten, and read for a while before going to sleep. After concerts, this is, of course, impossible. People want to see him in his dressing room, and he is frequently up until one o'clock. Often, he sends his wife as a surrogate to large parties, and she is so pretty and intelligent that few people miss him for long. "We're simply not very social people," Lady Solti admitted recently. "We enjoy going out with a very small circle." Except for concert nights, Solti is methodical in his daily habits. He rises at seven, whether he has been up late the night before or not, and studies his scores while waiting for the rest of the family to get up. He has an English breakfast of cereal, bacon, and

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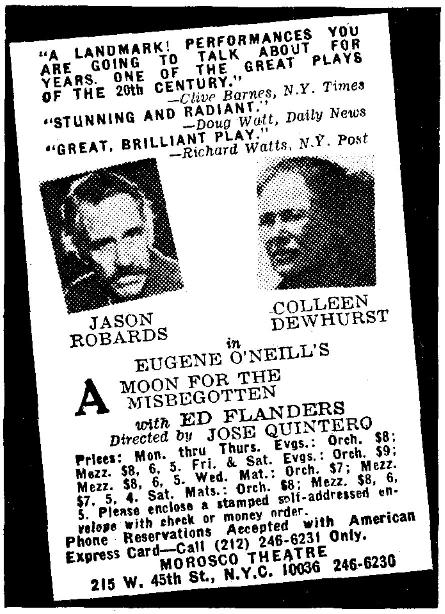
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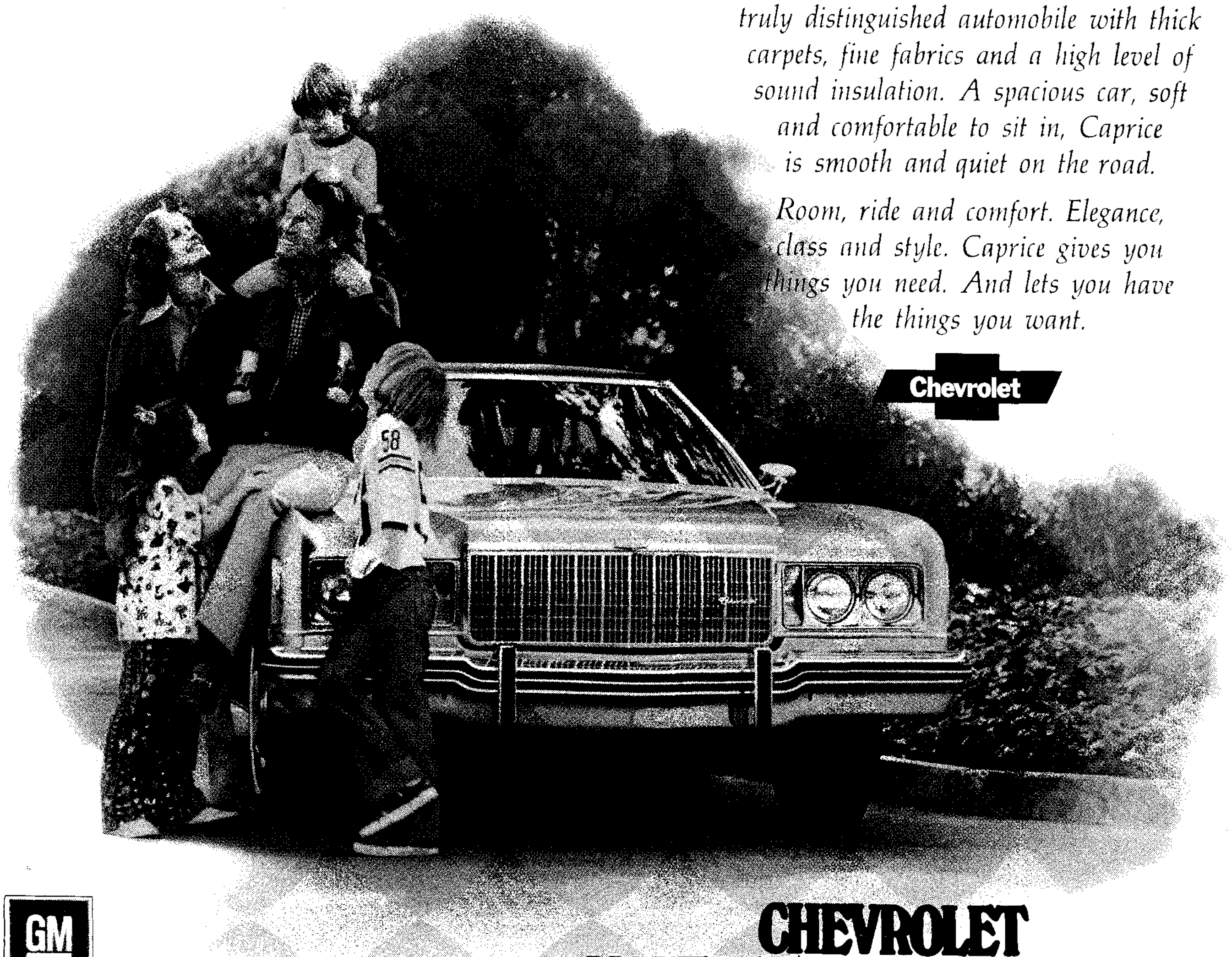

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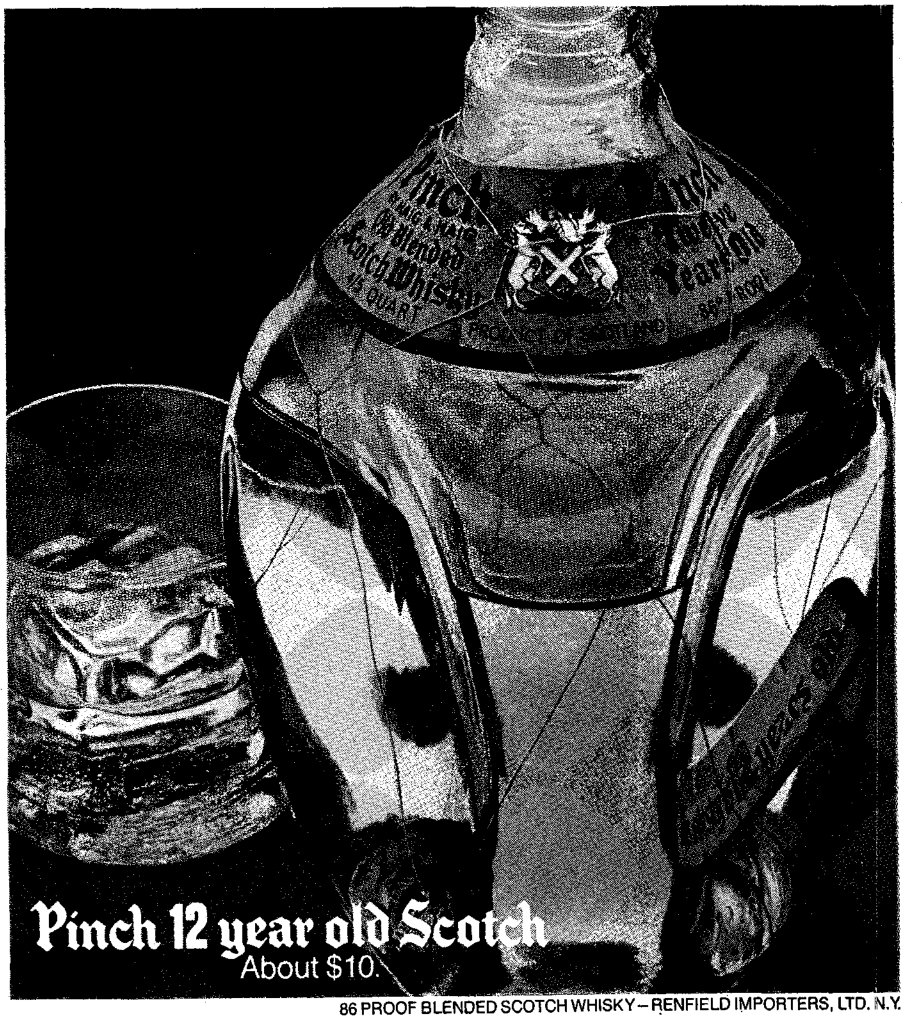

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toast. He always carries a flask of what Lady Solti calls "lemon tea," with honey in it, to relieve his dehydration during rehearsals and concerts. On the day of a performance, he eats a substantial lunch at about one-thirty, takes a nap, and then has tea, English-style, while he studies his scores again. Like many musical performers, he never eats before a concert. After a concert, he is hungry, and has a fairly large supper, preceded by a single Scotch with lots of water. Lady Solti and the housekeeper help him keep to this schedule religiously.

Nearly everybody agrees that, though domesticity has played a part, it is success that has been the major factor in changing Georg Solti. His only serious rival for the championship in his profession nowadays is the distant and capricious Herbert von Karajan. The days when, as musical director of the Bavarian State Opera, Solti feverishly memorized scores he didn't know very well are over. He doesn't have to prove himself any longer, and, as a consequence, he can afford to relax somewhat. Moreover, his attitude toward his work has become more objective. Conductors as well as audiences can become intoxicated by the music that is being performed, and this intoxication can alter or spoil a conductor's control over the form of a composition. At one time, such confusion affected Solti's performances, but that sort of thing is long past. Solti today is in complete control of every point in a score's unfolding. In Chicago, the understanding between him and his orchestra is absolute. The Orchestre de Paris and the London Philharmonic are both under control, and respond well to the Solti manner. "Conductors now are kindly," he remarked the other day. "The Prussian approach is gone. Every generation has to make its own style, and persuasion is nowadays worth a lot more than the tyrannical behavior of Toscanini's time. Besides, orchestras are better. One does not have to be harsh; one does not even have to be loud." —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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—*The Times.*

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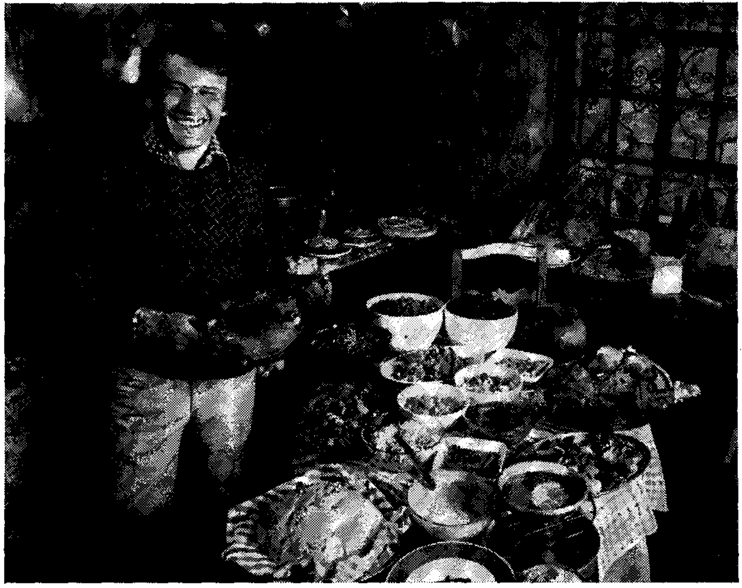

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THE THEATRE

ANYTHING GOES

WALT WHITMAN said, "O to make the most jubilant song!" D.H. Lawrence said sourly, "Walter, leave off." In that exchange, I side with Whitman, and if I could sing at all I would do so jubilantly this week, to honor the arrival at the Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre of the Young Vic production of "Scapino," taken from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." It begins to look as if the often announced death of Broadway will have to be indefinitely postponed; Frank Campbell can put away his cane, because the imaginary invalid has been receiving injections of a medicament called Off Broadway, and the medicament works. A close neighbor of "Scapino" on Broadway is "Candide;" the two shows have it in common not only that they are among the most joyous events of the season but that they achieved their first success at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, and have hopped from a big island to a little one with undiminished zest and grace.

"Candide" and "Scapino" have something else in common: a point of view. "Candide" is a musical adapted from an eighteenth-century novel in a twentieth-century commedia-dell'arte style, obviously with tongue in cheek. "Scapino" is adapted from a farce written in a seventeenth-century commedia-dell'arte style, no less obviously with tongue in cheek. For Molière was concocting a prankish potboiler, and he knew it. Some of his more fastidious admirers were distressed to observe him descending to such a level—he was simultaneously preparing a ballet-tragedy with Corneille and Lulli—but Molière had heard that sort of highfalutin talk before; he was a manager as well as an actor and an author, and he needed not only a full house but a vehicle to keep himself and his company employed. As it turned out, "Les Fourberies de Scapin" was a failure. It opened in May, 1671, with Molière starring as Scapin, and ran but a short while; Molière never played in it again, and it wasn't until after his death, two years later, that the farce gradually earned a place for itself in the canon of playable Molière.

"Scapino" is so rude and lively and English-music-hall-like in its action, and so free and easy in its language, that one is startled upon going back to the original to discover that most of "Scapino" is taken word for word from "Les Fourberies." A line that becomes increasingly hilarious as it is repeated throughout a scene and that sounds so intensely English that one would swear it had been written by Sir Noël—"What the *devil* was he doing in that boat?"—is, of course, a precise translation of Molière's "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère*?" (One of the most famous tag lines in literature, it was borrowed from Cyrano de Bergerac's "Le Pédant Joué." Molière said of such borrowings, "I lift my good things from wherever I please," and in "Les Fourberies" there are a few good things that he was brazen enough to lift from himself.) Similarly faithful to the original is a scene in which a gypsy girl goes on laughing and laughing and *laughing*, and one begins to suspect that the brilliant director of the production, Frank Dunlop, has for once gone too far; not at all—Molière wrote the scene for a member of his company whom audiences admired for her big mouthful of fine teeth.

The members of the Young Vic group are all charmers, and chief among them is Jim Dale. His Scapino is supremely duplicitous, and Mr. Dale makes the rogue's prodigious mental gymnastics exactly match his physical ones. As, on opening night, he loped about the stage, fell, rose, jumped into a wooden sea, and hung in peril from a rope, I was fearful of his breaking into a hundred pieces, but by some miracle of hardiness he survived—not only survived but begged the audience to join him in the "giggle" of a final foolish song, which we gladly did. The marvellous set, which consists of an open-air café and an embarcadero on the waterfront in Naples, was designed by Carl Toms. The lighting is by David Watson, the costumes are by Claire Wood, and the incidental music, the lyrics of which embrace such surprisingly Italianate *trovate* as "Mia Farrow," are by Mr. Dale.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Newark Story

RICHARD WESLEY'S "The Sirens," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, could be considered—if you tend to think of plays in abstract terms, which I mostly don't—an arrangement of voices, a fugue of themes, many of which occur in other of Mr. Wesley's plays ("The Past Is the Past," "Gettin' It Together," and "Goin' Thru Changes" among them) that deal with life in the black ghetto, where people are so scarred and trapped by experience that they seal off their own exits, where the trust of young lovers is curdled by the cynical advice of their elders, and where boys lack the room and self-confidence to become men of responsibility. Here, the voices are those of Mavis, a whore in her middle thirties; Pepper, a whore in her late twenties; a couple of high-school kids, Betty (a niece of Mavis's) and Bobby; and Duane, a successful musician in Atlanta, who is married to Mavis but deserted her ten years ago, when she became pregnant. In the orchestration of the fugue, we see Mavis and Pepper, shivering with the cold, standing on a street corner in Newark and discussing business—business, of course, being men, and their view of men being objective, not to say disparaging. In another scene, Bobby is in a phone booth bragging to a crony that he has got Betty into bed—as indeed he has, while she was minding Mavis's child in Mavis's apartment. We hear Mavis and Betty talk about the family—about Betty's father, who is working himself to death because of his dread of having to go on welfare, and about what welfare has meant to his own mother and grandmother. Mavis and Betty also discuss love, with notable lack of enthusiasm on Mavis's part. During the course of the action, Duane comes back, hoping to take Mavis and their child home with him.

As you can see, "The Sirens" is a

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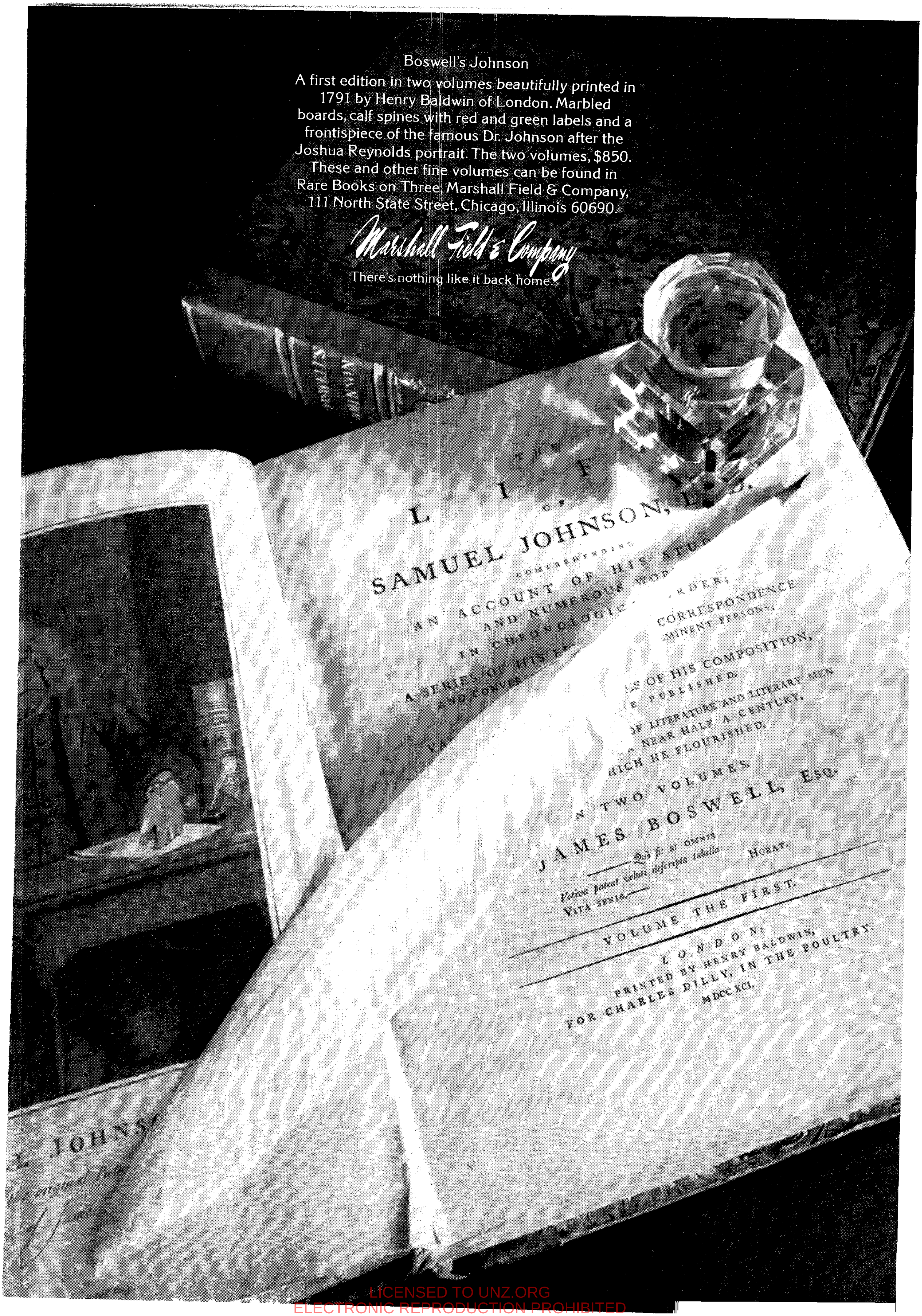
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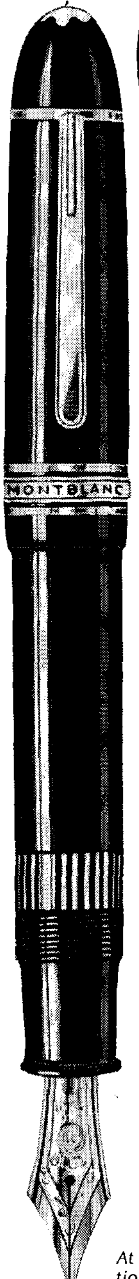

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play about characters—these particular characters. There is scathing, cynical Mavis, once humiliated but never again; there is young Bobby, whose life so far has been so dominated and hemmed in by women that the only place he can learn about manhood is on the streets; there is his loving Betty, bewildered and hurt by his treatment of her and beginning to suspect his motives; there is Pepper, despairing at one moment and full of fight and steam the next; and, finally, there is Duane, whose feeling for his wife has endured, and who summons up the courage to face his guilt and return to her to make amends. No one is lacking in courage or, for that matter, in wit. There is some sadness here, but there is a lot of humor, too. As Mavis, Veronica Redd, a remarkable actress, does full justice to a complex role, and Roscoe Orman is splendid as Duane. In fact, all the performances are good—Deborah Morgan is Betty, Roger Hill is Bobby, and Loretta Greene is Pepper—and the production as a whole, under William Lathan's expert, unobtrusive direction, perfectly matches the play.

"The Sirens" is always fascinating, and every minute of it is believable. As a dramatist, Mr. Wesley is as trustworthy as his associate (and, in this instance, associate producer) Ed Bullins. Both are alumni of the late New Lafayette (as are Mr. Orman and Mr. Lathan), and it is the incomparable style of the New Lafayette that pervades the stage of the Manhattan Theatre Club. —EDITH OLIVER

•

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Is there a *Bad* Neighbor Club?

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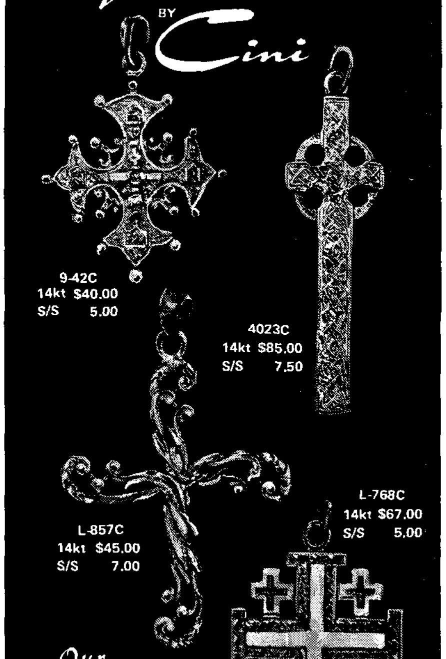

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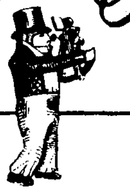

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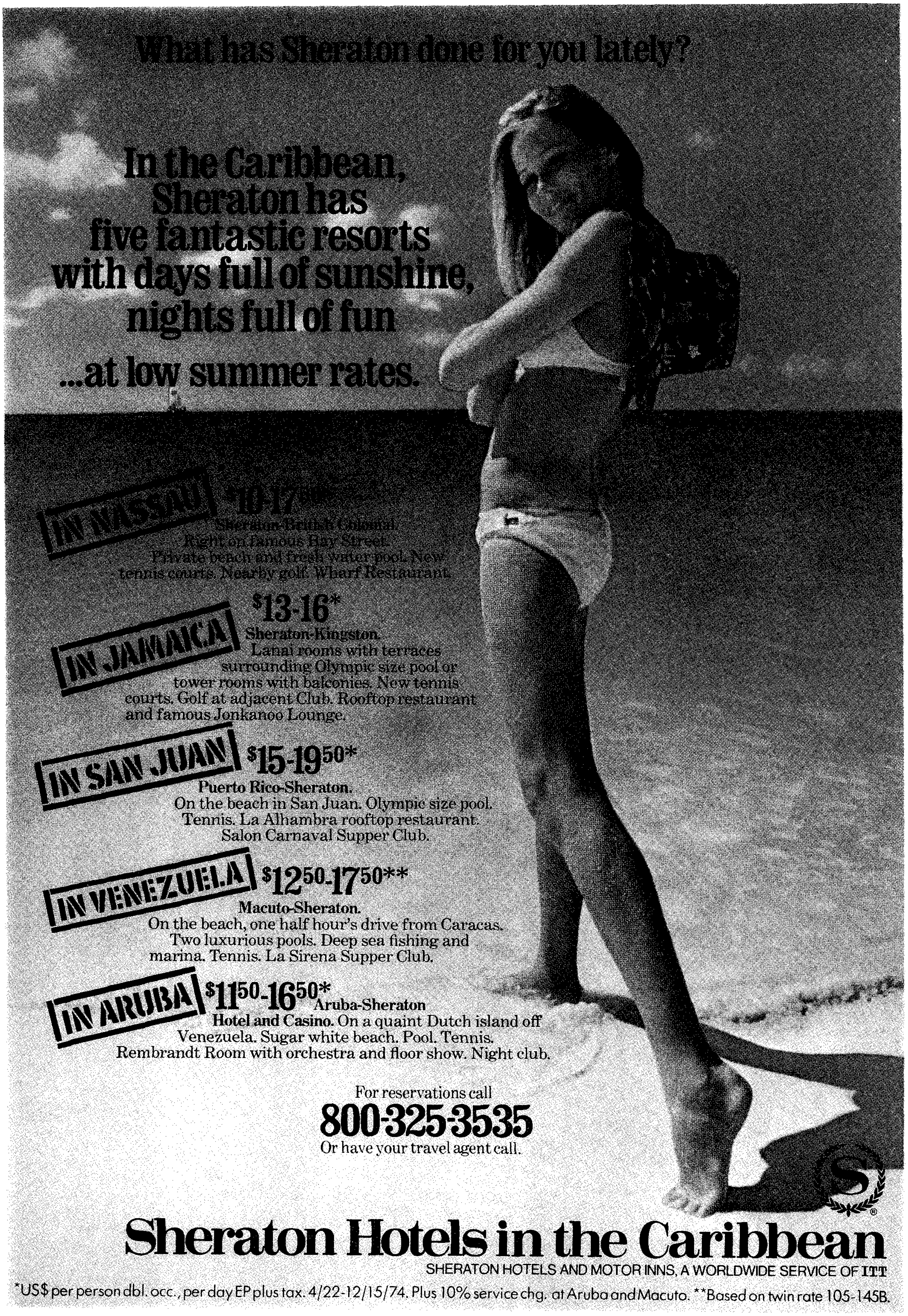

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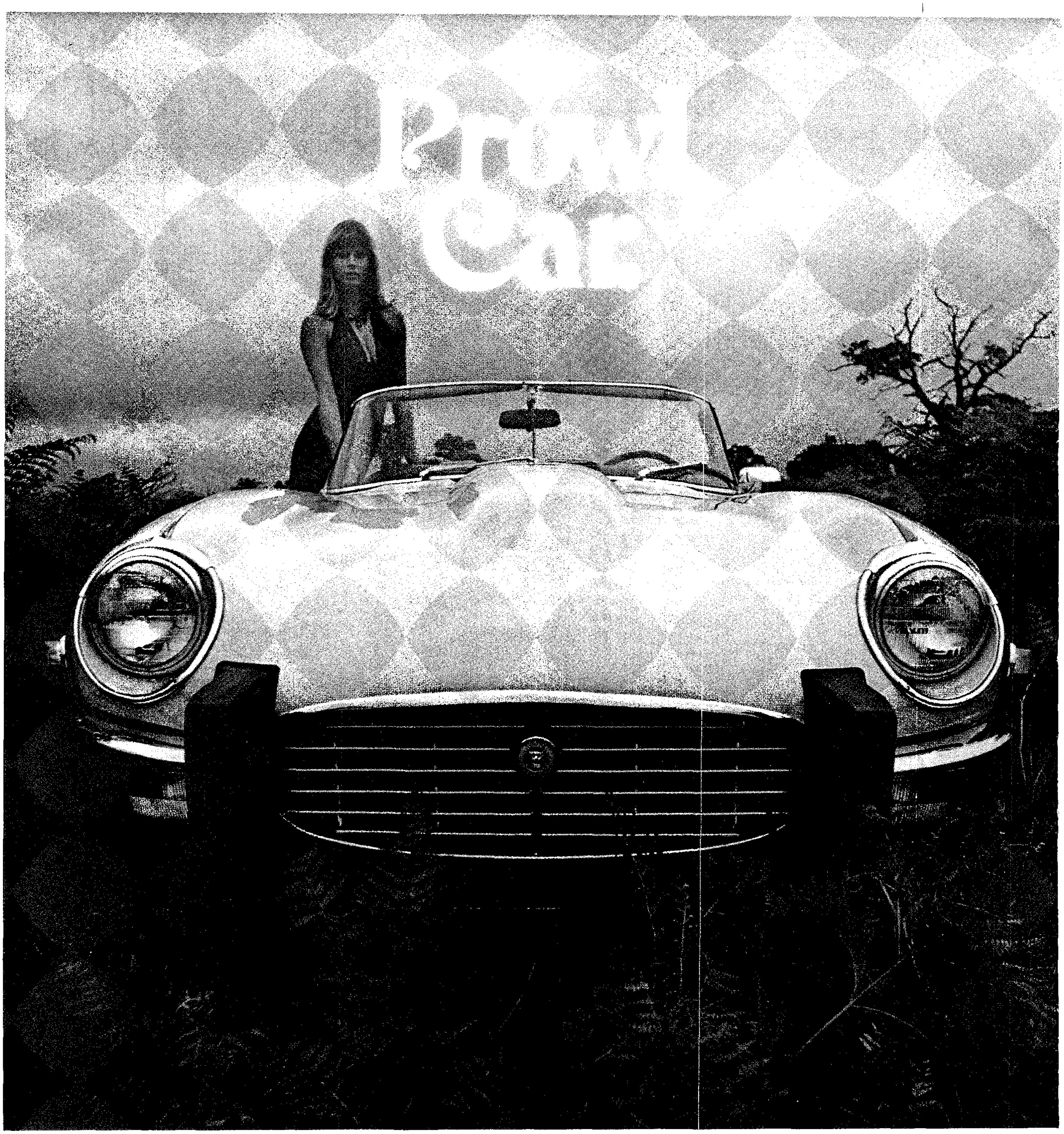

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

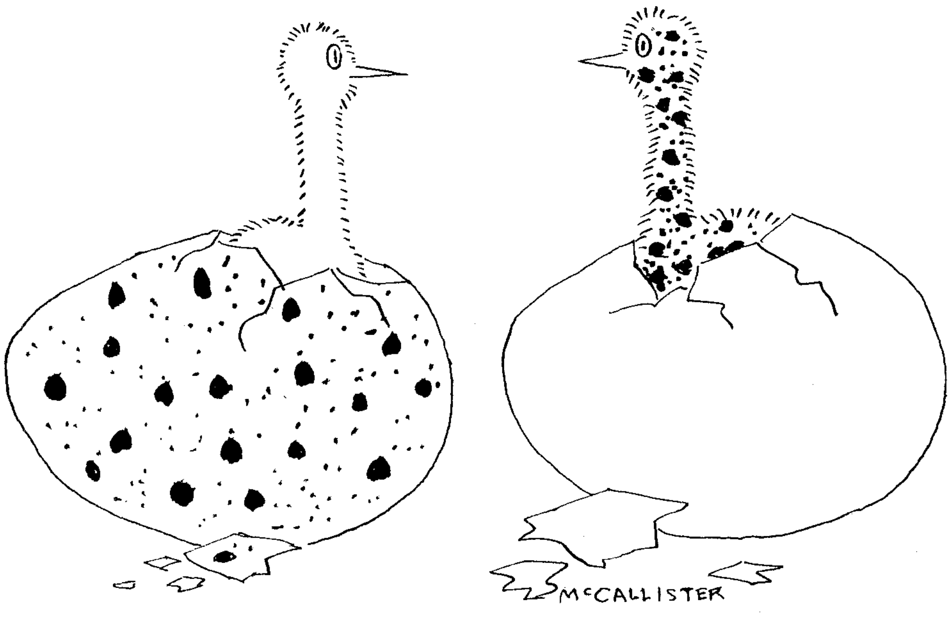
Daisy

A HIGH shot of a couple strolling in June on a patterned piazza in Rome. One, a flirt: Henry James's Daisy Miller, played by Cybill Shepherd, dressed in flounces of white muslin whose softness is contradicted by the fierce corsetry below, daughter of a rich Schenectady businessman. She is possessed of a merry, already shrivelled voice, a direct-seeming, oddly absent and unfinished air, and the perfect American features and unexamining good humor that seem to belong to the chattering descendants of more bitter, thoughtful, and tacit frontier women. The other, arm in arm with her, is Signor Giovanelli (Duilio Del Prete), a courier who will later obediently sing "Pop Goes the Weasel" in the voice of a love-bound tenor to the high-speed and unmodulated accompaniment of Miss Daisy, whose instinct is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that melancholy is an easily remediable European disease of the under-energized. Giovanelli pines. He causes Americans to think about the brilliance of the Latin gift that makes Italians seem more elegant in proportion to their spiritual suffering. Daisy is a lost soul on this continent that she proclaims to be full of hotels; she loves it all, but the society bewilders her by its alien sloth. "Wouldn't it be funny if they were both perfectly innocent and had no idea of the impression they are creating?" says a young American man in a voice both Olympian and envious as he looks down on the couple. Of course, they have an idea: Miss Daisy has, at least, though even she presents us with the conundrum that either she may be "common," in the short story's characteristic utterance of matrons, or she may simply be using garrulity and high spirits to make people grow accustomed to her commonness.

"Common" is a favorite word of one of Henry James's older American women, the anxiously higher-born Mrs. Costello. She is played with a desperate air of assumed disdain by the witty Mildred Natwick. She wears lace up to the jaw, and sucks in her cheeks with a look of carefully sought breeding. She seems a character out of Jane Austen, pretending busily to perfect amazement at the ignorance of *comme il faut* which she sees all around her. She herself, with flawless social correctness, suffers from the highly deemed malady of headaches. They dampen everything and everyone near her. In the face of her stiffened puritanism, enjoyment withers, and Miss Daisy's eventual death after a moonlight visit to the Colosseum appears a frivolity.

Daisy Miller—really Annie P. Miller—sees Europe as a continent of hotel service, churches, possibly exciting foreign accents, and unadmitted tired feet. Her mother (Cloris Leachman) sees it as the continent that is without her trusted Dr. Davis of Schenectady, whom she talks of as if he were a world-famous specialist. Daisy's small brother, Randolph (James McMurtry), grabbing lumps of sugar on grand-hotel terraces, sees it as the continent where his teeth fall out. He has a handful of them that he shows almost religiously, like relics of fallen Byzantium. Mr. Winterbourne (Barry Brown) is one of the chosen. He is gravely accused by Randolph, in pure Schenectady tones, of having a German accent, though Mr. Winterbourne is an American who has simply spent his adult life in Europe: any note of the Germanic, or French, or English, or anything but American is not at all evident in the voice the character has in Peter Bogdanovich's film "Daisy Miller," directed from a faithfully groomed adaptation by Frederic Raphael. For this family and everyone else, as James funnily notes, life is seen from where you sit. If you are Daisy—young and very pretty, with an obstinate chin bodying years of bossy housekeeping—you see Europe as full of possible fiancés. If you are Mrs. Miller, you see it as an old world without modern medicaments. If you are Randolph, aged nine, you see it from the point of view of teeth. If you are Mr. Winterbourne, hopelessly melted by Daisy, you see it as a continent of reported rivals with thrilling mustaches. He seems to feel that his own mustache would thrill no one. His years in Europe have not robbed it of its natural lugubriousness, or done anything to cure his lack of fire.

Bogdanovich's opening shots show us huge hotel corridors and stairwells by early light, dawn swabbing of grand-hotel floors, polished shoes outside bedroom doors, an excited small boy—Randolph—exchanging the shoes out of mischief. For a few moments until Randolph appears, the pace is slow. It moves like the water in a delta. The tide of days all much the same has run in and out many thousand times. Visitors are less than the furniture, no more than fingers on bells calling valets. The vexation of foreign travel for a family from Schenectady isn't seen as being in polar opposition to the mood of Vevey, or Geneva, or Rome. The cities just don't notice it. Nor was it James's point—which this film tends to assume—that there is a natural antagonism between new and old, or an inborn irritant pearl in an oyster-writer who was himself an American and who wrote so well of Americans in Europe. "I was booked to make a mistake," says Winterbourne in the film, as in the story, though he is shown by the movie as saying it at Miss Daisy's newly dug grave. "I have lived too long in foreign parts." The echo of the text is exact, but it seems in the film to tie the story up over-neatly into a motto tale



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about the schizophrenia that awaits Americans who live too long in Europe. James was simply a genius who happened to be an American. He was not a stenographer of naturalism or society, but he was concerned with combats of ethic and spirit. His tales, including "Daisy Miller," are not about European manners at odds with American ones. He is more interested by antagonisms of character that might happen in any part of the globe. His sympathy is with the Daisys of this earth: with ignoble heroes and heroines. He sees the irreducible hostility of creatures who, like Daisy, are hungry to consume life to creatures harnessed by scruples of snobbery or gossip or homesickness for an abandoned world. He writes of the gaudy, the debonair, the bold in conflict with the fretful, the cautious, and the curbed. His plain and orthodox characters are likely to be morally victorious over pretty fly-by-nights. He sometimes even indulges in abuse of Americans abroad that would never be attempted by any non-American of the same delicate sense of aesthetic honor. In Henry James's books the Atlantic yawns like an impassable crevasse, and teeth ache for outspoken talk and chewing gum. He could make the Atlantic, which sometimes seems invented as a Jamesian image of distance, stand for errors of judgment and character made far from birthplaces. Not that he didn't comprehend everything about himself. It is clear from his books that he was not at all adrift. He chose to be an émigré for reasons unlike tourists' motives for guzzling a civilization in two months. He spoke, in fact, with a good deal of causticness about the blight popularly supposed to afflict the exile. But irony does not appear in the film. Nor does the wonderful complication of James's own vision of moral clashes. One misses his voice badly. It is as much a character in his work as Forster's is in his. If it is so impossible in a film or a play to reproduce the aery mesh of James's view of the lonely and unknowing intruders of this world—and it seems from the record that it is—then why try?

James's particular sense of exile possibly had to do with his sexuality, certainly to do with the natural intrepidity of a novelist plucking ideas out of the air. His work, unlike this film, has a complexity of moral vision that is both tender and fierce. Though he was really a New Yorker, in spite of often being taken for a New Englander born and bred, his vision of America is made particularly concrete when he writes in other works of a wizened Boston sur-

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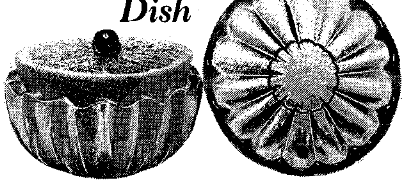

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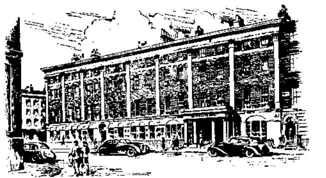

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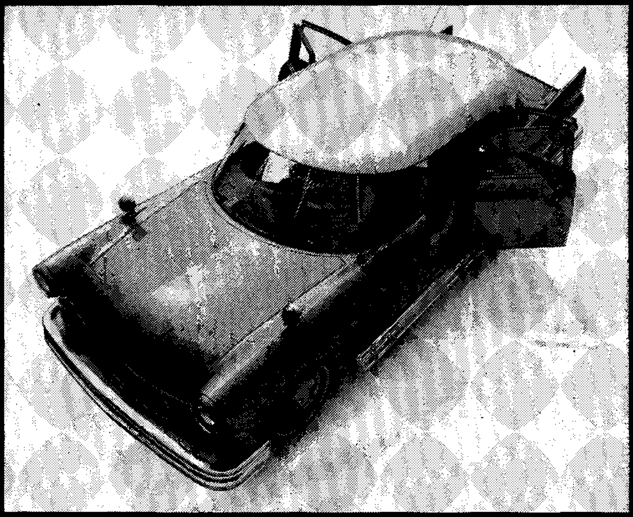

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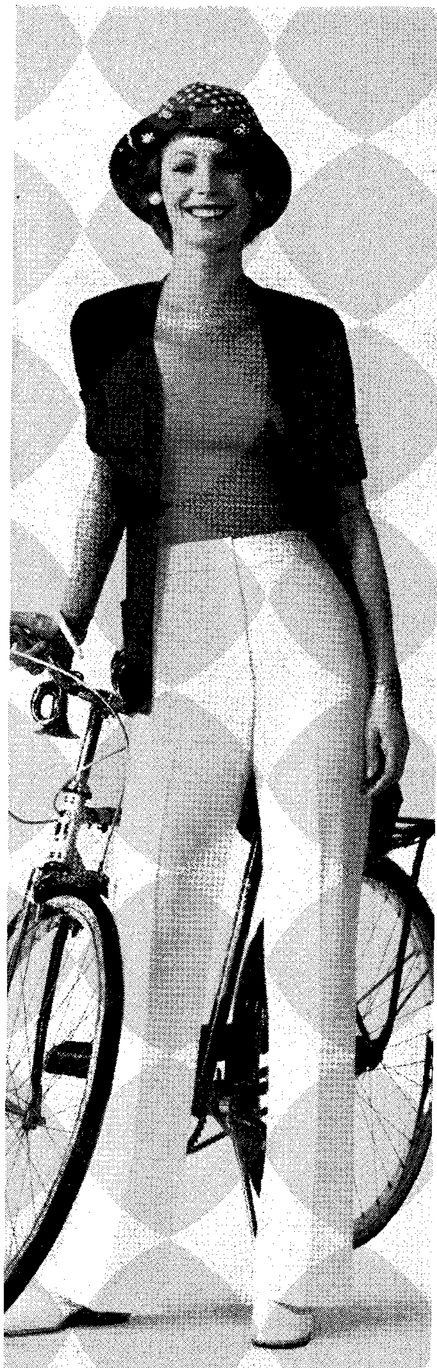

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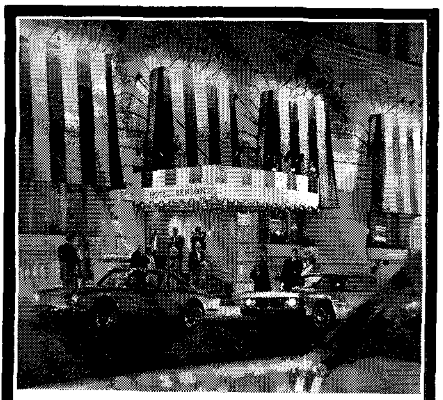
faced with city élan. All his characters seem to be giving life to a dead seaboard; no worship of new lands here. His Daisy Miller is an intensely human figure embodying New England artifices of politesse. Her speed of chatter in the movie would be more striking, though, if she weren't surrounded by hectic talkers and scolds, and if the whole film weren't sped through at a hundred miles an hour. But the movie does worthily catch James's way of prowling round a character, if not his ear for tricks of voice, and it has his Augustan feeling for form. Every one of his works—and this film exemplifies them—was organically moral. It was never about scenery. He showed us people famished for romance, and he raised the theme from the level of women's-magazine stories to the high, pure air of writers as unlike as Turgenev and Racine.

As the film reflects, this is not to suggest that he ignored the potency of the daydreams behind, say, people's clothes in his books. Everything a James character wears becomes an agent of temperament and wish, possessing the force of an encounter. The great writer imbued his own clothes with the same power. A friend of mine with long legs and an eminent corpulence once turned up for dinner in the dead Henry James's cast-off black-and-white sponge-bag check trousers. The friend, a great bibliophile, was accustomed to buying first editions at auction; at a recent sale, he had picked up these *invaluable* trousers, he said seriously, looking quite ferocious, as though they might be stolen from him by some rival literary figure at dinner. The fabric was undarned and like a checkerboard. My friend wore them with difficulty. "They were made for James in his thinnest days," he said, preventing comment, and at the same time looking quietly amused by himself. Along with the trousers, the bibliophile had taken on the air of Henry James's own literature. My friend showed us a London label at the back of the trousers. One seemed to be in the presence not merely of a bookish man in a pair of a famous man's old trousers but of James clad in his own Europeanness and love of the concrete.

It is this exceeding concreteness of America that is often so striking to Europeans, and it is stoically rendered here in a movie that could easily be romantic. That is perhaps what makes it possible for so many good films to be done by Europeans (even Bogdanovich is of recent Yugoslav descent) about America, where they can fix on the ac-



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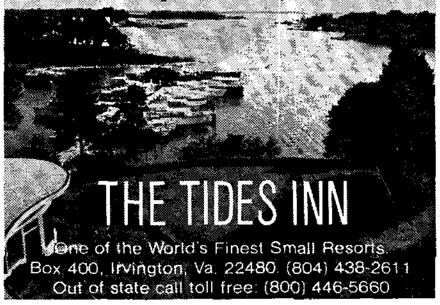

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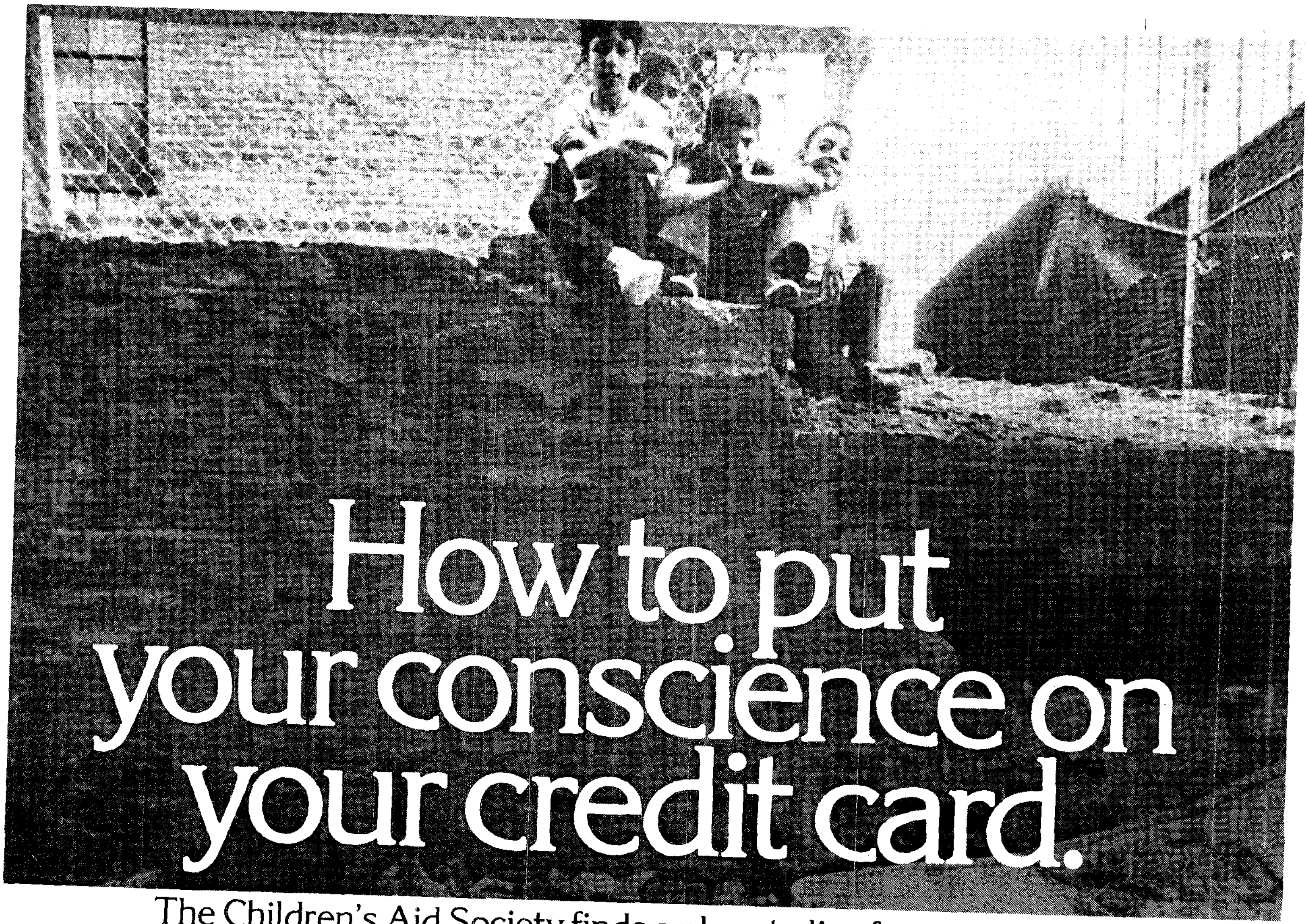

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tual, and so few by Americans about Europe, where qualities solid to Europeans slip through others' fingers like water. Europe has its own effect on Daisy Miller in the story. It is one that is difficult to represent in a film. James gives her movement and shape, but he makes it difficult to scrutinize her features, because she is in Europe. A flick of her white parasol and she is shaded from the sun in the story. It is a shock to see her direct.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

AMONG THE ALTERNATIVES

At the expensive summer
Island dump
Hundreds of gulls prove
Loudly almost nothing
That we refuse
But tin and glass is inedible.
Over their noise
My boy at four is
Delighted with this
Sprightly, cacophonous
Country of garbage,
This deep acre, this ditch
Full of the lush trash of the rich.

Afterward, up the road,
We pause in a low wood
Where, in perfect silence,
Other leftovers
Hugely collect.
Wreck piled on wreck,
All color and size,
Darts, Ramblers, and Rovers
Invisibly oxidize,
Go nowhere slowly
In their hundreds.
This is the garden of motion.
We love this beautiful *dreck*.

At four my son believes
They drive here to die.
Neither do I reflect
On these still stacks
As violence.
What moves us is
The abundance of this
Resistance, this
Near stasis.
Gulls are the garbage
Way of surviving.
Under these vegetable trees
Is nothing to burn or eat.
I think we think
These tons the shape
Of teleology
Under arrest
Heroic as work.
What lasts is waste.

—John N. Morris

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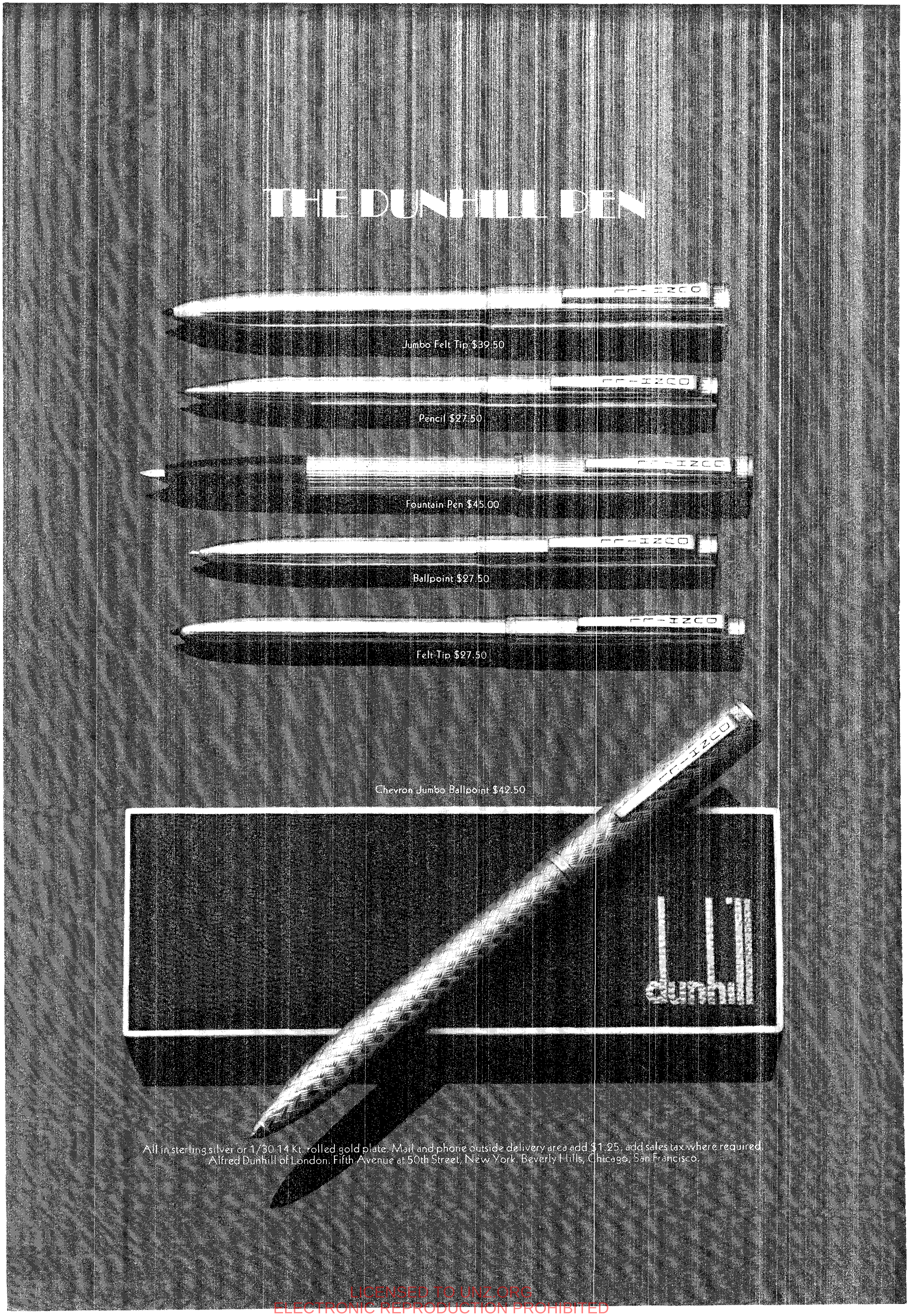
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MUSICAL EVENTS

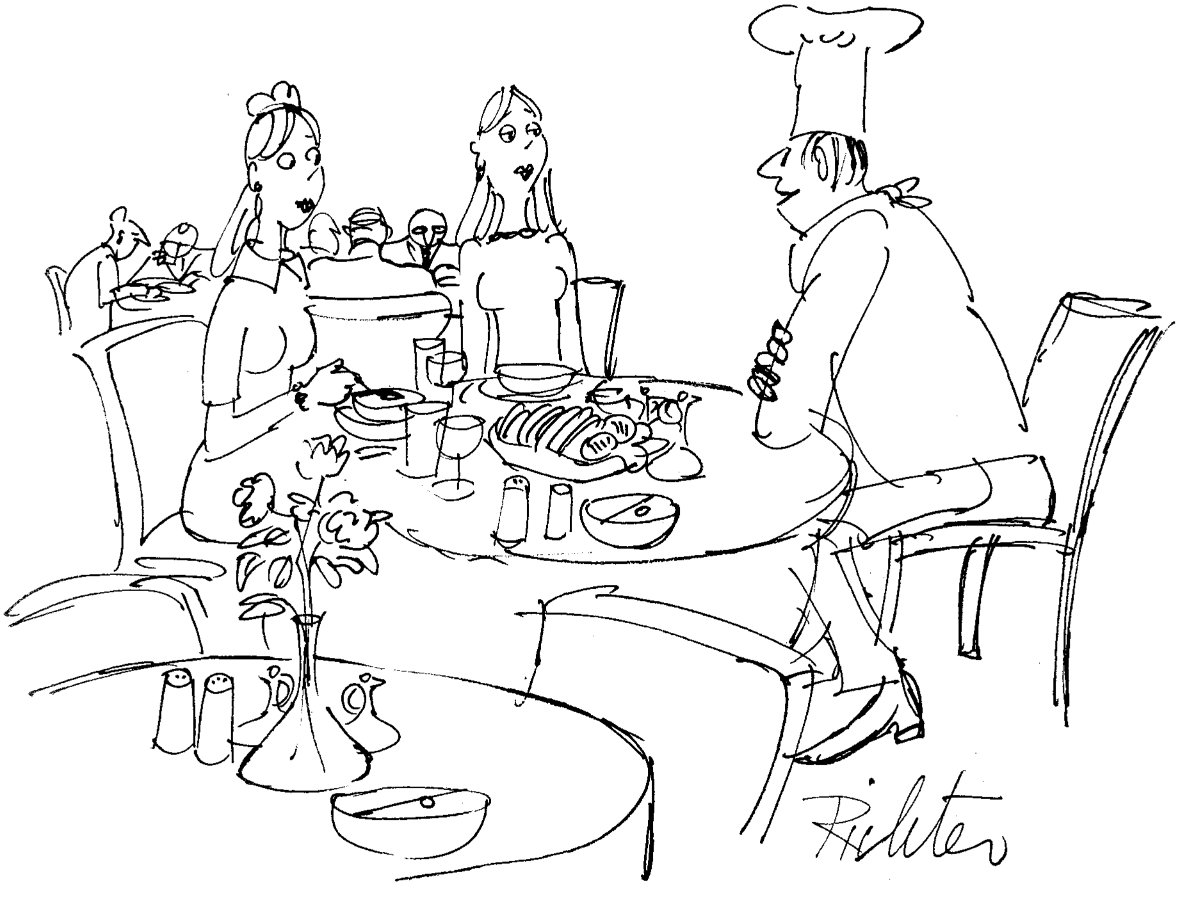
A Multitude of Scenes

IF a composer were to propose an opera based on the Watergate tape transcripts, we might well think the idea bootless, for—among other and greater reasons—an essential characteristic of those dispiriting documents resides precisely in their bulk. The pages upon pages of mean, dithering dialogues appall in a special way that simple admissions of legal and ethical culpability would not: they show us how these people spent their time, and we soon feel that, crooked or straight, people capable of using that irreplaceable resource so frivolously and incompetently are not fit to govern. To convey theatrically the effect of so many miles of petit point embroidered by small minds is not feasible, except in some totally uninteresting way. *Mutatis mutandis*, the composer approaching Tolstoy's "War and Peace" as operatic material cannot hope to encompass the specific gravity that the novel acquires over its enormous length, gathering up a panoramic richness of detail and complexity of personal relationships, not to mention resonant ruminations on human history and actions. Tolstoy may have approached the limits of what a historical novel can hold; he certainly far exceeded what an opera can contain. Speaking takes longer than reading. Singing is still slower than speaking. Novels adapt themselves to the individual reader's pace, attention span, and memory capacity. Theatrical actions must recognize common denominators of physical endurance and receptivity. Works for the lyric theatre must slow down their flow of verbal information still further, to allow us headroom to take in what is being communicated musically.

Faced with such a camel and such a needle's eye, a Wagner would, of course, have quickly switched to a larger needle with a larger eye—but hardly any other composer has ever had the supreme self-confidence to arrogate four evenings of the world's time to tell a single tale. (That "hardly" pays respect to one August Bungert, who set the "Odyssey" as an operatic tetralogy, proving in the process that supreme self-confidence, though a necessary condition for Wagnerian achievements, is hardly a sufficient one.) Sergei Prokofieff and his collaborating librettist (and second wife), Mira Mendelson, preferred to dismantle the camel and preserve only representative parts; assuming that Tolstoy's novel was fairly familiar to Soviet audiences, they selected details—episodes recalling the novel's range and depth, and preserving some part of its story line.

There was in Russian opera an illustrious precedent for the kind of loose construction that the Prokofieffs envisaged. In Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," an opera in which the protagonist appears in only three of the nine scenes, his principal antagonist in only four others, a variety of genre scenes permits nearly everyone in a cast of twenty to be successfully characterized, while the chorus, representing the Russian people, functions consistently as a presence in the drama. "War and Peace" has no single character as dominant as the Czar Boris, but perhaps the figures of Natasha Rostova, Andrei Bolkonsky, and Pierre Bezukhov could be used as a central thread, with General Kutuzov a further element of continuity in the "war" scenes.

When their first scenario was drawn up, in April, 1941, the Prokofieffs can hardly have imagined the complications and frustrations to come. The war, which brought a new Napoleon driving toward Moscow, made the opera a matter of governmental concern even more urgent than is normally accorded to artistic endeavors in the Soviet Union. (If Napoleon stood for Hitler, then Kutuzov stood for Stalin, and the importance of the national leader had better be firmly stressed.) Later, even before the second half of the opera had been publicly performed, "War and Peace" became a specific target of the Zhdanov affair in 1948, in which Prokofieff and many colleagues were accused of "formalism." According to Tikhon Khrennikov, the Party man among Russian composers, "Formalism is a revelation of emptiness and lack of ideas in art. The rejection of ideas in art leads to the preachment of 'art for art's sake,' to a cult of 'pure' form, a cult of technical devices as a goal in itself, a hypertrophy of certain elements of the musical speech at the price of a loss of integrity and harmoniousness of art." To judge by Prokofieff's apologetic reply and his subsequent modifications to the opera, what



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the commissars really wanted was more tunes, less recitative—and thus more of the set pieces (arias, duets, etc.) that are in Western eyes the most "formalistic" aspect of opera.

We don't know the earlier versions of "War and Peace" at first hand; we have only the reports of historians and biographers. The list of scenes included in the first score (completed in 1942) suggests at least one major initial miscalculation, which Prokofieff's response to later political pressures did nothing to alleviate. Although Natasha and Prince Andrei appeared in the very first scene (the evening in 1809 at Otradnoye when he overhears her talking to Sonya: Chapter 1 of Tolstoy's Book VI), they did not actually converse until nearly the end of the opera, when Andrei is dying. Thus their love could hardly have been established either dramatically or musically. The bulk of the "peace" scenes, then as now, concerned Natasha's entanglement with Anatol Kuragin.

Later, after having built up the patriotic aspects of the work with additional choral music in the war scenes, Prokofieff added, at the suggestion of the conductor Samosud, a new second scene: Natasha's first grand ball, at which she dances with Andrei. But his other modifications did nothing to strengthen this essential central thread; rather the contrary. In his last years, having bulked out the opera so much with additional numbers that contributed in no way to the Natasha-Andrei-Pierre story, he proposed extensive cuts to bring it down to practicable length for a single evening, in the process wiping out the greater part of Pierre's role. Shortly before his death, he was still aggrandizing the music of Kutuzov—whose modern counterpart, ironically, died the same day as Prokofieff—but he never had the opportunity to test his revisions in the theatre.

So much tinkering by the composer has naturally encouraged further efforts by conductors and producers to paper over the opera's obvious deficiencies of length, balance, and continuity. Fortunately, the published Russian score, although noting Prokofieff's suggested abridgments in a preface, does not observe them. (The supplanted material from earlier versions is, however, not generally available.) Sarah Caldwell, whose Opera Company of Boston gave the first United States performances of the opera on May 8th, 10th, and 12th, omitted only one entire scene (Pierre's confrontation of Kuragin after the abortive elopement), while making shorter cuts elsewhere. Other productions, including the Bolshoi version that will probably come to New York in 1975, elect other options.

Is all this worth the trouble? On the basis of the Boston production, one would certainly reply in the affirmative. "War and Peace" is not a "satisfactory" opera, and it can now never be made so. Natasha's despair at her cold reception by Princess Maria Bolkonsky, and her subsequent passion for Kuragin, will always outweigh the attachment to Andrei, except perhaps to dedicated connoisseurs of the novel. And yet this flaw is almost redeemed by one unforgettable scene, her reconciliation with the dying Andrei in the hut at Mytishchi, against the background of an offstage chorus figuring the "soft whispering voice incessantly and rhythmically repeating 'piti-piti-piti,' " and the gently grating buzzing of the fly in the violins—an original orchestral conception whose subtle oppressiveness firmly contains and subdues the occasional sentimentality of Prokofieff's love music. (It does not contain, however, the extended reprise of the bittersweet waltz from the ball scene. Miss Caldwell would have been wise to emulate the Bolshoi version here, for fifteen measures of waltz prove to be about five times as effective as seventy. Incidentally, the Bolshoi production has been recorded, but only "highlights" are released in this country, on Melodiya/Angel SR-40053; all of this particular scene is included.)

Elsewhere there is some dross. The Kuragin episode eventually drags, especially through a tedious song for the coachman Balaga during the scene in Dolokov's room, where the elopement is planned. Mussorgsky would have made something powerful of this (Varlaam's song in "Boris" is the obvious model), but Prokofieff didn't; folk material was not his strong suit. The parades and martial choruses around Borodino and at the end, when the French have been routed on the road to Smolensk, are full of good tunes, much in the manner familiar from Prokofieff's "Alexander Nevsky" Cantata, and they are skillfully varied and paced to set off the vignettes involving the principals. The chorale tune of Kutuzov's monologue following the war council at Fili (a late addition), eloquent at first, becomes tendentious upon too much repetition. The "action music" of the war episodes—Napoleon in the Shevardino Redoubt, the pillaging and burning of Moscow—is always effective in maintaining tension and forward motion. Although the writing for orchestra never sounds skimpy, it is invariably considerate of the solo voices—an accomplishment all too rare in contemporary opera. At few points in the Boston production were the words of the soloists difficult to follow, although the penny-plain translation by Edward Downes (the British conductor, not the American scholar and opera quizmaster) often opts for convoluted literalness in preference to idiomatic directness.

Visually, Miss Caldwell and her staff designers, Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, worked something of a miracle in squeezing Napoleon's invasion into the cramped spaces of Boston's Orpheum Theatre. Using movable arches of silvery metal against dark scrims, two-level constructions that pivoted forward around both sides of the proscenium arch (and gave access to additional playing area in the theatre's side boxes), and a few simple textured drops and easily portable props, they kept the action moving at a good clip. The detonations at Borodino, illuminating cameos of battle action behind the scrim, unleashed a powerful odor of gunpowder in the auditorium but were artfully timed. Despite occasional compromises (the dancers in the ball scenes, working in a tiny space, tended to concentrate on their feet rather than their partners), few obscurities in the action could be ascribed to Miss Caldwell's direction. (As if to prove that the producer had read the novel, Sonya was squired to the parties by a distinctive young man, clearly Natasha's brother Nikolai, written out of the story by the Prokofieffs.)

The producer, as usual, conducted, too—more than capably. The chorus sang out splendidly in the big anthems. The enormous cast—thirty-two singers, many of them doubling, tripling, even quadrupling to fill out more than sixty roles—was, with few exceptions, competent, and often better. I will single out only Donald Gramm (Kutuzov), a portrayal of much fine physical detail, resonantly sung, and Arlene Saunders (Natasha), perhaps too mature in appearance but winningly gracious and musical in sound. (The production will be repeated at Wolf Trap, Virginia, this summer.)

—David Hamilton

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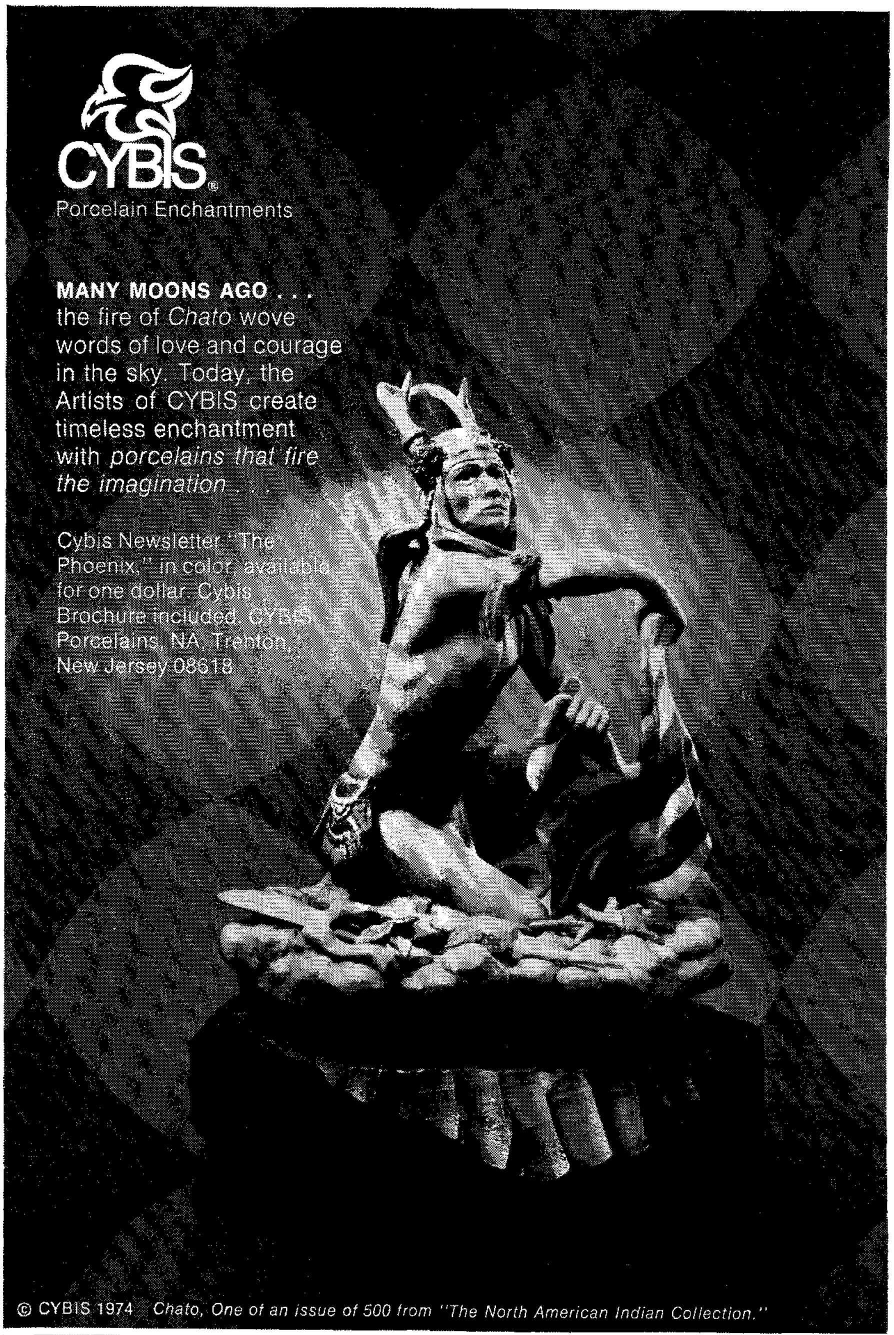

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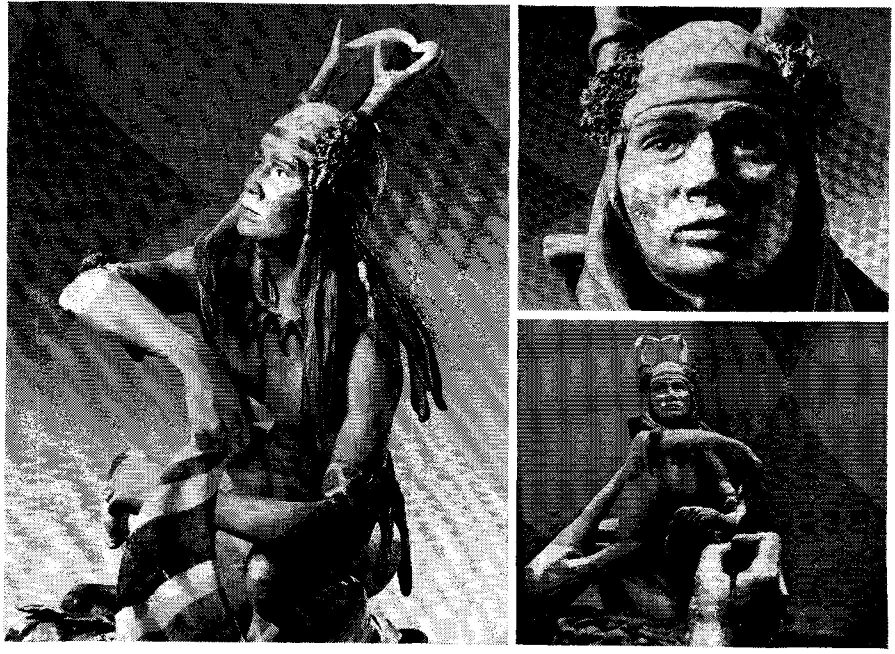

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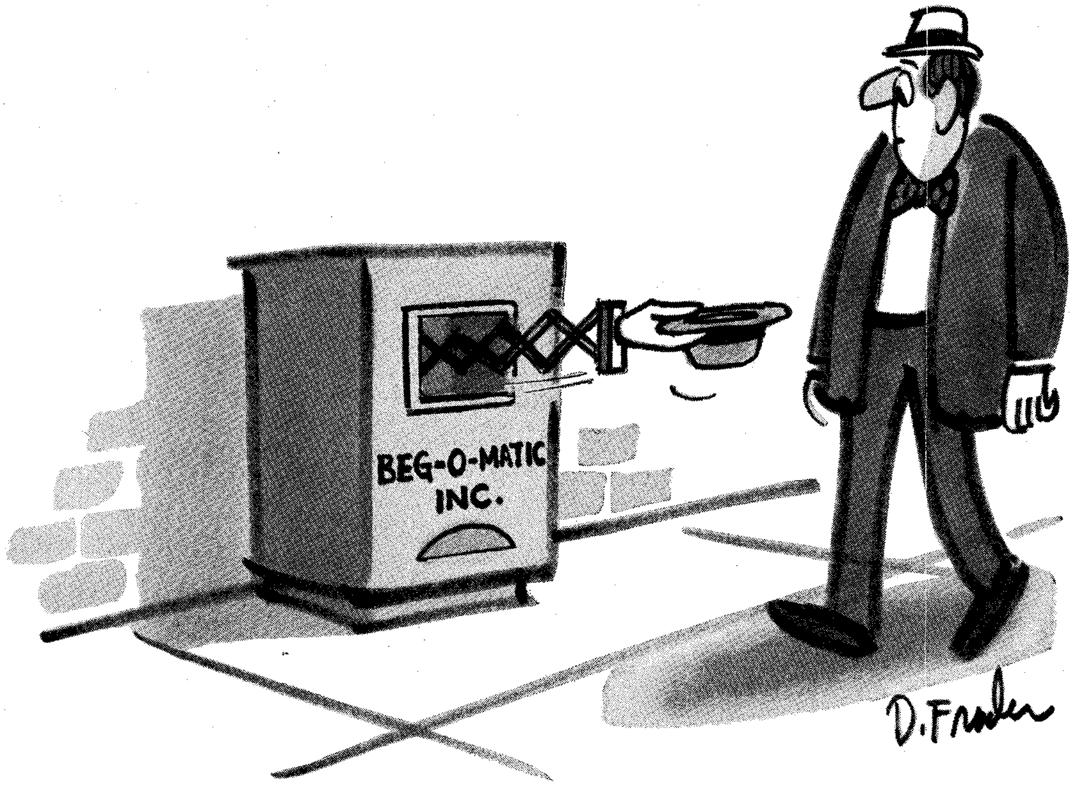
DANCING

Royal Jitters

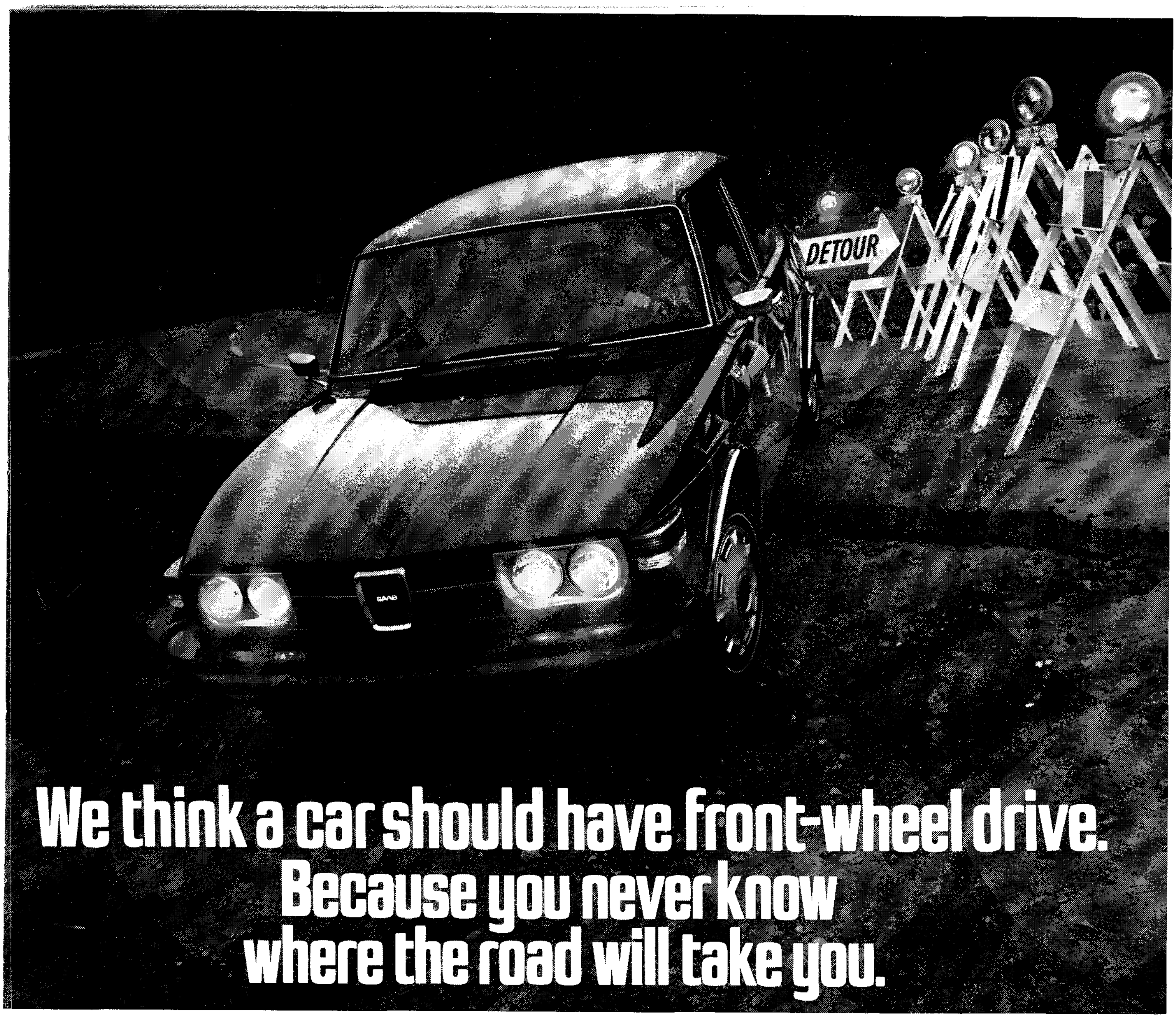
WITH the Western world passing through a crisis of leadership, it hardly seems worthwhile to exaggerate the perils of the Royal Ballet under the direction of Kenneth MacMillan. Three times in the last three years, London has been agitated by a MacMillan production on which, we were told, the fate of the company depended. The first of these, "Anastasia," was liberally mocked, but I didn't find it nearly as awful as the word from London had led me to expect. The MacMillan version of "The Sleeping Beauty" was so despised that the company hasn't taken it on its current American tour. And now we have the controversial "Manon," opening the Royal's season at the Met. It is neither as good nor as bad as advance reports had suggested, and its smooth mediocrity is alarming only because it seems to derive from a fear of offending public opinion. Once the company recovers from its attack of the frights, it should survive "Manon" very well.

At its worst, as in Act III, "Manon" is like a bad opera. The chorus jumps into its dance, the stars jump into their climactic point-of-death duet. Irrelevant characters, inexplicably lingering on from previous drafts of the libretto, get their big chance minutes before the curtain falls. At its best—a pas de trois in Act I, in which Manon is sold by her brother to Monsieur G. M.; the brothel scene in Act II, with its rich collection of variations and group dances—the ballet really does seem to be giving us, in dance terms, some of the mood and tension of Abbé Prévost's story about the luxury prostitute who loved a poor man. Of that love itself, and of its consequences for des Grieux, the ballet has virtually nothing to say. The several pas de deux for the lovers are the big washouts of the piece—nonsensically pure in form, unvarying in expression. We see a girl; we see her meeting a boy. He dances for her in adagio tempo, then they dance together in the same tempo. A moment later, they do it again. They are separated and come back together. Again they do their dance. The story content in all this is so badly focussed that it might as well not be there at all. For some in the audience, and possibly for MacMillan, too, the content of these dances is filled by the performers. On opening night, when des Grieux introduced himself to Manon, he seemed to be saying, "Madame, I am Anthony Dowell. Notice my turns, my perfect développé into attitude front." And her answer was "If you're Anthony Dowell, I must be Antoinette Sibley. Let's have a Sibley-Dowell pas de deux." And they did.

MacMillan's direction appears to suffer from two kinds of pressure—the need to support a star system with star vehicles, and the need to maintain a progressive standard in choreography. Both kinds of pressure operate to destructive effect in "Manon," because, in his anxiety to satisfy public taste, MacMillan has brought them into conflict with his principal obligation, which was to tell a great dramatic story. International trends in story ballets decree that dancing shall replace mime. But in the best examples we have of mimeless drama the dances fill the dramatic purpose of mime; they don't wash the drama away. The audience that long ago stopped looking for literal meaning in dance movement has now stopped looking for *any* meaning. No matter how mechanical and inexpressive the dancing may be, as long as dancing is happening, it's a ballet. If dancing is not happening, it's dumb show, a silent movie, a museum piece. "Manon," like so many other modern story ballets, panders to this prejudice. Its stars are so busy dancing they haven't time to fill out their characterizations or advance the plot. There's an absurd moment in the third act when Manon is being led by the jailer to his private lair and des Grieux follows abstractedly along doing slow pirouettes. At least, audiences can't say they haven't seen Dowell (or Wayne Eagling or Rudolf Nureyev) *dance.* Or Sibley dance with him. (Or Jennifer Penney dance with Eagling, or Merle Park with Nureyev.) The big acrobatic pas de deux that brings the ballet to a close has so many running lifts and body flips and catches in the air that old-style, literal-minded audiences might well have supposed that Manon dies of overexertion. And they might have wondered why the only bit of sex that occurs in any of the pas de deux is the hint of fellatio with the jailer.



It's the old story: Poverty of Means goes to the ball dressed up as Purity of Expression. We're supposed to be too sophisticated to notice the masquerade or to want anything better even if we do notice it. The cover for this is the theory that everybody knows the story anyway—from Massenet's and Puccini's operas if not from Prévost's novel—and people have paid to see dancing. But I don't know any people who would pay to see meaningless dancing, even if they don't recognize it when they do see it. And if it's true that we all know the story, isn't it likely that we know it because it's a great eternal story that people have never tired of telling? Surely the



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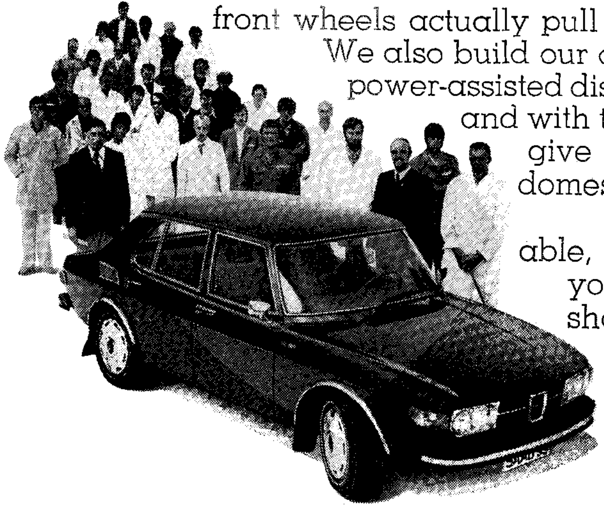

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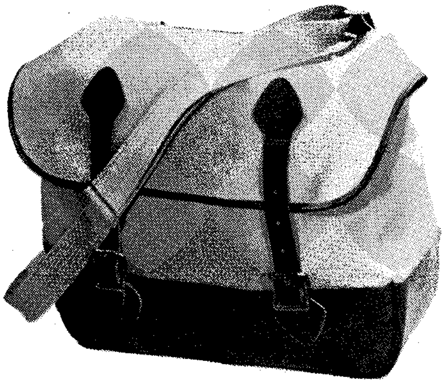

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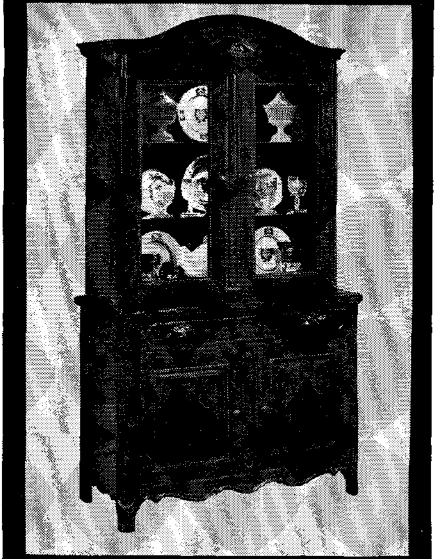
pleasure the audience expects to get from a three-act ballet version lies in having "Manon Lescaut" told to it all over again in a new form. MacMillan leaves too much of the story out. He has discovered no means of conveying the sensuality and poverty that Prévost made seem mutually exclusive. Nicholas Georgiadis's basic setting for all three acts is a wall of rags, but this symbolic reminder of the poverty that terrifies Manon so is itself aesthetically appealing. The rags are beautiful, as stage rags always are. And MacMillan gives us nothing of the character of des Grieux or of his corruption through his passion for Manon. He remains a sweet, innocent boy to the last. Without des Grieux's fall, the story comes to little more than an account of foolish young people who wanted nice things.

The Royal fields its star teams with lavish ease. Of the two Manons I saw during the first week, Sibley was the more rapacious, Penney the more touchingly frail. Manon would have been a great role for Sibley if MacMillan hadn't been so timid about characterizing it in dance. Temperamentally, it suits her as well as anything she has done since Titania, in "The Dream," but MacMillan hasn't responded to her gifts as well as he responded to Lynn Seymour's in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Anastasia." "The Dream" was the ballet in which Ashton launched Sibley's partnership with Dowell. MacMillan pays homage to that partnership in "Manon;" he hasn't analyzed or extended it, and Sibley seems a little imprisoned by her stardom. I can't help wondering what would have happened if the entire role had been choreographed on Penney. The most talented of the Royal's junior ballerinas, Penney is still in that overprolonged nascent stage of development peculiar to so many Royal Ballet dancers. It's time she had a big, custom-built role to make her a big star. Dowell, paraded about in his nothing of a part, looked handsome. Eagling, whose self-assertiveness shatters the Royal mold, did not look lost.

The ballet has been much abused for its music. My ear doesn't cringe unless it is attacked, and it approved the use of Massenet's "Élégie" as the lovers' theme song in three different orchestrations. (What MacMillan set to that music—an extended gloss on the lyrics of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby"—is another matter.) The score, based on MacMillan's own scenario, is made up of miscellaneous Massenet pieces that include nothing from the opera "Manon," and succeeds in sounding very much as if Massenet were

time will tell



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working on commission for the choreographer—a feat for which MacMillan and his musical collaborators, Leighton Lucas and Hilda Gaunt, deserve congratulations. MacMillan's "Manon" is another in a series of attempts to extort from the nineteenth century the ballets it somehow failed to produce—a series that began with John Cranko's "Eugene Onegin," set to music by Tchaikovsky which is not in the opera score—and each time I've seen one of these operatic ballets I've been impressed by their triviality in relation to the operas. Musically, the trick is turned, but dramatically there's no contest. Operas are able to encompass much more of the literary works on which they're based than ballets are, and usually, when a ballet succeeds in exploring literary material, rather than just defining it in dance form, it's because the choreographer has re-created the material. MacMillan's first-act trio is one example of this process, and the high point of the brothel scene, admirably set to the Nocturne from "La Navarraise," is a dance for Manon and eight men—an emblem of her career as a courtesan which triumphantly compresses the repetitious incidents of the novel. MacMillan has also invented a mistress for Lescaut, Manon's brother, and given her two bitterly proud solos, in high contrast to Manon's fresh seductiveness. Many of MacMillan's surprises, though, are restatements of earlier works. "Romeo and Juliet" seems to have lent its marketplace to the opening scene of "Manon," and Lescaut is very much a Mercutio figure. Act III, with its sad little deportees debarking at the Louisiana penal colony, and its "hallucinations" accompanying the final pas de deux, seems drawn from "Anastasia."

Of the three full-evening ballets MacMillan has produced so far, "Anastasia" seems to me the best, not so much because of what it achieves as because of what it attempts. In "Romeo," MacMillan had before him both Leonid Lavrovsky's version for the Bolshoi and Cranko's for the Stuttgart; in "Manon" he is again working à la Cranko. But in "Anastasia" he produced a personal fantasy about a global cataclysm entirely from nothing. I don't think he was being pretentious, and the insults that were showered upon him for missing the mark themselves missed the mark. MacMillan's taste, musical instinct, and technical skill place him first among those British and European choreographers whose careers began in the fifties. "Manon" shows a loss of confidence. The steely bravura of "Anasta-

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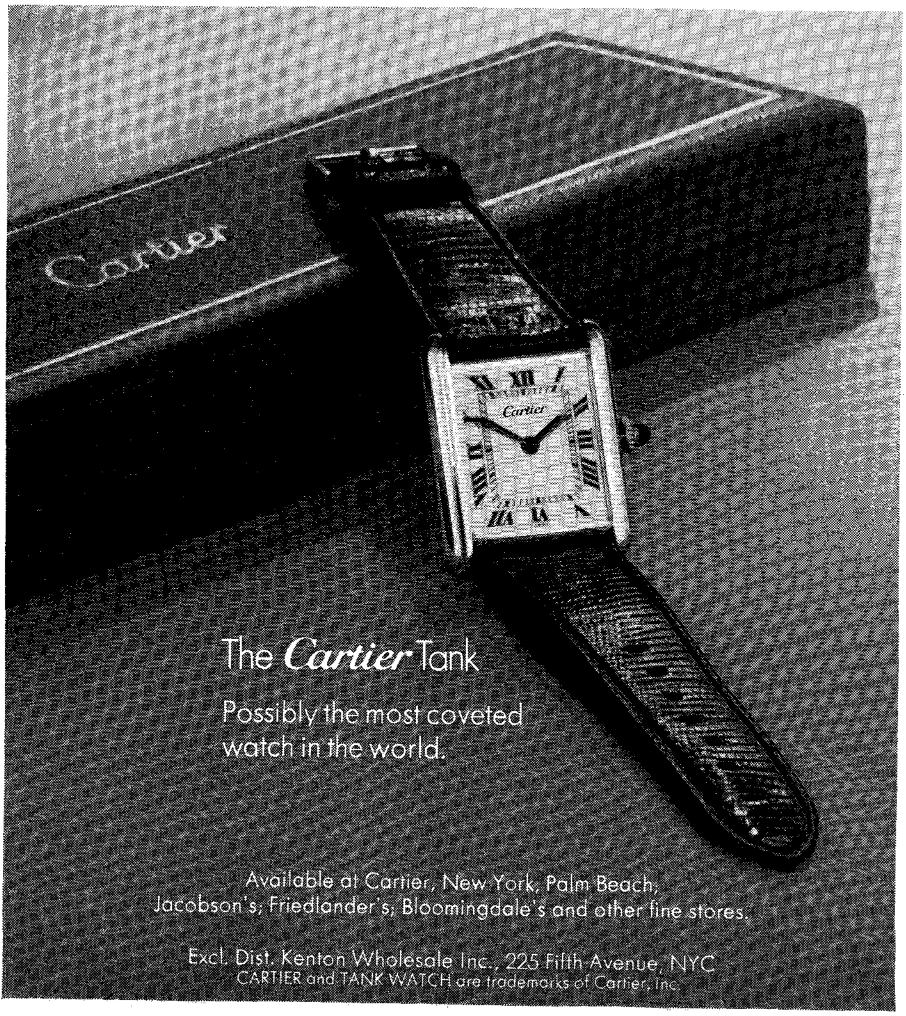

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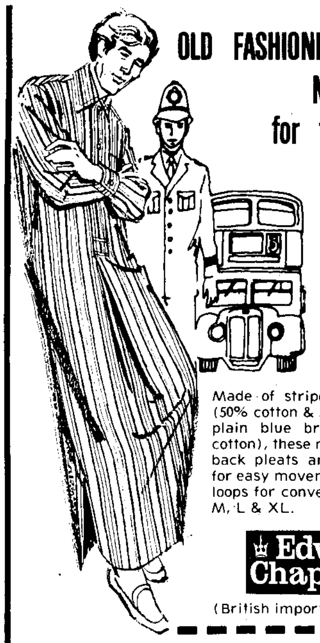

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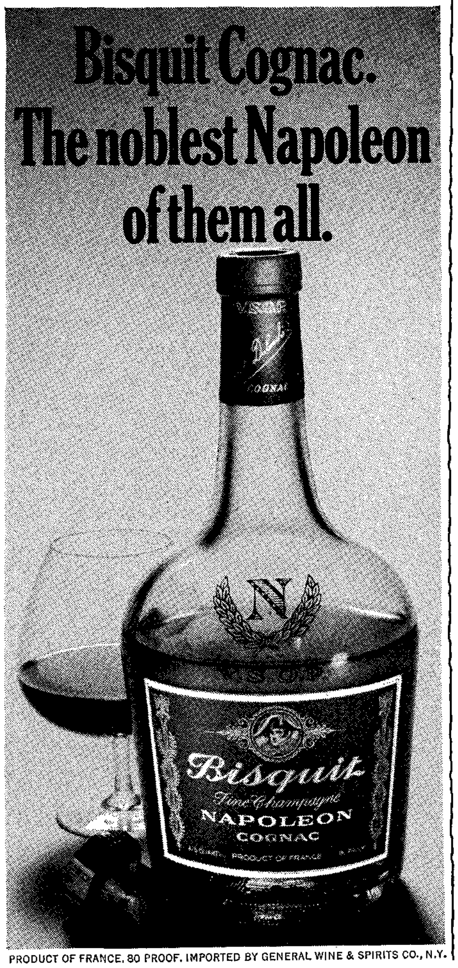

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sia" is missing. But, at forty-four, MacMillan is just entering his maturity, and I think we have a right to expect him to fulfill it.

THE Royal's first week also unveiled a friendly "Swan Lake," shorn of most of the neologisms that disfigured it in the past. Yet again there was a puzzling reticence, a strange modesty, that marred the performance. Merle Park, the first of the Swan Queens, was letter-perfect, musically sound, and gratifyingly unaffected in style. But she wasn't very exciting, and the second act went as if she were determined not to scale heights but to remain humbly in the foothills of the role. As Odile, she brought out her Joan Greenwood personality, but it didn't project. Park has an "unclassical" physique, and in the British view of things she is a soubrette and nothing but a soubrette. I don't agree with this; type-casting may be as much a matter of psychological as of physical conditioning. Jennifer Penney, on the other hand, is one of those ballerinas who have the role of Odette by inheritance. No one can ever have looked more beautiful in the part, more marvellously right in every move—or more fearful of imposing herself on the audience. In the black act, she seemed unsure of herself. I don't think she knows how good she is. She doesn't lack bite, but she does lack something in tenacity. With her "Russian" back, she represents a break in the line of ballerina-models that stems from Fonteyn, and the company would do well to encourage her.

The two Siegfrieds I saw, Nureyev with Park and David Wall with Penney, were both extremely pleasing, Nureyev steadily loosening and gearing up his style (and providing Park with deluxe support), and Wall acting and dancing with consistent, full-bodied spontaneity. Ashton's heavenly pas de quatre, which used to be given in Act I, has been moved to Act III, where it naturally becomes the highlight before the big star turn. Two objections: The sets and costumes, by Leslie Hurry, look as if they'd been taken out of cold storage, and Act IV, restored to its old patterns, continues to disturb me with its naturalistic details—the kissing that goes on between the two principals, Odette being tugged back from the suicide brink by Siegfried, or being pulled between Siegfried and Von Rothbart. Just as the Count di Luna should never sit down (said G.B. Shaw), Odette should never be caught standing any way except point tendu back.

—ARLENE CROCE

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THE RACE TRACK

Another Classic, Another Winner

THERE will be no triple-crown winner this year. Little Current, who came up on the rails with a great burst of speed as the field swung into the homestretch, won the ninety-ninth running of the Preakness Stakes by seven lengths from Neapolitan Way at Pimlico last Saturday afternoon. Cannonade, who had won the Kentucky Derby a fortnight before, was third, a length farther back. So the triangular silver trophy that represents the triple crown can go back into the safe at Cartier's until next year. Maryland's classic for three-year-olds is always a good show, but this one was a cliff-hanger for every second of the 1:54⅗ it took the thirteen starters to run the mile and three-sixteenths. While John Galbreath's little chestnut colt was best as the race was run, he was also the luckiest. Away slowly from the No. 2 post position, he was last for at least half a mile, and was bothered by a loose horse—Buck's Bid, who had stumbled and lost his rider just after the break. As Little Current moved up, he might easily have been blocked at any stage of the race, the way he had been in the Derby, but he wasn't, and Rivera, who rode him, had plenty of horse under him when he popped him through a sizable opening at just the right time.

Eddie Blind, the starter, perfectly turned out for the occasion, sent the field away in good order, and, curiously, Destroyer, whose stable had insisted early in the morning, when the track was ankle-deep in mud from heavy rain the night before, that its colt couldn't even stand in that sort of going, was in the forefront for three-quarters of the route, which shows you how right stables can be. As I look back on the race, Cannonade didn't appear to be going well. Later, Cordero, his rider, said that the colt couldn't handle the deep footing, but I thought he was leading for a stride or two early in the stretch, after which Neapolitan Way, a 24–1 shot, passed him easily. As for other disappointments, Hudson County, a speed horse with a liking for an off track, weakened after going six furlongs. Rube the Great had better luck than he had in the Derby, but he was unable to make the most of it.

The Preakness had a gross value of $209,000, with the winner's share $156,500—both all-time highs. The purse brought Little Current's earnings to almost $210,000, which isn't bad for a colt who has been as lightly raced as he has. He started only four times at two, winning in his last appearance at Aqueduct, in December, and so far this season he has won twice in eight tries—the Everglades Stakes and the Preakness. Experts on pedigrees, who seldom agree on anything, will concur that he is beautifully bred, being by Sea-Bird out of Luiana. Sea-Bird, as you know, was by Dan Cupid, a son of Native Dancer; he won the English Epsom Derby and France's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and was rated abroad right up there with Ribot. Luiana is a half sister of Chateaugay, who won the 1963 Derby and the Belmont Stakes in the Galbreath colors, and she is also a half sister of Primonetta, a grand race mare. Lou Rondinello, who has been training Mr. Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm horses for years, feels sure that Little Current can go the mile and a half of the Belmont on June 8th.

Although the grass was sodden from the downpour the night before, and there were occasional early-morning showers on Preakness Day, there was a good-sized crowd in the infield at Pimlico. There also were a couple of streakers, a man and a woman. The man had a go at climbing the flagpole, which had been greased, as usual, and he didn't make the top. The woman somehow got lost in the crowd; perhaps she was looking for her clothes. I missed the band that used to play the Preakness horses to the post with "Maryland, My Maryland." Instead, it was sung, and not very well, by a chorus of some singing society, and I didn't like the new words they added to the song. The saddling for the Preakness took place, as always, in the infield. This time, the runners were unusually nervous—particularly Destroyer, Cannonade, Hudson County, and Little Current. In fact, Woody Stephens had a bit of trouble getting the blinkers on Cannonade, and Destroyer had to be taken down the course a way to be saddled.

BELMONT PARK, looking more attractive than ever, opened its thirty-six-day meeting last week with a stunning surprise in the Vagrancy Handicap. One would hardly have supposed that Desert Vixen, winner of

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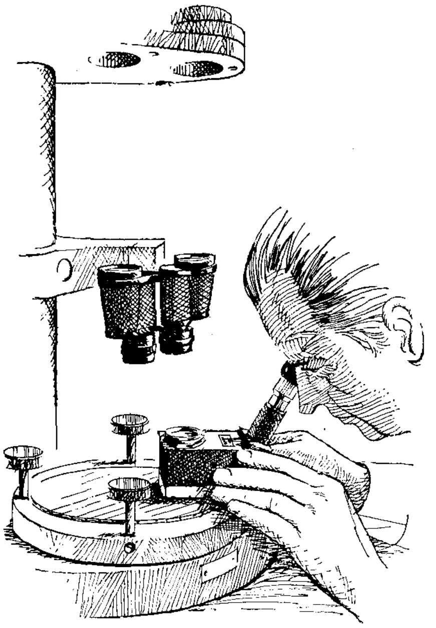

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seven stakes in succession last season, would wind up twelfth, and La Prevoyante, unbeaten in her twelve starts the year before, thirteenth, and Klepto, a star at the Big A this spring, fourteenth, but that's what happened. In fact, the seven-furlong sprint for fillies and mares was a mixed-up, headlong affair that ended with Coraggioso, Ponte Vecchio, and Wanda noses apart in the nearest thing to a dead heat anyone has seen in ages. Later, Wanda's number was taken down for bearing out in the stretch, and two claims of foul were made against Ponte Vecchio (they were disallowed), which should give you an inkling of what a lively race it was. Though Coraggioso was away twelfth, she had clear sailing, which helped her to get up in the last stride. By Gallant Man out of Your Hostess, she has some distinguished kinfolk, among them Majestic Prince, Your Host, and his son Kelso.

It isn't often—once in a blue moon, perhaps—that a two-year-old filly wins her first start by fourteen lengths. One did at Belmont Park the day after the opening, and her name is Copernica. She is owned by Mrs. Charles Engelhard, who races the Cragwood Stable of her late husband, and the filly is by Nijinsky II, Europe's wonder horse of 1970. She is also the first of his get to face the starter in this country. Whether Mac M. Miller, who trains her, was entertaining an angel unawares I wouldn't know, but her workouts certainly attracted no attention and she was better than 20–1 in the betting. However, in the race she swept past Aware, the favorite and early leader, as though she were standing still. The time for the five and a half furlongs was 1:04⅕; an earlier race, also for maiden two-year-old fillies, and at the same distance, was clocked in at 1:06⅖. It will be interesting to see how she runs next time out.

Offhand, I'd say that Forego is the best of the older horses in training. After a horse has been running and winning in longer races, it takes a topnotcher to drop back to a sprinting distance and give his field chunks of weight and beat them as easily as he did in the Carter Handicap at Belmont last weekend. He was never extended to win by two lengths from Mr. Prospector, to whom he gave five pounds. Timeless Moment, to whom he gave sixteen, was third. The time for the seven furlongs was 1:22⅕, and the field included such also-rans as Torsion, Tap the Tree, Lonetree, and Forage. Not bad, not bad.

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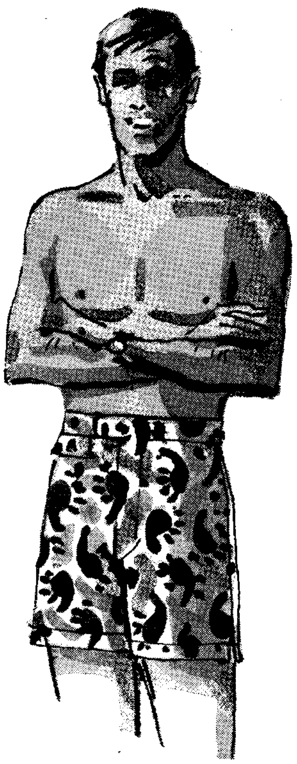

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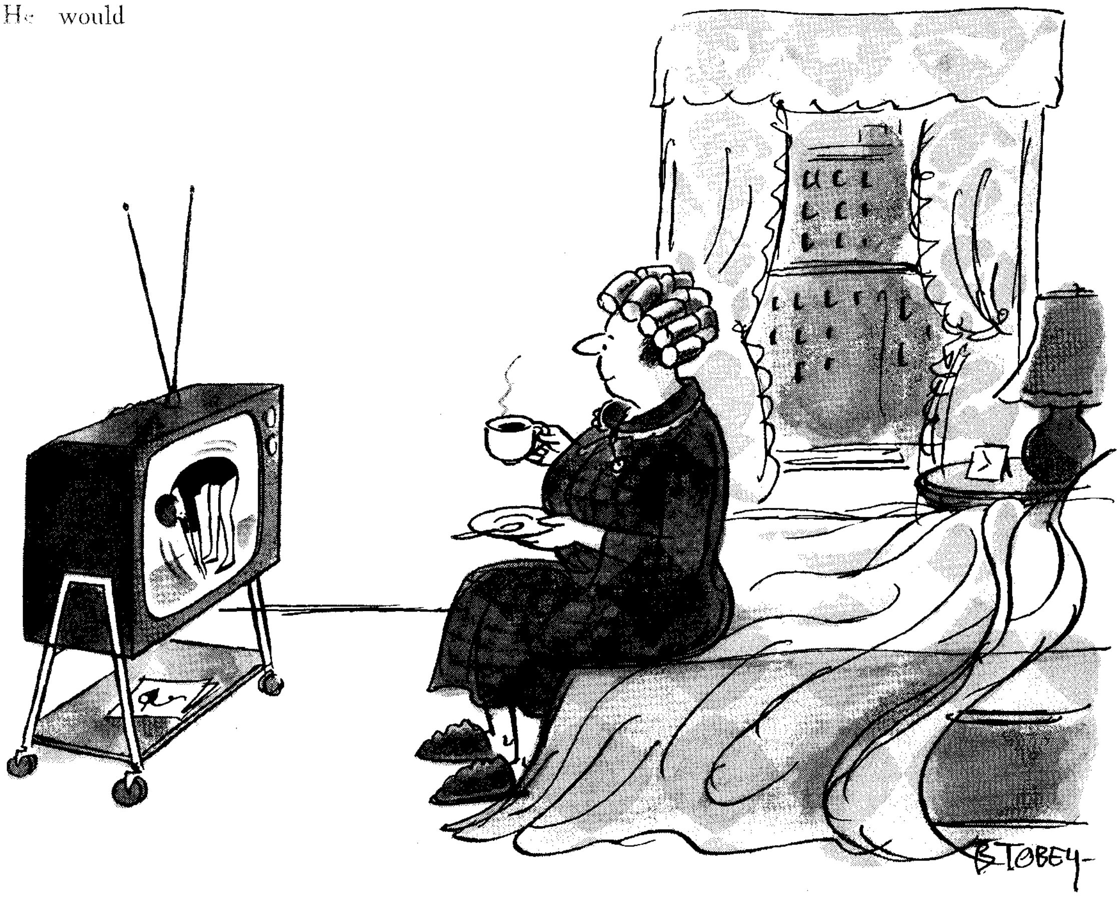
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 18

A MONTH or so ago, the belief that the President would resign if and when impeachment became imminent and conviction all but certain was entertained by everyone outside the White House, and probably by a few inside it, too. Since then, most political leaders in both parties and most newspapers of wide circulation have called for his removal one way or another, but now the tide of opinion has turned, and the handicappers find it difficult to locate anyone who will risk five dollars on the prospect of voluntary withdrawal. It is not easy to understand the quick change in reasoning. Partly, one assumes, it is because so many Nixon aides—prompted by him, no doubt—have become more insistent than ever on the matter, and partly it is because of the mystique that Nixon himself has created about his manly relish for "toughing it out" and "stonewalling" in "crises." Still, most of those who now take him at his word have time after time found his word misleading in the past, and when it comes to his professed delight in a brawl, the evidence seems bogus and beside the point. Moreover, this crisis is more serious by a factor of about a thousand than the crises he chose to describe in his 1962 reminiscences. He would hardly have traumatized the nation or been horsewhipped by Eisenhower if Nikita Khrushchev had outscored him on points at that Moscow trade fair or if Harold Stassen had managed to get him bumped off the Republican ticket in 1956. But even in the face of so much evidence to the contrary he somehow manages to persuade people that he means exactly what he says if he says it often enough. This is hardly to say that *all* his expressions of determination have proved to be false but merely that he has played fast and loose with the truth whenever doing so has been personally advantageous. He has also, of course, shown himself capable of acting in his own worst interests—as when he thought he would outsmart his tormentors by releasing the expurgated transcripts of the White House tapes, and succeeded only in bringing on one more torrent of outrage and scorn. It thus seems rather premature to take at face value the insistence of his daughter and some of his staff members that as long as one senator stands beside him he will keep up the fight.

By no means everyone thinks that resignation, despite the fact that it would save time and a few more ugly scenes, would be preferable to impeachment and either conviction or acquittal. Former Senator Eugene McCarthy, for example, believes that Presidents and others elected for specific periods of time should be forbidden by law to resign except for compelling reasons of health or their elevation by their constituents to a higher office. (He accuses Nelson Rockefeller of having breached a solemn contract with the people of New York when he quit as their governor.) McCarthy does not favor the impeachment of Nixon, either, even though it is a prescribed Constitutional remedy. He feels that it would not change government policy, and also that Watergate has already served to redress the balance among the coördinate branches and to deter misbehavior in the executive branch for some time to come. In a period of greater stability, no doubt McCarthy and most other men who believe in justice and due process would prefer to have the game played by the rules, but the prospect now is that doing justice in the prescribed fashion in a seriously disordered country in an ominously disordered world will distract us from things that, in the long run, have more serious consequences for humanity in general—the most notable, perhaps, being the threat (and, in parts of Africa and India, the reality) of famine on a historically unprecedented scale. Almost as sickening as the worst of the Watergate transcripts was the recent pronouncement by Earl Butz, Nixon's Secretary of Agriculture, when confronted with this problem: "Hunger is relative—if your larder is empty, you cut back some." But despite eloquent pleas from Henry Kissinger, Kurt Waldheim, and a number of other leaders of opinion here and abroad, precious little attention has been given to the matter, and when the House did take it up briefly, it voted against an American commitment of one and a half billion dollars, payable in installments over four years, to the World Bank's International Development Association. A few large-minded senators



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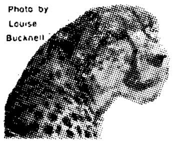
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have talked of reopening the matter within the next few days, but the Senate's agenda is currently jammed, and very little may be done later if that body finds itself sitting as a jury with the President in the dock. Whether Watergate has gone so far that it cannot be put aside for other business is a question that McCarthy has hardly dealt with, though he clearly thinks that putting it aside, if possible, would be desirable.

Nixon could—and, by a snap judgment born of fear and exhaustion, or conceivably even of patriotism, might—make a deal of some sort and clear out in a hurry. But many people now would prefer the impeachment procedure, despite their recognition that it has already immobilized just about everyone in the government except Henry Kissinger. Also, though it is generally agreed that a public official can be impeached for other than criminal offenses, most of Nixon's detractors are reluctant to give a broad meaning to the term "misdemeanors" and favor conviction only for offenses—or at least one offense—on which any citizen could be tried and, if found guilty, convicted. When talk of impeachment was first being heard, public approval of Nixon was far higher than it is now, and it was felt that the proceedings would be bitterly divisive and regarded by Nixon supporters as a plot by the Democrats to win by shabby maneuvers what they had been unable to win in an election then believed to have been relatively free of fraud. But that fear has now largely evaporated, and very few still think that conviction would lead to civil strife in any form. Even so, the feeling remains that it would be far tidier to act on hard evidence of an offense like obstruction of justice than to go ahead on some valid but not widely understood principle derived from English common law and the commentaries of James Madison. A number of legal authorities believe that the Judiciary Committee has enough to impeach with now, but John Doar, its counsel, feels that more is needed—particularly since it has been learned this week that there are at least two versions of one part of the transcripts, presumably reflecting variations in the hearing of the White House typists. Two new subpoenas have just been issued, but Nixon, spoken for by his attorney, James St. Clair, is still adamant in his determination to yield no more, which is not altogether displeasing to the committee, since its members feel that every refusal strengthens the case for charging him

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with contempt of Congress—an offense that could be thrown in for good measure with anything else that the Judiciary Committee may put together.

Eugene McCarthy's dissatisfaction with the prospect either of resignation or of conviction at the end of the Constitutional process has some merit both in logic and in practical politics, but it is hard to share what seems to be his comfortable belief that we could muddle through for more than two years under an impotent and largely discredited President, with all power effectively in the hands of a Congress that is ready—as it has not been in the past—to override any vetoes he might be daring enough to try. To the public, recessing all the inquiries now in process would simply call attention to the time wasted by carrying them on for a year and a half. Congress can pass laws, but only the executive branch can carry them out, and the executive branch, it would seem, cannot function without a President to give direction and demand compliance. McCarthy's objection to mid-term resignations has much to be said for it, but it should have been said long ago; his misgivings about the paralyzing effects of impeachment may be warranted, but to do justice only when it is administratively convenient is to give justice a far lower place on the scale of national priorities than it deserves. If Nixon stands firm and escapes conviction, things may go on more or less as before, though it is unlikely in the extreme that he could do much to restore public confidence in himself. If he quits, or is convicted, in time to give Gerald Ford a few months of on-the-job training, it is altogether probable that Ford—unless he stumbles unpardonably—will be far ahead of other Republicans for the 1976 nomination. In this year's congressional by-elections, it has been fairly clear that the voters were taking out their annoyance over Watergate and Nixon on Republicans generally, but it could be that with Nixon out and the personification of purity and guilelessness in the Oval Office and leading the Party, the voters might feel that enough punishment had already been meted out and might retain the incumbent. It is surely apparent that such a possibility has implanted itself in Ford's mind. Like a good many other Republicans, pure and impure, he has sought to "distance" himself from "the corruption, malfeasance, and wrongdoing" of the Watergate epoch, but, being in a more ambiguous position than most of them, he has coupled his statements of disapproval with statements of support for

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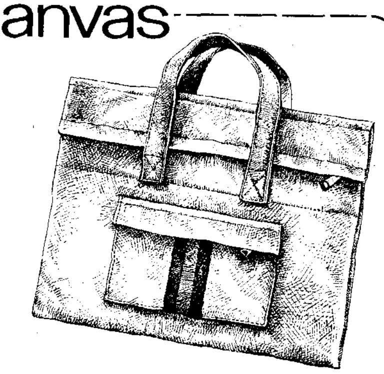

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the President, because, as he has put it, "I think he's innocent." It is surmised that at some of the conferences between Nixon and Ford the Vice President has been urged to couch his assertions of support in language that will leave no room for questioning the extent of his enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, the Democrats are pleased to leave the front pages and the large type to the Republicans for at least as long as Watergate is alive and interesting. They have another reason for standing in the wings. It is the custom of corporate interests to contribute to both sides in national contests and in some statewide contests as well. The sums are not necessarily equal—in general, the Republicans are dealt with more generously—but the gifts to Democrats are not exactly paltry, and, in any case, the acceptance of ten thousand dollars can be as suspicious as the acceptance of a hundred thousand. Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Henry Jackson, and Wilbur Mills have been cited in Watergate hearings as the beneficiaries of substantial sums from milk and oil interests—though, if the testimony is anywhere near accurate, the sums were generally given as evidence of good will and collaboration in the event that the Democrats met with success. This has been a minor part of the story, for which the Democrats can be thankful. They can be thankful, too, that few of their potential Presidential candidates have been campaigning actively, though it is likely that there has been a certain amount of this going on surreptitiously. Henry Jackson and Walter Mondale have been making some quiet efforts to familiarize the public with their names, and quite a few possible candidates have been trying to reach some sort of understanding with George Wallace to keep him from being a spoiler, and even to make him an ally. But for the most part Democratic Presidential politicking has been at a low ebb, and this, it is clear, has been by design. Indeed, considering the current lack of esteem for politicians in general, the design seems a wise one, and those Republicans who have no need to defend themselves over the Watergate mess have been similarly quiescent.

THE outbreak of new hostilities between an extremist faction of Palestinian Arabs and Israeli regulars has created a new wave of hysteria, and Henry Kissinger has had to put aside, at least for a few days, his plans for negotiating a Syrian-Israeli settlement. Either a long delay in or the abandon-

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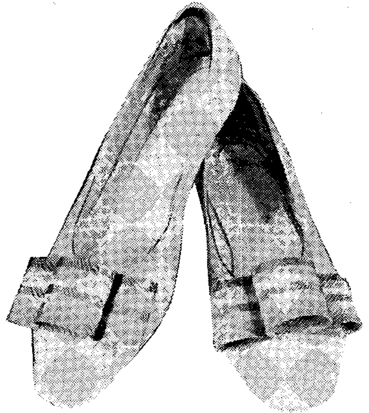

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ment of his efforts was, according to the Marxist-oriented guerrilla faction that planned the massacre at Maalot, the exact purpose of the bloody expedition.' Kissinger has no intention, however, of abandoning his efforts, for he is confident that arrangements can be made which would satisfy both governments. Unquestionably there is some involvement of his own large ego in persevering at a task that others consider hopeless, for failure would not be held against him personally, while success would earn him a substantial place in diplomatic history. Success would also go a long way toward reëstablishing in the minds of other nations the desire of the United States, even in a period of almost unprecedented internal instability, to use for constructive purposes the power it has so recently used for destructive ones.

It is perhaps good fortune for us that we are enduring a period of instability at a time when most other governments, both allies and adversaries, are going through much the same sort of thing, though in only a few cases for reasons as squalid. Practically every other major NATO power has had some kind of leadership crisis, and it is thought by some experts that there are forms of the same malaise in China and the Soviet Union. For a while, it appeared that the Kremlin had unravelled the Watergate mess and might very well be planning to gain some strategic advantage from it. It now appears that the Russians' main reaction is one of fear that some evil American forces—not the friendly President but unnamed, unprincipled enemies—may use Watergate to block the path to détente, beginning, perhaps, with legal maneuvers that will make it impossible for Nixon to keep his appointment with Kremlin leaders planned for next month. For some reason, their eagerness to make a success of the contemplated visit seems to match that of the

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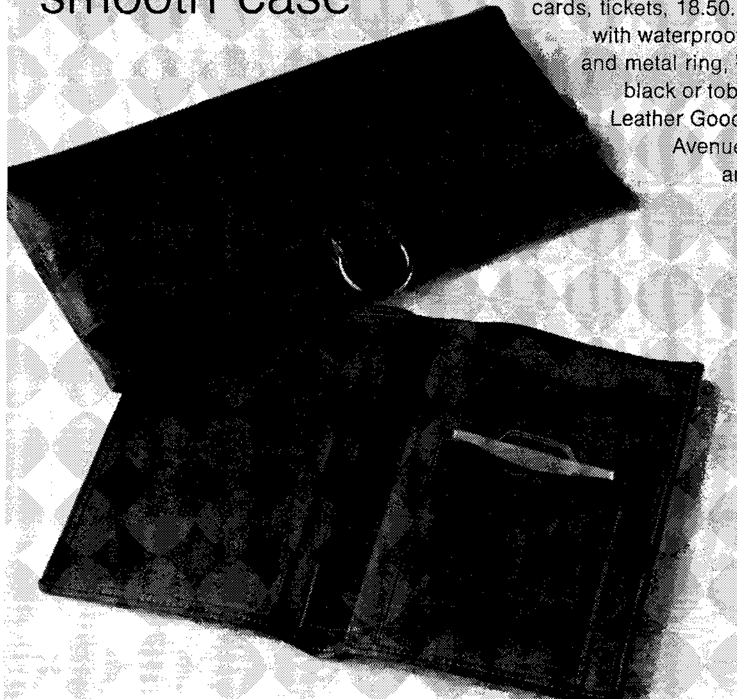

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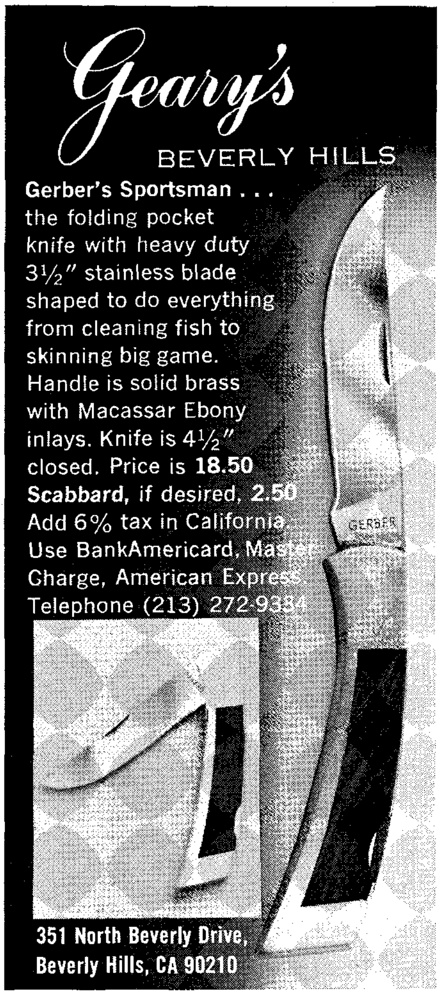

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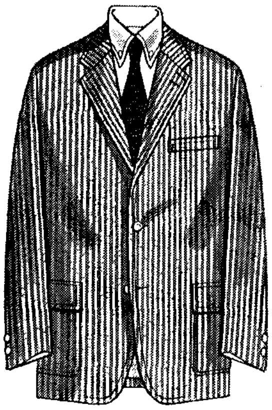

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President, whose hopes are not difficult for Americans to figure out. As usual, less can be surmised about China. It is suspected by some experts that the man generally thought to be most in favor of an accommodation, Chou En-lai, is in the process of being downgraded; the evidence for this is mainly a couple of observations by Chou that he is feeling his age and reports by Hong Kong monitors of Peking's press and radio that less attention has been paid to Sino-American relationships in recent months than in those that preceded them. In any case, it is a fact, and a rather astonishing one, that the disarray in the Nixon Administration appears to have had little or no effect abroad. Over the last decade or so, our authority in the world has been greatly diminished, but the reasons for this have been our continuing adherence to most Cold War doctrines and our prolonged implementation of them in Southeast Asia. It is understandable that others are less disturbed over our internal troubles than we are, but the fact that we are currently low in morale because of both Vietnam and Watergate is one that could be expected to bear heavily on other nations' estimates of our power in the world. In truth, so far at least, it has borne lightly.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

●

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[*Letter received by a Bronxville man whose name has been Hubbell for all of his seventy years*]

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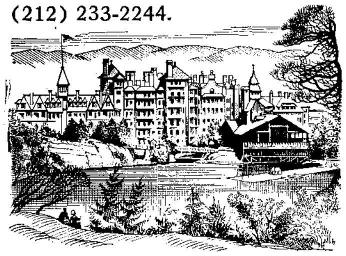

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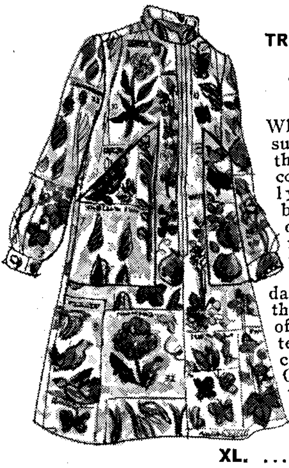

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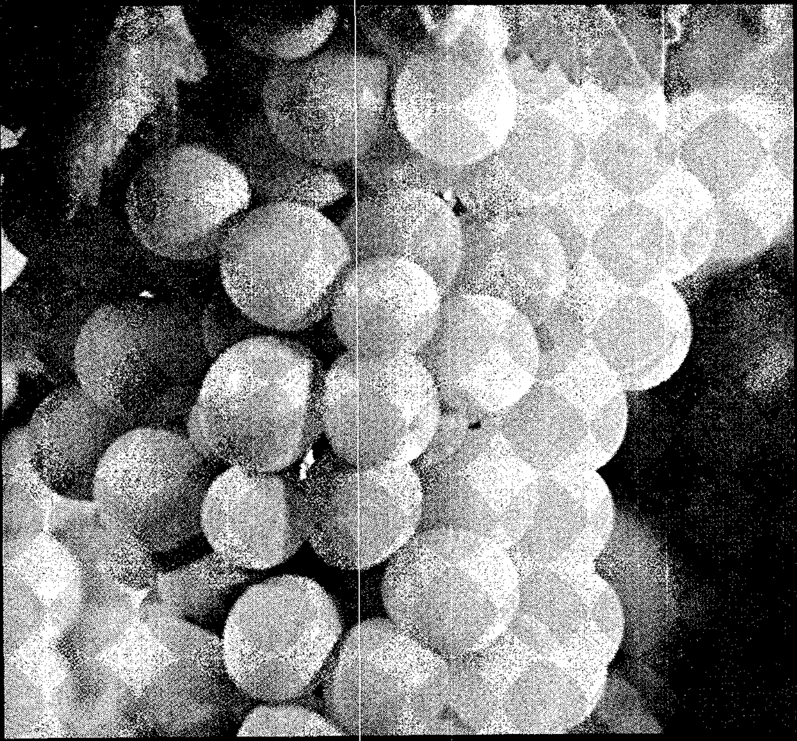

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BOOKS

Cullen Skink and Curly Kail

IT is doubtful that the sensual delight felt by some people on finding a good anthology or collection or book of days is wholly a conditioned reflex. It is probably innate. It may be genes that do it, but there must exist an immediate recognition of *authority*, as well as liveliness and even wit, in the product itself. Without these qualities, a collection will be either stiff with erudition or flabby with indecision, and a born buff will be put off firmly and at once. On the other hand, when a good 'un comes along, the real addict feels a unique thrill, a most peculiar satisfaction. And he need never go hungry, in spite of occasional dearths, for numberless collections made over several hundreds of years continue to provide this delicious sensation. Anyone can make his own list—that is another titillation in the game—and it would be presumptuous of me, a lifelong reader of other people's literary gleanings, to present my own choices. It would also be impossible, since they change, grow, shrink, according to the weather within. A good collection must above all be a kind of portrait of the person who produced it. One assumes some sort of voyeurism in the reader (why did he include that sonnet, and how old was he then, and what did he mean by the excerpt about onanism, and did he really serve grilled figs?), though I myself have never felt anything but respect for the people who presented their favorites to me. It is admirable, I think, that in 1854 an obscure and forgotten preacher in northern Minnesota Territory may have had printed at his own expense a selection of prayers for all occasions, homilies, sermons, and oratorical exercises fit for young and old. And I know, as a confirmed reader of all such books, that along with drivel and cantish bombast there will be some nuggets of lasting pleasure for me, the digger. (It is, of course, a surer strike, or at least a more consistently rewarding one, with somebody like W. H. Auden.)

One of the blessings of being a collection hound is that there is usually another prize somewhere, and two lovelies have now come this way. The first is about a favorite man in my life, Dr. Sam'l Johnson, and the other is "The Cornucopia, Being a Kitchen Entertainment and Cookbook, Containing Good Reading and Good Cookery from more than 500 Years of Recipes, Food Lore, etc., as conceived and expounded by the Great Chefs & Gourmets of the Old and New Worlds between the years 1390 and 1899, now compiled and presented to the public in a single handsome and convenient volume, Copiously Illustrated." It is by a mother-daughter team in California—Judith and Marguerite Shalett Herman—and any experienced buff will surmise that they must be interesting people. Their book, which is handsomely published by Harper & Row, is pure entertainment, as they suggest in their amusing title, and such general easy jolliness is hard to find and much to be savored. (A mutual friend tells me that they tested every recipe, which helps me know *them*—the subtle effect of all good collections.)

"The Cornucopia" is indeed copiously (and well) illustrated, although some of the delightful cuts used as marginalia are reduced to a wee squintiness. However, they are in bold red and black, and good enough to be submitted to a reading glass if need be. The occasional notes in the margins are in red, with black footnotes now and then to explain an abstruse direction or word. The text is mostly in black; the titles are red. This is a thoughtfully designed book, and a pleasing one, with lots of good nursery rhymes and their whys, both gastronomical and historical. My one criticism is that not all the marginal prints have been identified. A mushroom is clearly a mushroom, but it would have been more consistent with the over-all completeness of the book to say so. Aside from that small carp, I can find nothing but plain enjoyment in the book. There is a good bibliography, with forty-three marginal prints (stamp-sized!) of frontispieces of famous cookbooks and portraits of their authors: Alexis Soyer, Tabitha Tickletooth, Francatelli, Marion Harland . . . More than a hundred and fifty books considered essential to the study of gastronomy are listed, by their complete titles, such as Eliza Acton's "Modern Cookery, In All Its Branches" (London, 1845) and Hannah Woolley's "The Gentlewoman's Companion" (London, 1673). The full title of the Woolley tome continues, "Or, A Guide to the Female Sex: Containing Directions of Behaviour, in all Places, Companies, Relations, and Conditions, from their Childhood down to Old Age: Viz. As, Children to Parents. Scholars to Governours. Single to Servants. Virgins to Suitors. Married to Husbands. Huswifes to the House. Mistresses to Servants. Mothers to Children. Widows to the World. Prudent to all. With Letters and Discourses upon all Occasions. Whereunto is added, A Guide for Cook-maids, Dairy-maids, Chamber-maids, and all

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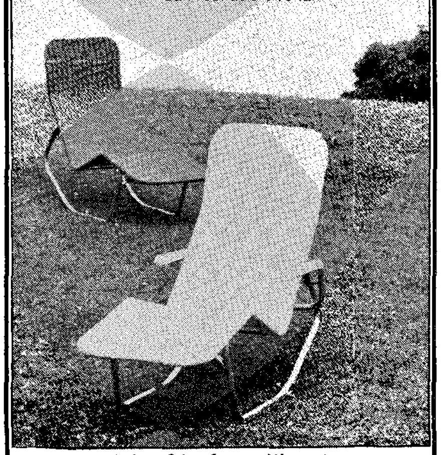

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others that go into Service. The whole being an exact Rule for the Female Sex in General." How can any buff resist such a hint of other joys? It is no wonder that the two Herman ladies got carried away by their title, but I think they would be the first to admit that it must take second place. There is no use trying to outdo a Grandma Moses, much less a Woolley. (One thing I notice about all these full titles is that their writers—or publishers—have been inclined to call their books "complete," and "the only true definitive," and "the best," just as today's blurbists do of many collections that are obviously not destined for posterity. I continue to frown on this habit, even in the face of several hundred years of the practice, and to suspect that "the most authentic and valuable treatise ever written about such-and-such" has yet to see the light.)

In "The Cornucopia," it is an amusing challenge that the recipes are given *exactly as they were written,* with a few changes of spelling. The Hermans say they have printed only ones that can be duplicated today, give or take a few differences in ovens and the like, and some familiarity with kitchen chemistry. A few of them make me wonder whether the two ladies in California do not assume too much knowledge on the part of their readers, but the book is fun for armchair gastronomers, and it is impossible not to quote a sample or two. Here are a couple of drinks the book has borrowed from Edward Spencer's "The Flowing Bowl" (London, 1898). One is strictly a personal comment, and the other ambiguously leaves the time and place for serving such a concoction to the reader.

BHANG

A dreadful East Indian drink, and a deadly intoxicant, is distilled from hemp; and if it had only been round the neck of the inventor before he invented it, society would have benefitted.

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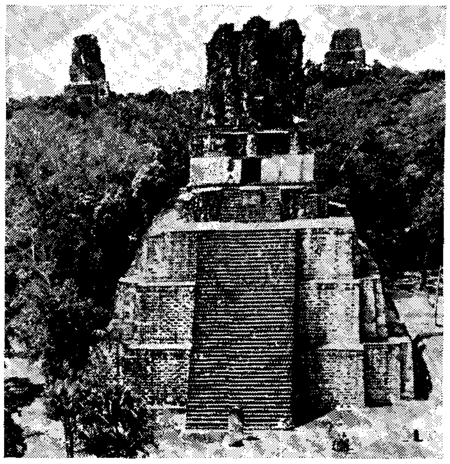
Webster's Third International says that bhang is indeed a hemp extract, usually fermented in milk or water, and I can agree that it might be obnoxious for that reason as well as for itself. And because I am a longtime student of cookbook recipes ranging from Aphrodisiac to Zebra Stew, I recognize in the second recipe proof



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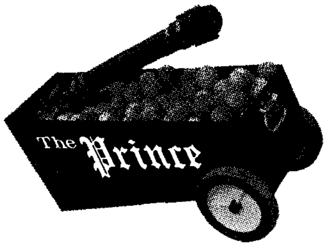

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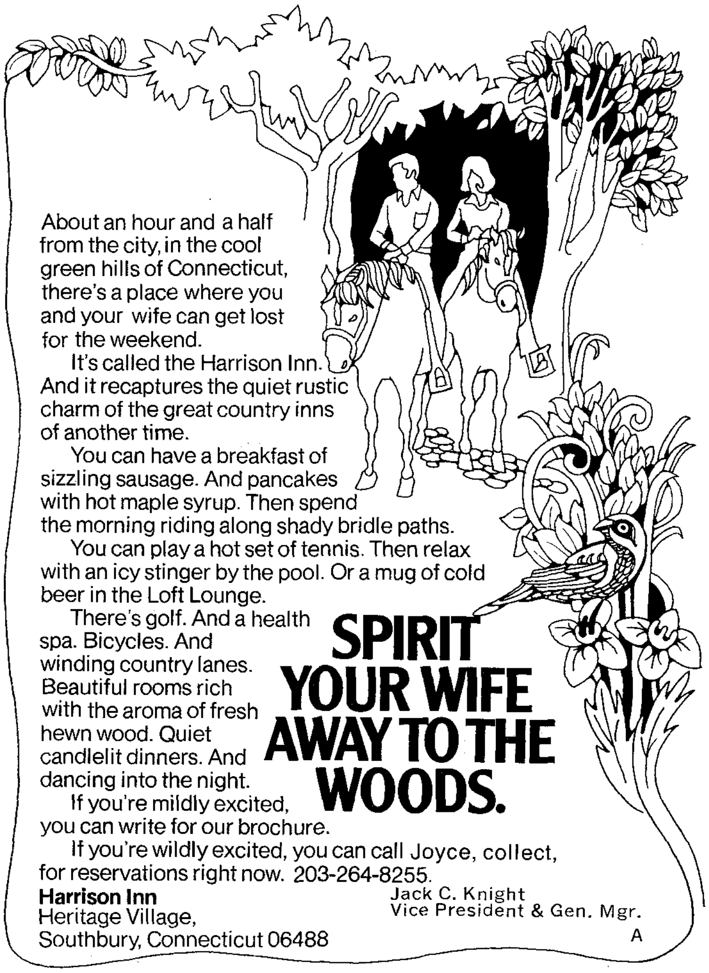
that hope springs eternal in the male as well as the female breast. The title is a tipoff, of course, but the ridiculous two grains of cayenne are a dead giveaway. Hot stuff, mon!

"The Cornucopia" offers a fairly tempting recipe "To Make Puffs," which I may try someday, but the reason I really like it is that it is from a book printed in 1655—"Natura Exenterata: Or Nature Unbowelled By the Most Exquisite Anatomizers of Her. Wherein are contained, Her choicest Secrets Digested into Receipts, fitted for the Cure of all sorts of Infirmities, whether Internal or External, Acute or Chronical, that are Incident to the Body of Man. Collected and preserved by several Persons of Quality and great Experience in the Art of Medicine," and so on. And then the volume cites my good friend Sir Kenelm Digby, Kt. (1671). And "The New Housekeeper's Manual, Being a guide to Economical, Healthful, Beautiful, and Christian Homes," by Miss Catharine Beecher and her somewhat more famous sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe (1873). And, naturally, Mrs. Isabella Beeton (1861). And Hugh Platt—plenty of him from London during the sixteenth century, and "verye necessary for all them that delyghteth in Cokerye." A book he wrote in 1596 is indeed worth study today: "Sundrie New and Artificiall Remedies Against Famine." But his best title was printed in London just after the turn of his century, in 1603: "Delightes for Ladies, to Adorne Their Persons, Tables, Closets, and Distillatories. With Beauties, Banquets, Perfumes and Waters. Reade, Practise, and Censure."

BY now it must be plain that finding such a pleasurable collection is a heady experience for me, and even more than that, because it is rare in the current flood of printed mediocrity. It almost makes me apprehensive, for I find myself becoming receptive, benign, uncritical, so when I have *two* good 'uns in hand and can turn reluctantly from one to the other, I can find nothing much to complain about—a dangerous and unfamiliar condition. This is blatantly true of "Much Entertainment, A Visual and Culinary Record of Johnson and Boswell's Tour of Scotland in 1773," which was published last year in England and New York by Liveright. It was compiled by Virginia Maclean, a good-looking home economist in Edinburgh, after a trip she and her husband "and three Americans" took in the footsteps of those two wordy and well-fed gentle-



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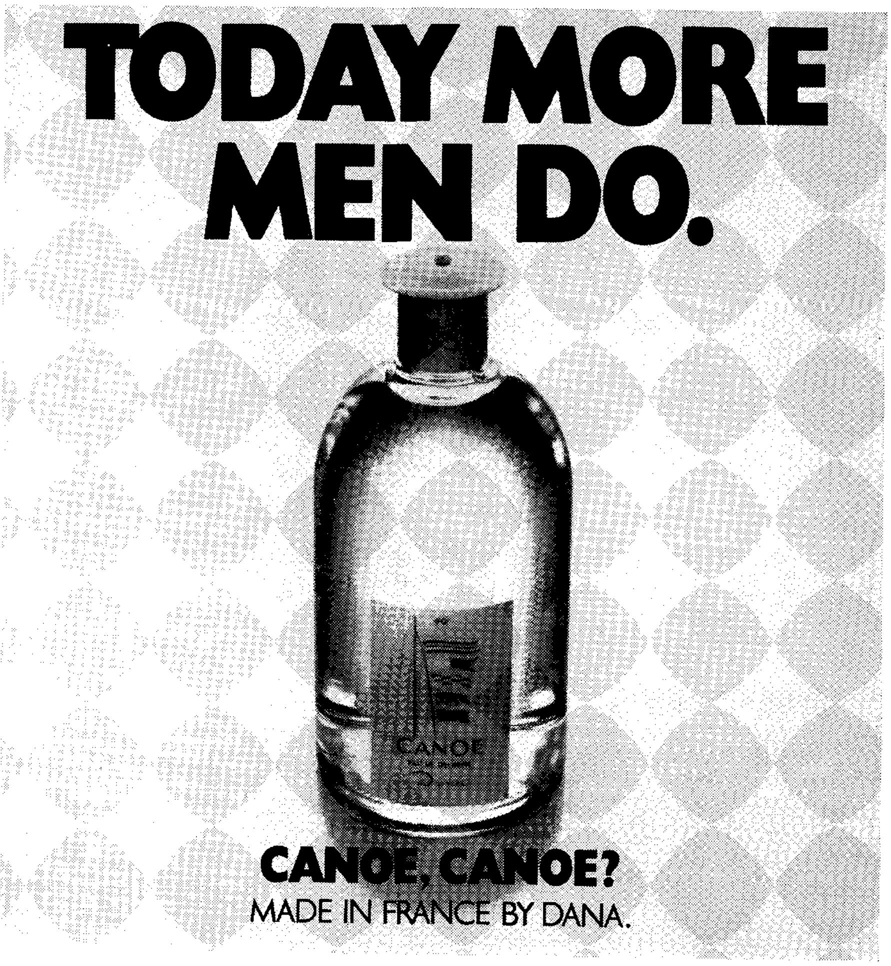

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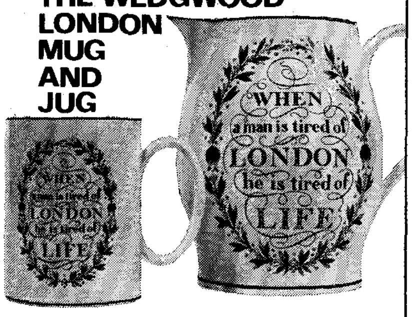

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men. The book is rich with rowdy caricatures by Thomas Rowlandson, who was, naturally, rollicking in his attitude toward the great lexicographer and his odd young companion. Then there are many more delicate pictures of the Highlands as these two must have seen them: engravings and etchings of castles, a cottage interior, children fishing, waves beating . . . These little beauties face each right-hand page of the generously designed book, which involves excerpts from Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" and Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands" and one or two recipes for dishes they may well have eaten at each stop. Mrs. Maclean has consulted some Scottish cookbooks of the period, and has modified and adapted the dishes to today's improvements and limitations. (We market-cook-eat faster and perhaps more easily, and compared to the people of two hundred years ago we are malnourished.)

A sure test of the worth of any such collection, miscellany, compilation, book of days, compendium, anthology is how many garden paths it can lead one down. Within a few minutes after I began looking at "Much Entertainment," I had pulled out "Tour to the Hebrides" (1785); "Johnson's Table Talk, A Selection of His Main Topics and Opinions taken from Boswell's 'Life' and Arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany" (Blackie & Son, Ltd., London, Glasgow, and Bombay, sometime in the nineteenth century); "Johnson's Dictionary, A Modern Selection," by E. L. McAdam, Jr., and George Milne (Pantheon, 1963); several histories of English eating; and a couple of books of Scottish recipes—all just for the fun of it, since I could not possibly doubt Virginia Maclean's clear view of what food has always been meant to be. And I was off. I was a happy bird dog, and the scents were good, and long later I would think back on my delighted wanderings. Such excursions are sometimes voluntary and sometimes forced upon an anthology buff, but in this case I really felt impelled to review much that I already knew. By now, as a valuable peripheral benefit, my presumptuous affection for Dr. Johnson is stronger than ever, as is my knowledge that he would never have cast more than a second look at me as a female, nor I at him as a male.

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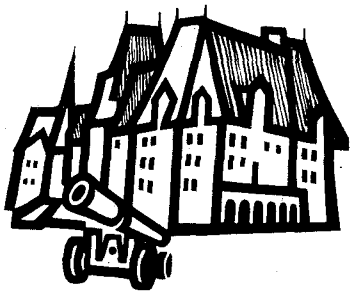

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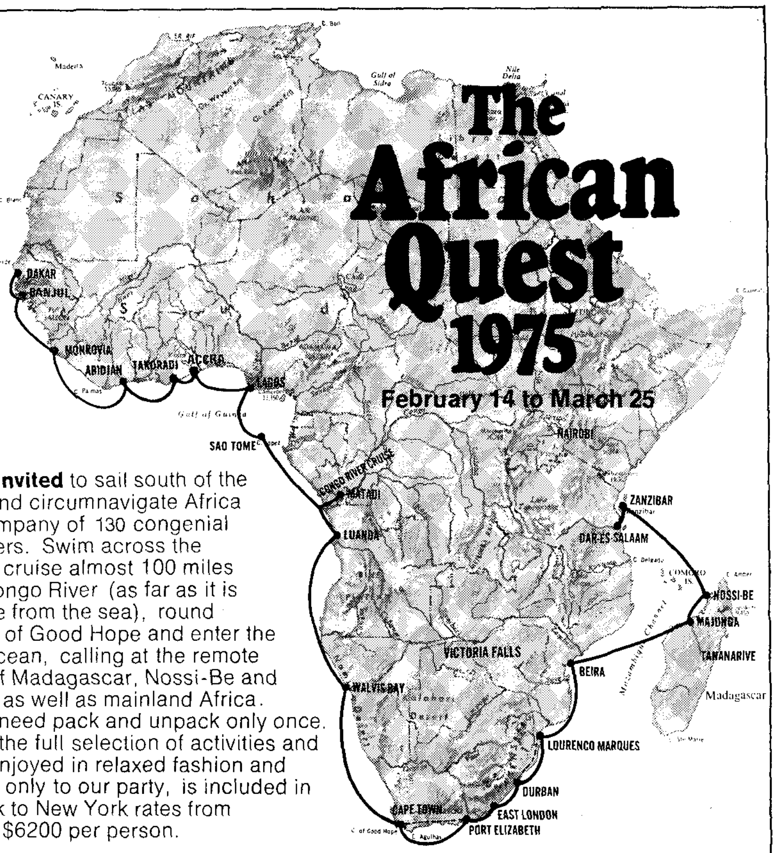
cared to halt his journey, being given the best possible bed and board and, more often than not, kindly and even bright conversation. The isolated castles and country houses the two wanderers stayed in seldom had fewer than thirty or so guests stopping there, and although Dr. Johnson did not dance, young Boswell made up for him, and they both sang along to the pipers who usually played at meals, and to the rare and elegant spinets—another meaning of the word "entertainment."

Words are words are words, as Johnson has often reminded me, and some of the names that he heard on his journey, and that the Scot Boswell could explain to him, are mysteries to me. What is a Skink, for example, and why? I do know what a Cullen Skink is. On August 26, 1773, the travellers breakfasted in Cullen, where, Boswell reports, "they set down dried haddocks broiled, along with our tea. . . . Dr. Johnson was disgusted by the sight of them, so they were removed." They were not a Cullen Skink, which is not that plain. Cullen Skink is made of smoked haddocks, and "Much Entertainment" gives a recipe for it—a kind of soup made of soaked haddock and onion and mashed potatoes which I myself would not spurn for a hearty breakfast. What is more, I have found another recipe for it, in a strange little book, "Recipes from Scotland," by F. Marian McNeill (Albyn Press, Edinburgh, 1946). It, too, is rightly called Cullen Skink, and it sounds almost exactly like the older dish; it is described as "from the Shores of the Moray Firth." I assume, then, that a Skink is a fish soup with mashed potatoes in it. Such names are without any obvious semantic clue to them, but this little recipe book tries to define more of them than does Mrs. Maclean. A Bawd is a Hare, and Crappin is Stuffing. A Farl is a section of an oat Bannock quartered before being fired (cooked). And a Bannock is a flat, round Cake of dough the size of a meat plate, baked on a girdle, which anybody could guess is a griddle. A Tattie is a Potato, as I think I did guess, first time round. But what about Kail Brose (a Brose is made by pouring boiling liquid over raw or toasted oatmeal), whose recipe starts out "A piece of Hough. A Stock of Curly Kail"? And how would anyone know that Partan Bree is Fresh Crab Soup? And all this querying is because two gentlemen did not like broiled haddock for breakfast one morning two hundred years ago.

Johnson defined Oats in his "Dictionary" as "a grain, which in Eng-



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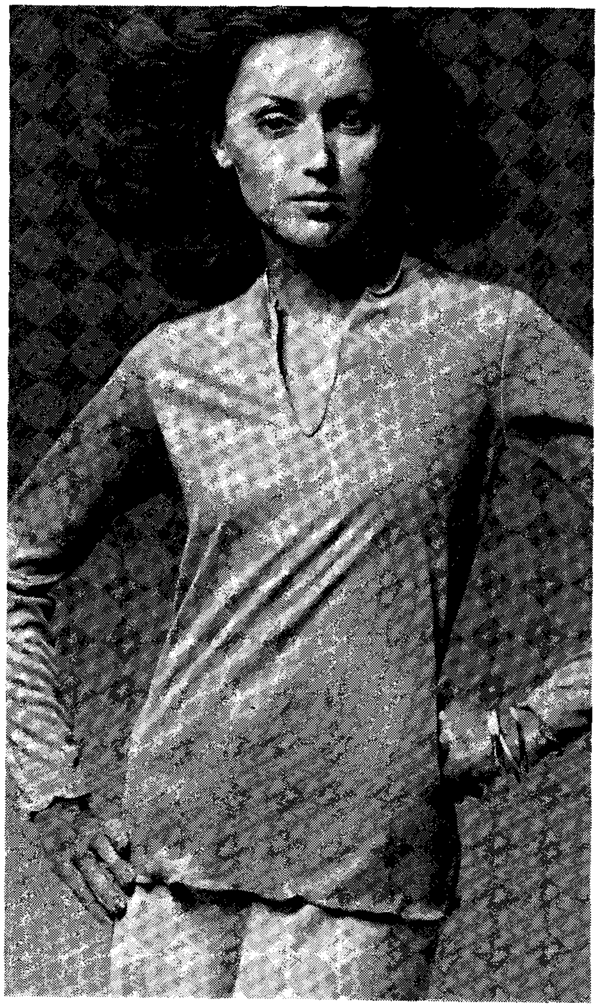

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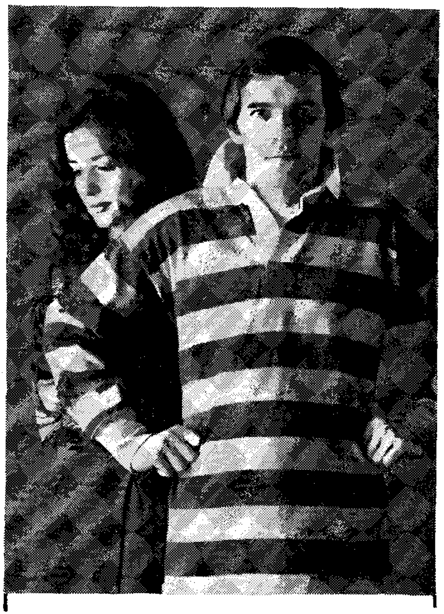

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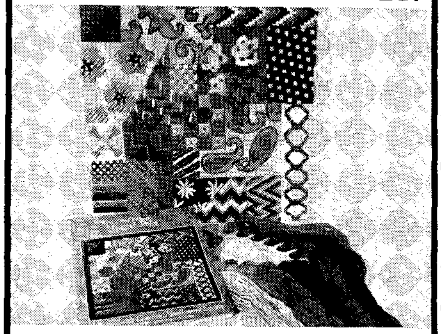

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land is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." In the little cookbook by Mrs. McNeill, there is a gentler description: "Brose [porridge] was formerly the universal ploughman's breakfast in Scotland—but was popular, too, in all ranks of society—and did much to build up brain and brawn." I must confess that my conditioned reaction to boiled oatmeal is a poor one, but I like to remember that Peter MacLaren, a man of brain and brawn indeed, whom we called Uncle Mac when I was little, drank a bowl of its gruel every night before he went up to his frosty bed when he, too, was a child.

Boswell took his servant Joseph along on the tour of the Hebrides, and, judging by the comparatively sparse excerpts from the "Journal" provided by Mrs. Maclean, the man spent much of his time riding ahead of the two travellers to announce their arrival in the vicinity and ask if it would be "convenient to call." This meant, of course, a warm welcome from the lonely households in the Highlands, whether in cottage or castle (usually the latter), and good to excellent food and drink, and even a ball in big country places.

Boswell was lively on his feet, but Johnson preferred to sit, and down great amounts of lemonade or tea, and talk whenever it was possible. Usually, things went smoothly for the two, but now and then there was a little trouble: a row once between the odd couple, when the Doctor, overtired after too long a climb up Mam Rattachan (September 1st), decided that Boswell was deserting him, though in truth the decent fellow was running ahead to find lodgings. (Where was Joseph on that arduous walk?) The inn proved to be lamentable. The food was inedible. Fortunately, the noon before the climb, young James and old Sam'l had drunk amply of a frothy sillabub "on a green turf seat at the end of a house," and "Dr. Johnson was much refreshed by this repast." No doubt that heady refreshment sustained the travellers long enough to allow them to forgive each other for their quarrel, and of course Rowlandson delighted to caricature it, in a cruelly funny drawing called "The Reconciliation."

It is interesting alcoholically that though Dr. Johnson was in one of his long periods of abstaining from wines, punches, and ales, he thrived on such restoratives as sillabubs, which depended on brandy, sherry, port, and local variations on the theme of Scotch whiskey—as well as good, creamy milk—for their value. In general, he

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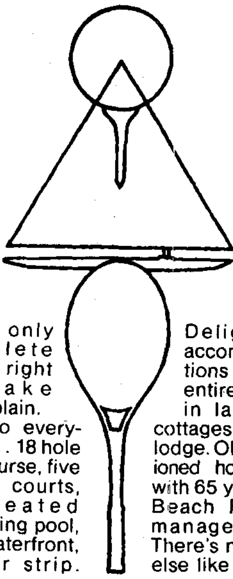

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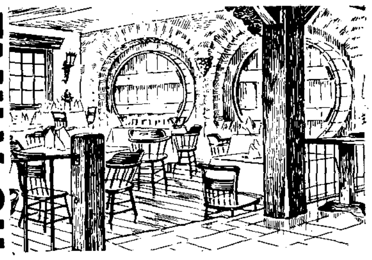

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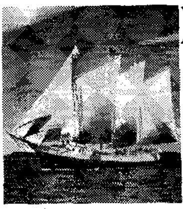

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was patient with Boswell, a notable tippler, although he was disdainful of the young lawyer's lack of control and general moral wastefulness. A hangover (which Rowlandson drew scarily) made the sober man sarcastic and annoyed; tipsy social manners he deemed to be even worse. Boswell stayed repentant but unregenerated, and reported faithfully whatever Dr. Johnson chose to say on the subject of "convivial drinking." Usually, his idol's abstention was blamed on his having been ill after too much and too long a period of unlimited enjoyment of grog in all its forms, but occasionally the Doctor admitted that he stayed abstemious because he was unable to be moderate—the opposite of his companion, who was ignorant of either condition.

Dr. Johnson openly despised the Scottish Lowlands and their people, but confessed to fully enjoying "much entertainment" as the two diarists scribbled their way from one hospitable house to another in the Highlands. He could not help baiting Boswell, however, about the lack of culture everywhere, and on September 23rd, as the two were going by boat from Ullinish to Ferinlea, to spend two nights with Colonel John Macleod and his wife, Mary Maclean of Coll, he stated flatly that, until the Union, Scots had touched nothing but "weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." Boswell protested, loyally, "I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness," and Johnson ended the discussion with his usual ponderous finesse by saying, "No, sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk." As if to contradict him on several points at once, the Macleods proved to be mannerly and charming people. A Macleod met the guests on the shore at Ferinlea, where they ate "an excellent dinner, in particular a remarkable leg of boiled mutton with turnips and carrots." (The recipe sounds dreary, and the sauce worse—a pint of thin gravy with an ounce of capers floating in it.) After this feast, the gentlemen rode three miles to the Laird's estate in Talisker, and all was as seemly and comfortable as Dr. Johnson could have found it in the finest home in England—doubtless to Boswell's secret pleasure. "Our tea was in good order," he noted, "and we had a genteel supper. The Colonel had claret, port, sherry, and punch, with porter in abundance," and this where the best whiskey in Skye was made—and still is, some affirm!

After two days of such decorous contentment, the travellers sent their

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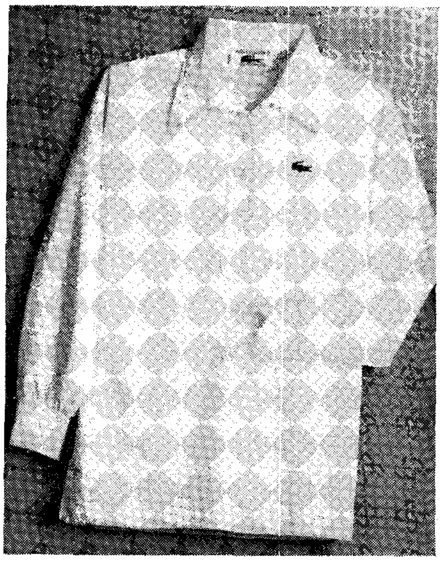
horses ahead with Joseph, and went by boat for a second visit with the Mackinnons of Corrie, apparently on the spur of the moment. Boswell noted, "We were most hospitably received by the master and mistress, who were just going to bed, but, with unaffected ready kindness, made a good fire, and at twelve o'clock at night had supper on the table." Johnson went to bed as soon as he had eaten, no doubt to the sleepy servants' delight, but Boswell stayed up drinking punch, and the next day lay felled by a dreadful hangover, heavy with regret and shame. Long after noon, the Doctor came into his room and said, " 'What, drunk yet?' His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little. 'Sir,' said I, 'they kept me up.' He answered, 'No, you kept them up, you drunken dog.' This he said with good-humoured *English* pleasantry." Soon after, friends gathered around Boswell's couch, bringing brandy and a glass. " 'Ay,' said Dr. Johnson, 'fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and skulk to bed, and let his friends have no sport.' " Boswell felt relieved to find his savagely contemptuous friend "thus jocular," and set about proving that liquor was indeed a quick cure for his headache. "When I rose," he noted solemnly, "I went into Dr. Johnson's room, and taking up Mrs. Mackinnon's prayerbook, I opened it at the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, in the epistle for which I read, 'And be not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess.' Some would have taken this as a divine interposition." Thus comforted both physically and morally, Boswell went once more to the hospitable table, and no doubt felt sturdy enough to end his usual generous enjoyment of the victuals and the wines with his share of the famous Macdonald Bread and Butter Pudding, always served hot with cream. (His hostess was a Macdonald, and he had already beamed upon the pudding at her sister's castle.) It sounds like a pleasant dish, and the recipe is on page 51 of "Much Entertainment." There are several other tempting dishes in the collection, all skillfully adapted from two hundred years ago, and one I plan to try soon—a kind of shortbread made fancy with almonds and chopped citron, called Pitcaithly Bannock (page 57). I plan this mostly because of the name, for plain shortbread is better.

Obviously, a daydream of murmuring nonchalantly, "Oh, yes, a Pitcaithly Bannock," as I pass it with the coffee



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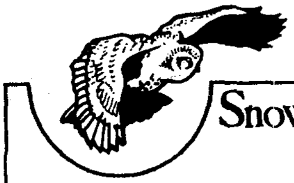

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after almost anything but boiled mutton with carrots and turnips, is proof that the occasional books like this one and "The Cornucopia" are pure enjoyment—a form of self-indulgence, my puritanical grandmother would say. And my reply would be, silently, of course, "Seize the moment! *Carpe diem!*," for it is seldom that reading new cookbooks is much fun; they can be boring, or annoying, or badly written—*unimportant*. Savoring two unpretentious collections of old ways of feeding and even healing people can be considered basically unimportant, too. But it may also hold some clues to the future. —M. F. K. FISHER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BIJOU, by David Madden (Crown). A nostalgic, sprawling ode to a thirteen-year-old boy growing up in Tennessee in the forties that comes perilously close to being a parody of this currently popular genre of fiction. The boy, Lucius Hutchfield, is a movie-mad, randy, sensitive, lovable, bumbling usher at the local movie theatre. Lucius wanders around hoping to catch glances of girls undressing, he puts up as best he can with his rambunctious brothers and his drunken father, and he writes poems, plays, and radio scripts that reflect a foolish, skewed vision of life learned from the screen. Unfortunately, the endless naming of movies and movie stars (such as " 'While the Sea Remains' by David H. Scott, starring Alan Ladd as Sam Gulliver and Vivien Leigh as Marina . . ."), which Mr. Madden obviously felt was essential to his book, has a soporific effect on the reader; and though the author rightly assumes that people these days want as much true local grit as they can get from books, he seems to be unaware of the fact that the unadorned names of forties idols and words like "Moon Pie," "mashed 'taters," and "sliced 'maters" are not *intrinsically* fascinating.

STRINGER, by Ward Just (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Stringer is an American civilian intelligence agent attached to the Army in Southeast Asia. We meet him, teamed with a West Point captain, at the start of a guerrilla mission to locate and destroy an enemy supply convoy. The captain is killed, but the mission is successful, and Stringer heads for home. At some point, in some way, for some reason, he goes mad. It is apparent that Mr. Just intends his

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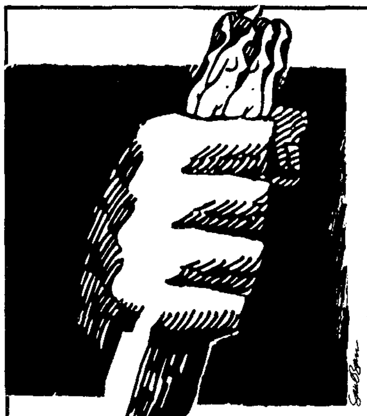

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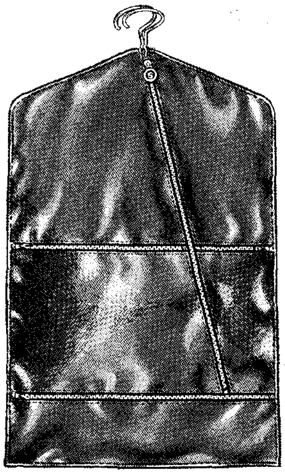

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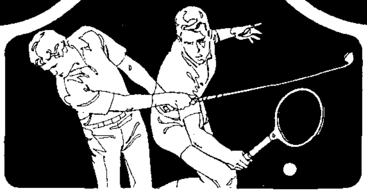

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book as a statement about both life and war ("Stringer participated in the war and allowed others to think about it; in that way, the war was exactly like life itself. One maneuvered inside the details, there was no possibility of making sense of the whole"), but he can't seem to make himself clear. His failure, however, is no more than that; he is an excellent writer, and he has given us a novel that, though ultimately enigmatic, is otherwise a splendidly observed adventure.

GENERAL

Justices and Presidents: A Political History of Appointments to the Supreme Court, by Henry J. Abraham (Oxford). The author, a professor of government at the University of Virginia, begins at the beginning, explaining what George Washington looked for (and what he found) when he had to staff the first Supreme Court. In the course of American history, Mr. Abraham thinks, the justices of the Supreme Court have been, as a group, the most distinguished set of men in federal government, though, to be sure, some have been a good bit more distinguished than others. He explains the muddle of considerations—political, of course, but also geographical, temperamental, intellectual, ethnic—that have affected nominations to the Court. There has never been anything simple about the business, and the fact that this complicated process has, by and large, done so well is a happy surprise. Alas, like many another American historian and social scientist, Mr. Abraham is not at all pleased with the last two Administrations; he feels that their concepts of nomination amounted to a break—or an attempted break—with a worthy past.

Morning Without Noon, by Salvador de Madariaga (Saxon House). The recollections of a man of eighty-seven who spent his life ahead of his time and, probably, of ours. De Madariaga was born in Spain but received much of his education in France and England, so that he grew up trilingual and cosmopolitan. One outcome was a job in the permanent secretariat of the League of Nations, where he found himself increasingly unhappy because the organization regarded itself as a forum, whereas he felt it ought to become a world government. Madariaga left Geneva for a chair at Oxford; then

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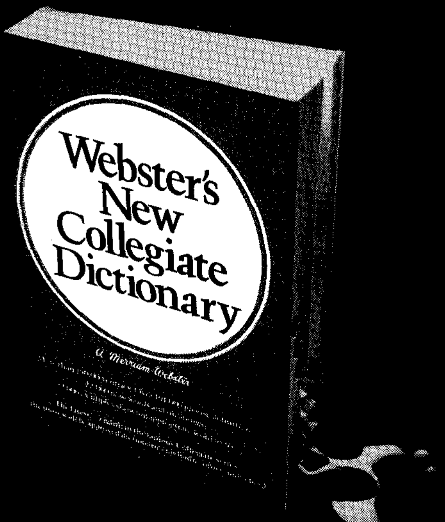
the new Spanish Republic called him as a diplomat, and he returned to the League as Spain's delegate in time to see his forebodings realized when that body did nothing about the Japanese in Manchuria or the Italians in Ethiopia. In the Spanish Civil War, he was, like so many liberals at all times and places, caught in the middle: the loyalists stole his car and the rebels destroyed his library. Though an exile in England and Switzerland since 1936, he is not embittered, and he writes with wit and humor about his own mistakes as well as other men's follies.

THE SYMMETRICAL FAMILY, by Michael Young and Peter Willmott (Pantheon). Before the Industrial Revolution, most families were, in effect, small businesses, but the organization of big business in the nineteenth century turned wives and children into dependents of breadwinners who worked long hours away from their homes. The authors—two English sociologists, who were aided by a large staff of interviewers—studied families in the London metropolitan area to see how the twentieth century's patterns of work, leisure, and home-owning have affected family life. Their title suggests what they found: the English family nowadays is much less lopsided than it used to be, for three reasons—fewer children, more working wives, and widespread home-ownership. Families share domestic duties, toil at do-it-yourself improvements, and take the children along on jaunts. The exceptions are the very poor, the very rich, and the very ambitious. The authors are not surprised by what they found, and do not expect anyone else to be.

NOTE: "The Curve of Binding Energy," John McPhee's Profile of Theodore B. Taylor, the nuclear scientist, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. All the material originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

RIPLEY'S GAME, by Patricia Highsmith (Knopf). Ripley, an American with a stunning French wife and a near-château in Fontainebleau, is a bright and charming psychopath: murder (for profit or in self-defense) comes as easy to him as puttering in his garden or browsing for antiques or driving his Alfa-Romeo. In this, his third appearance, Miss Highsmith involves him and a



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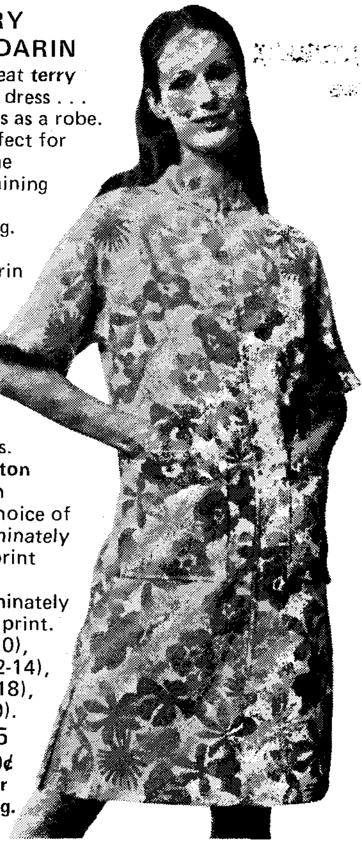

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desperate young Englishman dying of leukemia in a scheme to discourage the Mafia from getting a foothold in Germany. Miss Highsmith has never been more animated, more interesting, or more profligate with men shot, garroted, thrown off express trains, clubbed with firewood, felled with hammers, and pushed in front of speeding cars.

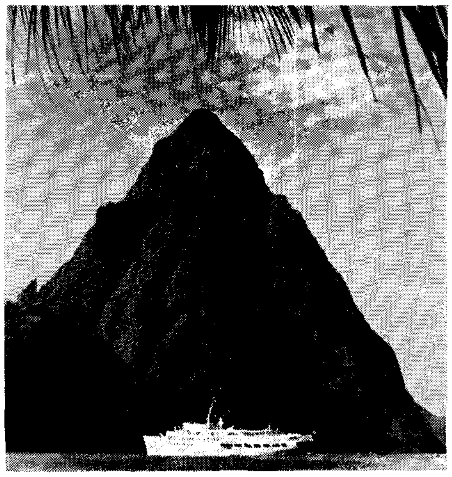
DINGDONG, by Arthur Maling (Harper & Row). Dingdong is a monster—a baby-faced young man with long blond hair who would just as soon break your arm as spit, and has twice the strength he needs to do it. It is the misfortune of a Chicago TV actor and model named Michael Wiley (a has-been at thirty-odd) to attract the attention of a grim old ex-con to whom Dingdong is somehow devoted. After a little persuasion (brutish but convincing), poor Wiley is off to Zurich to retrieve a fortune in illegal money for his tormentors. What's worse, Dingdong goes along to keep him straight. Mr. Maling has a good sense of the ordinary as a backdrop for his melodramatics, and he also has an admirably tricky imagination and a fine sense of pace. This is an impressive demonstration of his several skills.

MOST DEADLY HATE, by Harry Carmichael (Saturday Review Press). What we have here is an English mystery story in the classic form. That is to say, it is single-mindedly designed as a puzzle. No love story, no sexual distractions, no onstage violence, no pell-mell action, no humor, and none but the most elementary characterization. It is, however, an exceedingly ingenious and teasing puzzle. A London literary agent tells the police that he was lured from home earlier that night by a telephoned ruse, and returned to find his wife missing and what looked like bloodstains on her favorite chair. It soon develops that he and his wife were estranged, that he has a delectable mistress, and that his wife had unexpectedly come into a fortune. And that he also has a discarded mistress. And that his present mistress has a jealous husband. And then comes a telephoned demand for a ransom. What's it all about? It isn't easy not to want to find out.

•

Both dishes were surrounded by beautiful flowers, but the plates were whisked away before we could pin them on our wives.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Waiters knew what they were doing.



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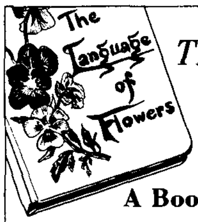

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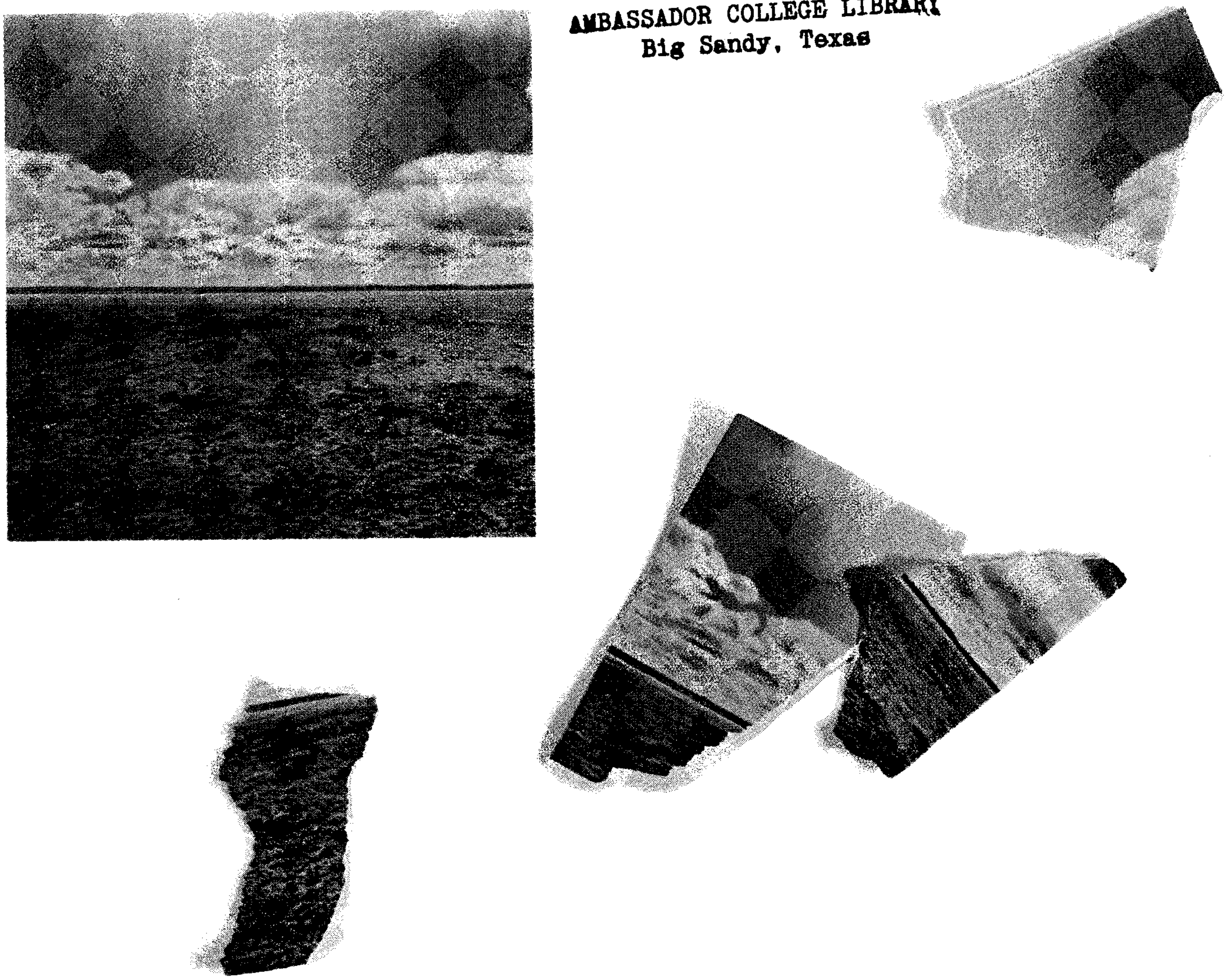

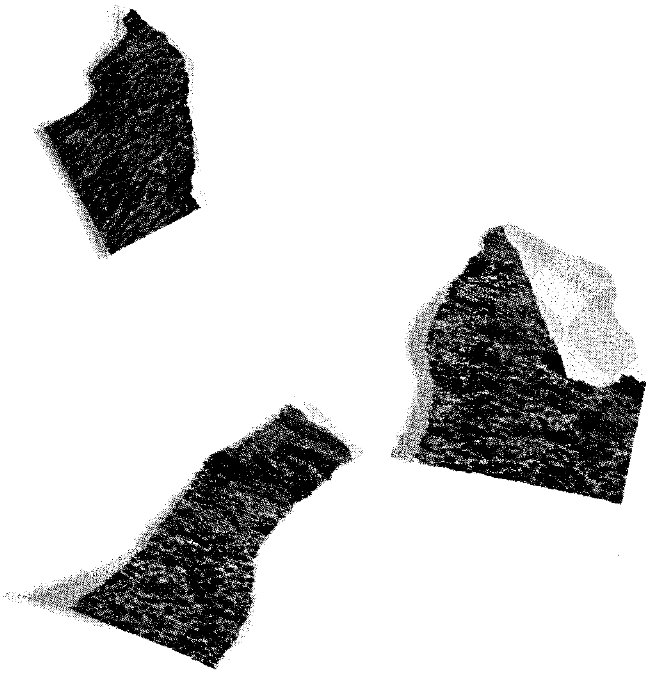

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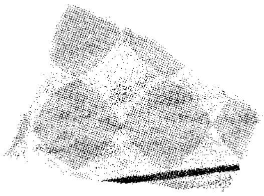

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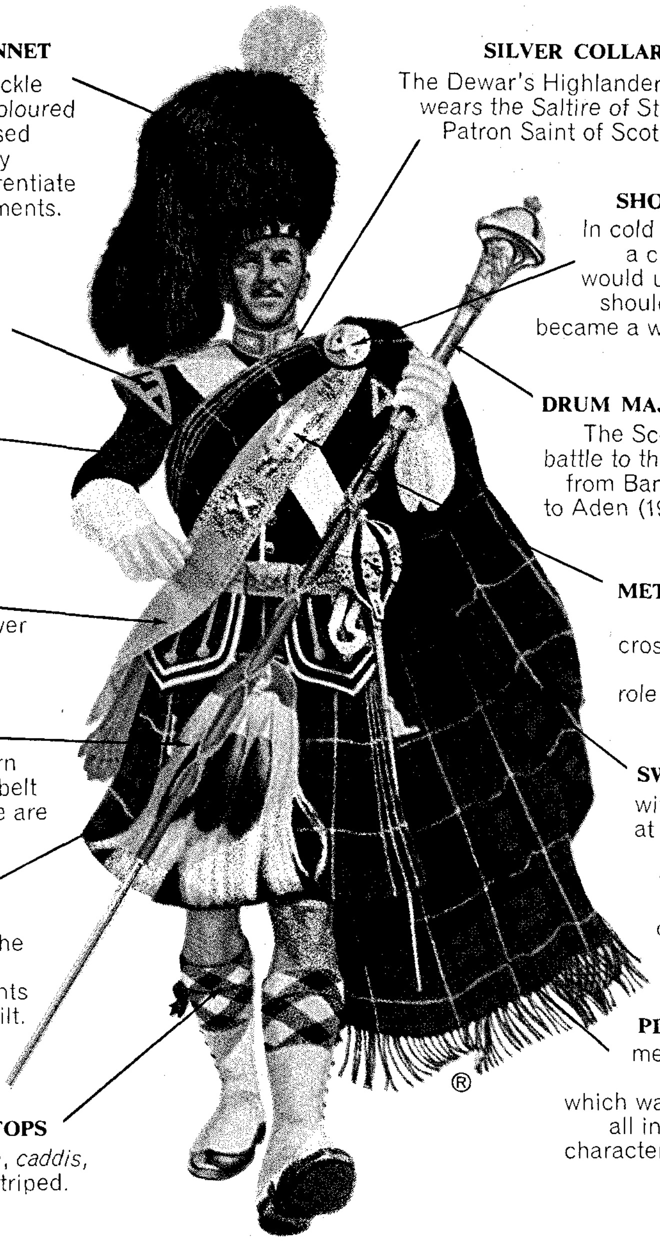

FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

SCARLET DOUBLET
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GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis*, meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

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with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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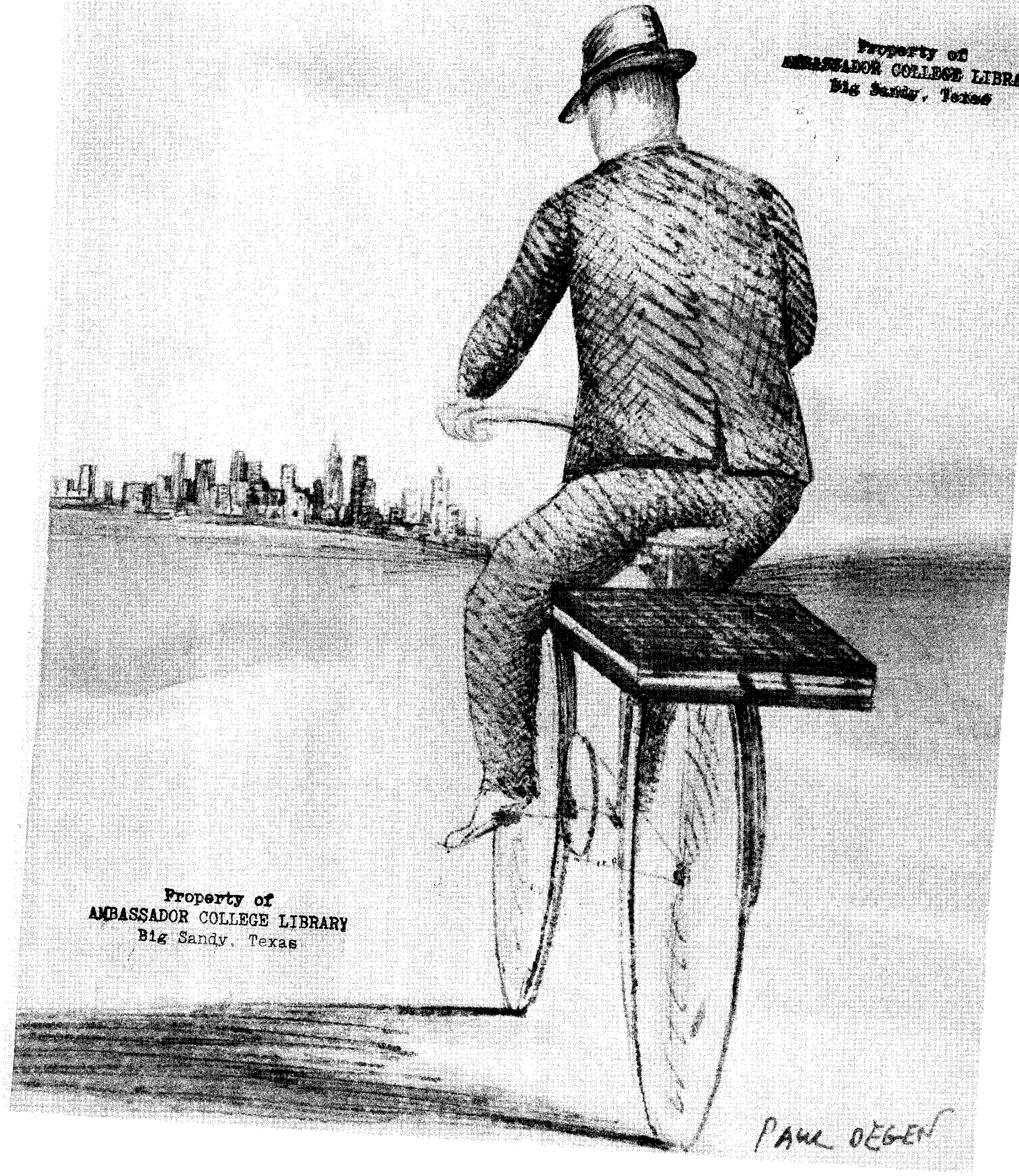

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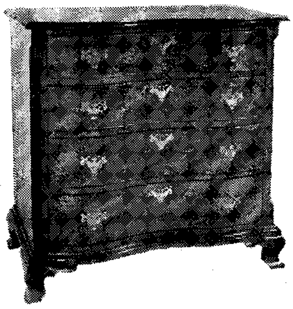

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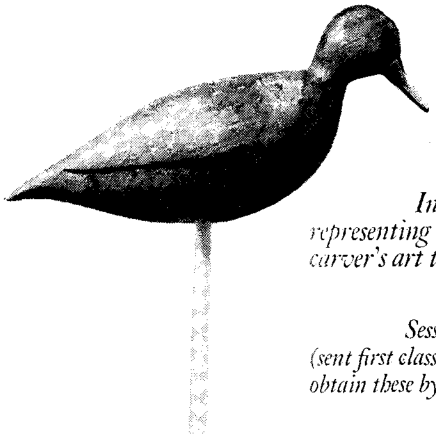

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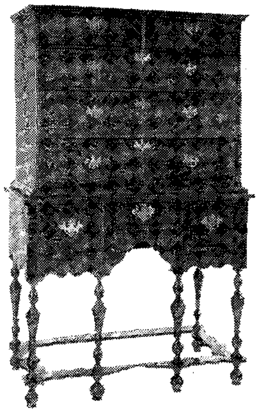

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PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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All the King's Men—An adaptation by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) of Robert Penn Warren's play, with music and lyrics by Malcolm Dodds. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 2.)

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With John Heffernan, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Circle—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except May 29, and Saturdays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jumpers—Speculations on the nature of God and man, cast in the form of jokes and acrobatics. The playwright is Tom Stoppard, and his funny lines are ably spoken by Brian Bedford and Jill Clayburgh. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A musical with a score and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz and a book by Bob Randall. Doug Henning, a Canadian illusionist, heads the cast. Directed by Grover Dale. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, and Barbara Montgomery plays her mother. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of neatly turned one-act plays by the late Master, delightfully enacted by Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Anne Baxter, and Thom Christopher. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, May 30.)

Raisin—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able English actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the dramatist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Sirens—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Words and Music—How to write terrific popular songs, and then how to put them over, partly through body English. Our delightful teacher is Sammy Cahn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Year of the Dragon—A play by Frank Chin. *Season subscribers only.* (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 15.)

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Long Runs—**don't bother me, i can't cope:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 30, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.). . . **the fantasticks:** 5,865 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 30, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, May 30, at 2:30.). . . **el grande de coca-cola:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **irene:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **a little night music:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, William Daniels, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 29, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "In the Night," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Bartók No. 3.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 30, at 8: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Saltarelli" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Friday, May 31, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Saltarelli," "Agon," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 1 at 2: "La Source," "Dybbuk," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Saturday, June 1, at 8: "Orpheus," "In the Night," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 2, at 1: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Sunday, June 2, at 7: "Allegro Brillante," "Saltarelli," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 4, at 8: "La Source," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Saltarelli," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 5, at 8: "Serenade," "Bartók No. 3," "Duo Concertant," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 6, at 8: "Watermill," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday, June 7, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Prodigal Son," "Duo Concertant," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 8: "Watermill" and "Saltarelli." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 30.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—Final performances—Wednesday evening, May 29: "Blues Suite," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 30: "Blues Suite," "Spirituals," "The Wedding," and "Missa Brevis.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 31: "The Wedding," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 1: "Hidden Rites," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 2: "Choros," "Spirituals," "The Wedding," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Missa Brevis.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 2: "Choros," "Fanga," "The Wedding," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday, May 29 (preview); Sunday, June 2; and Tuesday, June 4, all at 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik" (première), and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 30, at 6:45 (opening), and Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, at 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song" (première), and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 5, at 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 6, at 8: "Theatre," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight." . . . ¶ Friday, June 7, at 8: "Intermezzo," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik," and "At Midnight." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Closes Sunday, June 16.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—"Climb," "Las Desenamoradas," "Descent and Portals," "Serendipity," and "Hushed Voices." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Dave Brubeck—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with the Two Generations of Brubeck. At nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen, beginning Monday, June 3.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

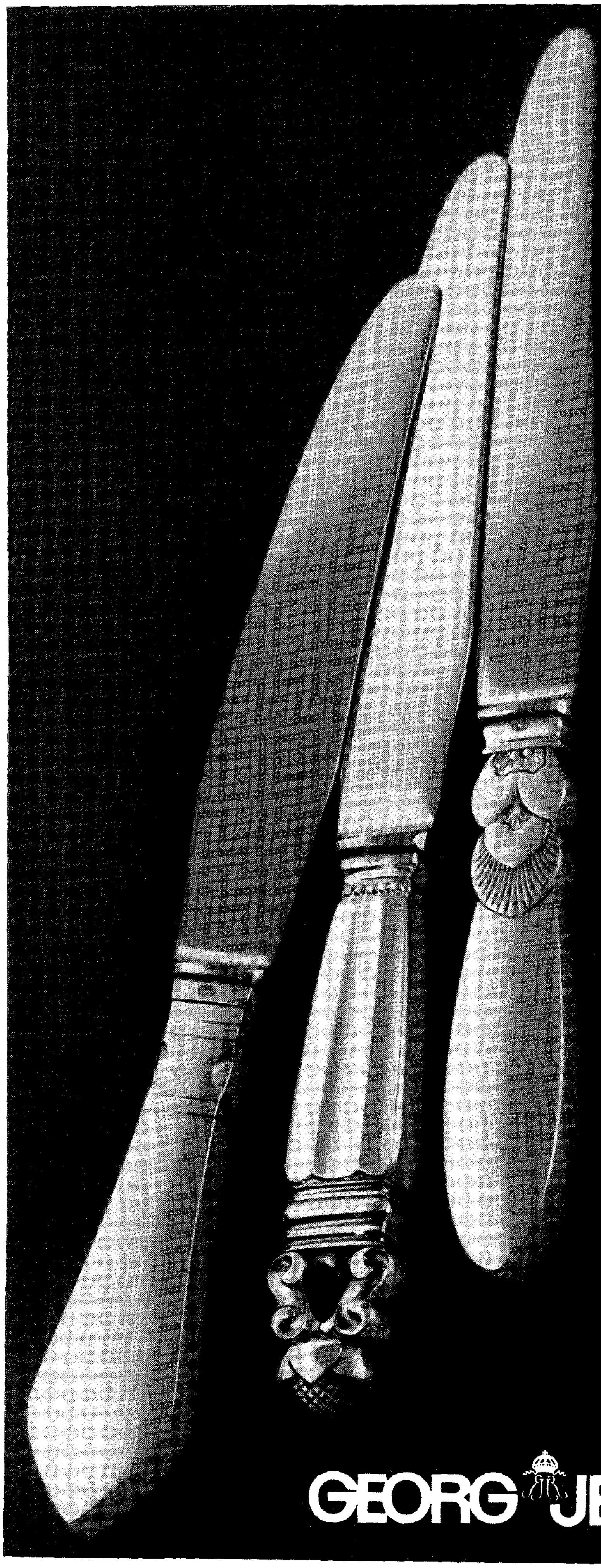
Erroll Garner—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Piano, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Dizzy Gillespie—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, heading a quartet, from nine-thirty, beginning Monday, June 3.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet at ten, nightly, except Mondays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard,



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Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, from nine to three, through Saturday, June 1.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Sy Oliver—Americana, Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from eight to one-thirty, through Saturday, June 1.

Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a trio led by saxophonist Red Prysock. From nine-thirty, through Saturday, June 1.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Michal Urbaniak—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Jazz violin, with his band, Fusion, nightly, except Tuesdays.

Wendy Waldman—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Singing and playing piano, guitar, and dulcimer. Through Sunday, June 2.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays from nine until two.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple cavelike setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to Mount Airy, the kind of rock band Bob Hope might take on tour. Through Monday, June 3, except on Thursday, May 30. On the same bill, through Sunday, June 2, is Wendy Waldman, a lively twenty-three-year-old singer from Southern California, whose onstage demeanor, especially her between-song patter, suggests a still skittish, inexperienced Earth Mother. She is effective as a performer of her own material—projecting a loose, direct, unpretentious style—and her work stands out in contemporary folk-and-rock contexts. Many of the more than one hundred and fifty songs she has written are first-rate and original, and her lyrics are never embarrassing. Warner Brothers, for whom she records, has recently sent her on tour as a single, depriving her of the backup band she recorded with. This is good fortune for her and for her listeners. On her record, her music is overproduced (a misfortune befalling many performers making records lately), overaccompanied, and nearly overwhelmed—in short, the band gets in her way. Her power as a singer is best realized when she works alone, as she does here, providing her own accompaniment on piano, guitar, or dulcimer. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Ice-cream concoctions or, for Spartans, coffee, tea, or water.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Junior Mance, a master of bluesy jazz, and his trio play through Saturday, June 1. On Wednesday, June 5, Robin Kenyatta, a lyrical saxophonist and flutist, begins wandering from jazz to soul to pop, along with his quartet. Nine to three are the music hours.

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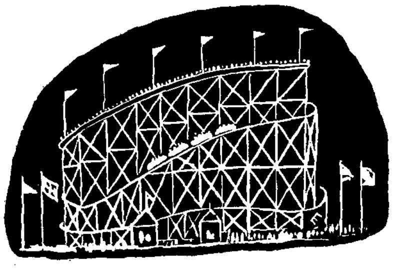
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. Les Variations, a group from North Africa, pound out *le rock et roll* opposite the Persuasions, a pulsing a-cappella soul quintet. On Wednesday, May 29. Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2, Ashford & Simpson, a long-established songwriting team now setting out to make a name for themselves as a singing duo, too, perform their old and new compositions. They share the facilities with Robin Kenyatta's quartet. Les McCann, the driving soul electric pianist who has been charged with playing "homogenized funk," heads up his band opposite Betty Davis, a rhythm-and-blues singer. Starting Tuesday, June 4. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Pianist Cedar Walton works with bassist Sam Jones through Saturday, June 1. On Monday, June 3, the piano-bass duo of Walter Norris and Eddie Gomez comes in. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—The Buddy in question is, of course, drummer Buddy Rich, and his just-opened quarters can already be counted among the city's better jazz spots. Several spotlights illuminate Rich and his explosive septet—probably one of the best groups that Rich has worked with in years. Sonny Fortune's soprano and alto saxophone and flute, and Sal Nistico's tenor, make up a splendid reed section. Anthony Jackson is the strikingly agile electric bassist. John Hicks does wonders on piano, Jimmy Maeulin more than holds his own on congas, and Jack Wilkins, a young guitarist, can be as lilting or as gutsy as the occasion may require. Rich himself holds the whole ensemble together wonderfully, and even soloes on occasion, but never at undue length. It's unusual to see a band as small as this one hunched over music stands reading charts, but the arrangements (by Ernie Wilkins, Mike Abene, and Manny Albam) are suitable territory for fire storms. Two shows week nights, three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the center of the room. Barbara Carroll, currently seated at that piano, and her bassist Jay Leonhart divert the diners with some substantial jazz from eight to one. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. Singer Marc Allen Trujillo performs through Sunday, June 2. Valentine, a singing quartet of fugitives from various "Hair" companies, arrives with a backup band on Tuesday, June 4. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. Guitarist Sam Brown receives assistance from bassist Midge Pike through Saturday, June 1. On Sunday and Monday, June 2-3, guitarist Jimmy De Angelis plays with a bassist, and on Tuesday, June 4, guitarist Jim Barto and bassist Bill Ellington take their seats on the dais. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

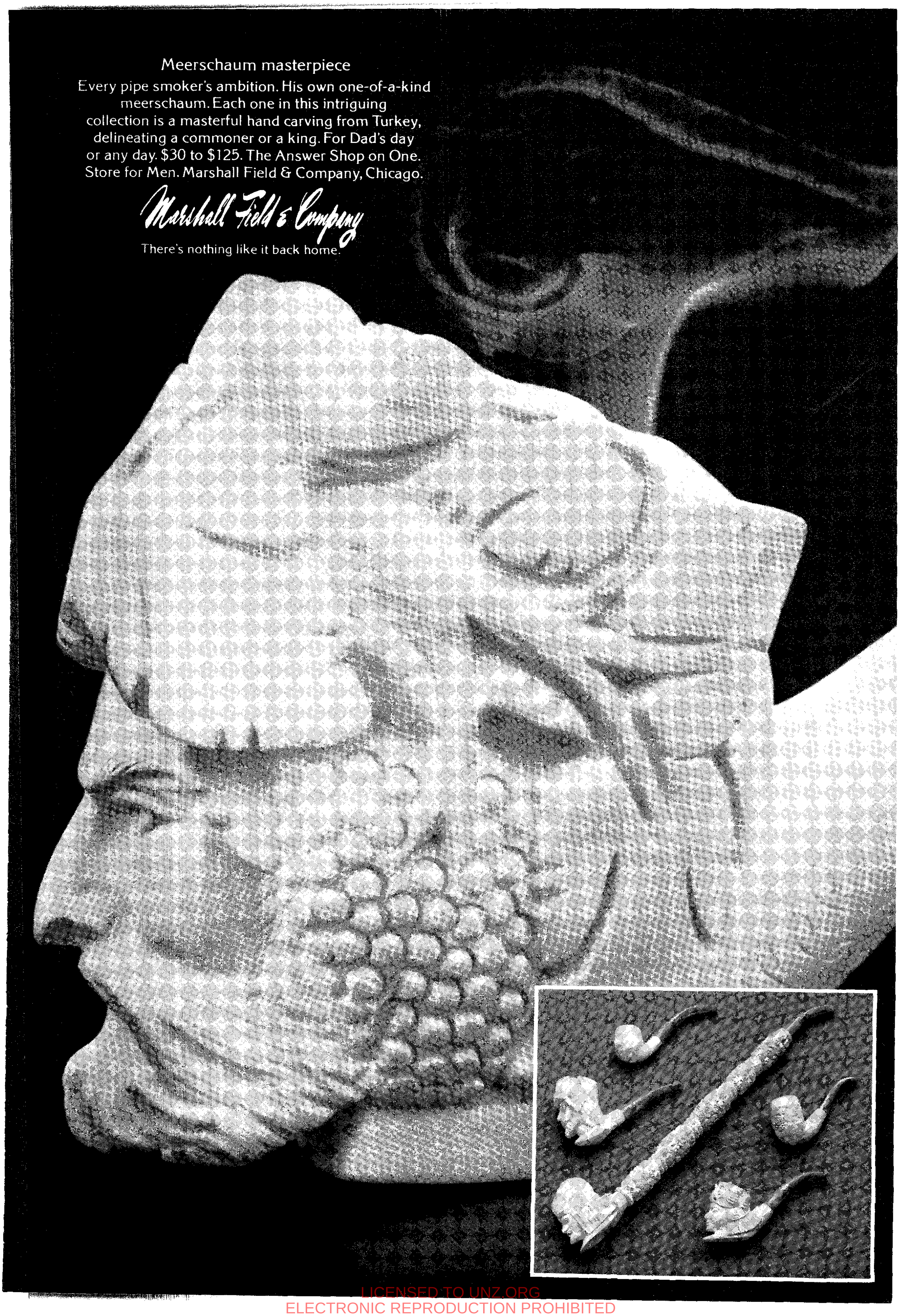
Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. The Half Note, now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, is a night club, is enjoying success on the crest of reëmerging night life in the city. Arthur Prysock is singing with the Red Prysock trio, opposite singer and organist Bu Pleasant, through Saturday, June 1. On Monday, June 3, the Dizzy Gillespie quartet, as electrifying as ever, comes in to alternate with pianist Mike Longo, who is now performing on his own but who served as a member of and musical director for Gillespie's group for the past several years. Shows at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Chinese food. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, and on Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, David Steinberg moves in with his bass. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Nightly, except Sundays, when visiting musicians pay their respects. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A frenetic three-story convention hall that has become the Eastern depot for comedians usually found in Las Vegas. In the **52nd Street Room,** on the lower level, Shelley Berman runs through his latest routines, through Saturday, June 1. On Tuesday, June 4, Myron Cohen arrives, as does singer Pete Lemongello. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and on Monday, June 3.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Sub-



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way, and the Reno), but with many of the aspects of a hip, music-laden sauna, this New York pinnacle on the overamplified folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. Michal Urbaniak, an exciting jazzman from Poland who plays electric violin, is currently featured here with his highly amplified and noteworthy quintet, Fusion. Alternating with Fusion through Monday, June 3, is rock singer Rick Springfield; and on Wednesday, June 5, Ray Manzarek's rock band comes in to share the bill. Manzarek, a virtuoso rock keyboard player, is perhaps still best known for his blazing organ solos with the Doors, particularly on the recording of "Light My Fire." Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—One of New York's more comfortable folk-and-rock temples, with built-in wine racks along the lacquered brick walls and three gothic chandeliers. The relatively high ceiling, which adds to the feeling of space, is constructed to look like the interior of a high-pitched roof—an unlikely illusion, since the club occupies the ground floor of a seven-story Village commercial building. The Aztec Two-Step, a Boston folk duo that lifted its name from the ninth poem in Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "A Coney Island of the Mind," and whose music is about as good as Ferlinghetti's poetry, performs through Monday, June 3. Diana Marcovitz, a bluesy singer and pianist, trades sets with the Two-Step. On Wednesday, June 5, comedian Gabriel Kaplan begins work. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wine and cheese.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers include pianist and leader Johnny Guarnieri, a distinguished sideman and soloist for over thirty years; trumpeter Billy Butterfield; drummer Cliff Leeman; guitarist Wayne Wright; and Artie Baker on clarinet. They play from nine to one. Woody Allen, now a standup clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Thursdays through Saturdays, Joe Beck, a deft and tasteful guitarist, works with alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne and a sturdy rhythm section. The hours are ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano and a forties campiness. Singers Nick Holmes and Diane Keaton trade sets through Saturday, June 1. They are followed by two more singers—Liz Torres and Tecumseh, who is from Liberia—starting Tuesday, June 4. Shows start at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Blossom Dearie is singing at the piano in her tiny, simple, and direct voice Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer has reëstablished residence in this ornate little nook, along with her pianist Jimmy Lyon. Her recitatives begin at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Sofrabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Lee Konitz, still one of the best alto saxophonists around, heads up a trio on Wednesdays and Thursdays. (Last week, Chet Baker sat in with Konitz, and he sounded better than he has in his own recent appearances.) Drummer Jul Curtis's trio can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. The very fine Chuck Wayne-Joe Puma guitar duo retains the Sunday-night position. Music from nine-thirty until three Wednesdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones leads his superb quintet nightly, except Mondays, when the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not always as serious but just as intense is the band's vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from eight until two.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wood-and-brick-walled retreat for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours on Sundays and has installed a music room for nighttime diversion Sundays through Thursdays. The music that is keeping the students from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to Brooks Kerr and his quartet of perfectly preserved swing-era activists—trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and Russell Procope on alto sax and clarinet. Annie Hurewitz, a contemporary of twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, makes vocal contributions. Sundays and Wednesdays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, led by clarinettist Art Miller, takes the stand. The Warren Court—a quartet comprising alto saxophonist Earle Warren and trumpeter Ed Lewis, both of whom belonged to the Basie bands of the thirties and forties; pianist Dill Jones; and drummer Ronnie Cole—is in session on Thursdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** Sy Oliver's orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty, through Saturday, June 1, whereupon the enterprise begins its summer vacation.

ZOO SHOP
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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Teddy Diamond plays cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singer Julie Wilson has the floor of the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. On Monday, June 3, Susan Maugham starts singing in her stead. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown. Singer and comedienne Sheila MacRae will call it a day on Saturday, June 1. On Monday, June 3, pianist Dave Brubeck and the Two Generations of Brubeck check in. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to midnight Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** contains, and just about, Erroll Garner, who accompanies his purposeful piano with an undercurrent of murmurings, all of them exultant. This one-man band is to be heard during dinner and supper. The dance band is Anthony Terini's orchestra. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Commencing Thursday, May 30, the **EMPIRE ROOM** will be host to the singing Pointer Sisters. Bob Rosengarden's dance orchestra will be on duty all evening. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

John Balsley—Sculptures of motorcycle wrecks made of found objects, including motorcycle wreckage. Through Saturday, June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Huge black-and-white drawings and soft sculptures of elephantine forms by an Englishwoman who was born in India and is now working here; first solo show here. Through Saturday, June 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Claudio Bravo—A show (sold out) of paintings of objects (tin cans, clothing, sponges, wool skeins) rendered with total and utter realism. Through June 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Dennis Byng / Aijiro Wakita / Peter Spinelli—Fifteen cast-Lucite sculptures. / Stone and metal sculptures, metal wall reliefs, and drawings and prints. / Works in cement painted with acrylic and often including objects such as dishes, shirts, and light bulbs. Through June 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Twenty-four Aubusson tapestries that felicitously reproduce the artist's expansive abstract designs in clear red, yellow, blue, white, and black. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit: Surrealist animals, birds, and outsize insects, all of whom seem to be peering out of their stalls (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

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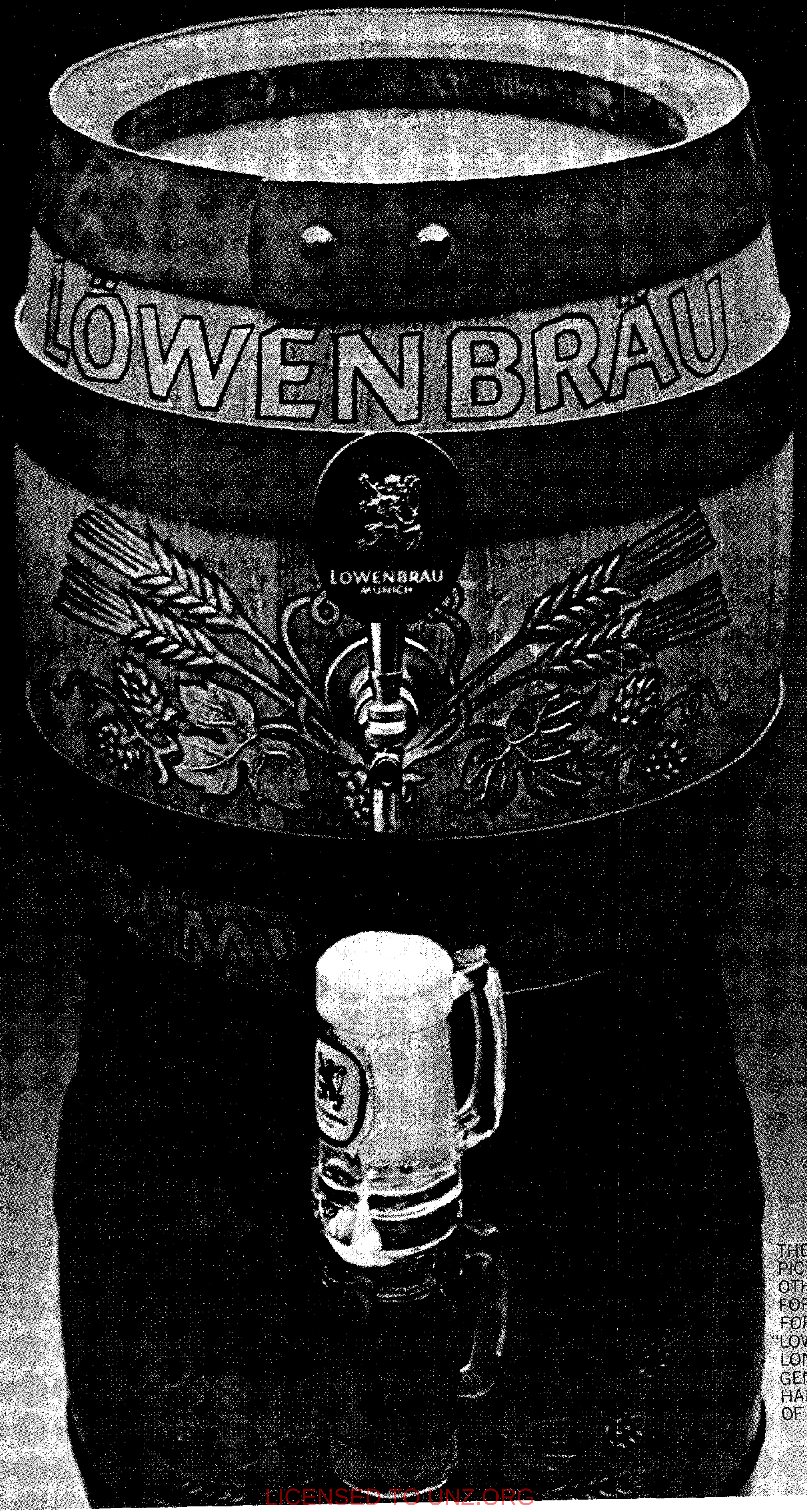

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and extraterrestrial landscapes being visited by mysterious egg-shaped UFOs (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). Both through Saturday, June 1.

Bob Duran—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, June 6. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Norris Embry—Works, in mixed mediums, by an artist who studied with Kokoschka. Through Saturday, June 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Estes—Photo-Realist scenes of Manhattan and Miami, concentrating on the disconcerting double-vision effects caused by reflections in plate-glass shop windows. Through Saturday, June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Janet Fish—Paintings of common water glasses, bottles, and jars enlivened by the shimmering reflection of light and of external objects. Through Saturday, June 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Woodcut portraits of celebrated persons, nearly all of them civil-rights heroes. Through Saturday, June 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Ernst Fuchs—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ibbie Holmquist—Paintings, in a sort of Neo-Pointillist technique, of figures, animals, and birds, most of them in exotic settings. Through June 15. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabriel Laderman—Realistic landscapes and still-lifes. Through Friday, June 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson and Stanley William Hayter—Etchings from the forties, the artists' American period. Through Saturday, June 1. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Oils, watercolors, and collages by this abstractionist who reached the loftier ateliers of Paris by way of Groton and Yale, and who often turns a French-educated eye onto American Indian motifs, with interesting results. Through Friday, May 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Nathanael Neujean—Figurative sculptures in bronze. Through June 15. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Perehudoff—Color-field paintings of unusual energy, by a Canadian artist. Through June 29. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Matt Phillips—Monotypes based loosely on nature and the human figure. Through Friday, May 31. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Edith Posel—Small paintings on paper. Through June 15. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

T. Addison Richards (1820-1900)—Landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties. Through June 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Saxon—Cartoons, drawings, and watercolors. Through Saturday, June 8. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Mondays through Fridays, and Saturday, June 8, noon to 5.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reeve Schley—Watercolors done during the past year on Martha's Vineyard, in Ecuador, and on the Jersey littoral. Through Saturday, June 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ann Sperry—Bronze and aluminum sculptures, most of them of global shapes combined with severed sections of a tiny baby-doll figure. Through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Valenstein—Abstract collages suggesting landscapes, many of them incorporating dried exotic leaves from Barbados. Also, several figurative watercolors. Through Saturday, June 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Michael Vessa—Collages with the unifying element of an open ledger book which is, variously, stained with brown watercolor, drawn on, masked over, or tacked in place. Through Saturday, June 1. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St.)

Eugene Waddell—Abstract and relief paintings by an artist who experiments with unusual ways of applying paint. Through June 14. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

Jack Zajac—Serene abstract forms in marble and bronze, and, in sharp contrast, three large bronze goats in writhing positions. Through Saturday, June 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Work in ceramic, wood, and fabric by seven couples—hence the title: "Couples in Craft." Through Saturday, June 1. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Frank Stella, Olitski, Dzubas, and other gallery artists. Through June 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and monotypes by gallery artists. Through Saturday, June 1. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Graphics by Alechinsky, Folon, Ting, and others. Through July 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: New acquisitions of paintings and sculptures by Chagall, Marini, Utrillo, and others. Through Friday, May 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Guy Johnson—What could be called Photo-Surrealism is exemplified by the work of this forty-seven-year-old New York artist. Johnson bases his paintings on old photographs (dating from the nineteenth century up to the thirties and forties of this one), but introduces a startling anachronism or incongruity into each work. A painting called "Lillian Haines, 1851-1880," for example, shows a woman in an old-fashioned black silk dress who is holding a crutch and is seated outdoors in front of a "25¢ CAR WASH" sign. Another work, derived from a snapshot taken in the thirties, shows a bunch of little kids in bathing suits sitting on the sidewalk of a tree-lined small-town street, grinning and waving shyly at the photographer—oblivious of the flames that are coming out of a top-story window of the white frame house across the street. Although Johnson's painting technique is not as refined as that of today's top copiers of photographs, his "ideas" are certainly no worse than those of Surrealism's largest minds. Through June 15. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Adams—Lyrical abstractions. Through June 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard Baskin—This artist was commissioned by the National Park Service about three years ago to illustrate a book on American Indians, and he is still engrossed with the subject, turning out portraits, in ink and wash or in colored lithographs, that have the same stark, enigmatic quality he gives to his celebrated birds and mythic figures. Through Saturday, June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Susan Crile—Still-lifes and landscapes, notably some imaginary aerial views, in watercolor and pastel, from 1966 to the present. Through June 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

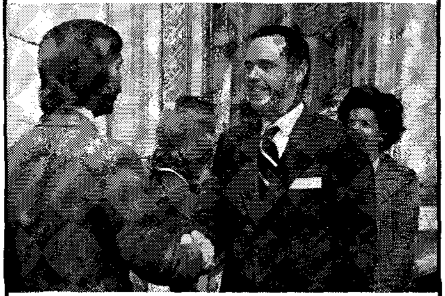
Cleve Gray—Powerful triptych paintings that have the vitality of the best Chinese calligraphy. Through Friday, May 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Knox Martin—Large abstract studies of women in bright acrylics that look like giant jigsaw puzzles. Through Friday, May 31. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Manolo Millares (1926-72)—Mostly paintings done in 1970 and 1971. Through Friday, June 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Louise Nevelson—Black, rough wooden constructions and framed collages of painted wood and cardboard. Through Saturday, June 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt (1878-1955)—Oils from



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1953 and 1954 and woodblocks from 1906, all of them views of the sea. Through Friday, May 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Derby Tucker—Mostly figure paintings. Through Saturday, June 1. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Group Shows—At the **crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.: A large loan exhibition here, to benefit a charitable organization, is called "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor" and includes work by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast, Sargent, and Wyeth. What should have been one of the most satisfying shows of the season is one of the most unsettling, because of the bizarre way the paintings have been hung: not arranged according to painter, but grouped (as someone at the gallery seriously informed us) according to how the colors in them "go" together. With patience and a lot of walking back and forth, one can work out a way of cutting through the "decorator colors" and arriving at a sense of each Master's mastering of this most difficult of mediums, in which every lightning brushstroke is an irrevocable commitment. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: The benefit show here of seventy-seven paintings, drawings, and sculptures from Carter Burden's collection includes work by Rothko, de Kooning, Kline, Pollock, Newman, Hofmann, Kelly, Stella, Noland, Albers, Olitski, Indiana, Johns, Warhol, Lichtenstein, Segal, Hockney, Klimt, Schiele, Pascin, Matisse, Lindner, and Steinberg—and is a triumphant monument to the thirty-two-year-old collector's prescience. Through Saturday, June 1.

Sculpture—Pieces in ceramic by California artists. Through Saturday, June 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—Wall pieces in the form of metal knots. Through Friday, June 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Coleman / Rachel Rolon de Clet—Abstract paintings with an impasto surface. / Photographs and drawings. Through June 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jaime Dearing / Joanna Pousette-Dart / Tony Vanderperk—A three-man show of abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, June 5. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Harriet Feigenbaum / Charles Seplowin—Three constructions of wood and straw, and charcoal drawings of architectural structures packed and littered with bales of hay and clumps of straw. / Sheets of rubber—flat, draped, or twisted—studded with tiny colored rubber bands or layered with noodle-size rubber bands. Through Saturday, June 8. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Gallup / Michael Fellerman—White monochromatic oils and acrylic-resin color paintings. / Industrial aluminum welded and riveted together. Through June 13. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Howrigan / Judith Joa—Large, panoramic views of New York City. / Still-lifes, interiors, and portraits. Through June 13. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Jaqueth Hutchinson—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Wednesday, June 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Kotoske / Vivian Scott—Smooth polyester-resin sculptures in simple abstract forms. / Abstract paintings with broad strokes of color overlapping and angled against one another. Through Friday, May 31. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

Dianne Krieger / Bruce Weber—Sculptures made of large sheets of glass. / Photographs of entries in the 1973 World Body Beautiful Guild contest at Hunter College. Through Thursday, June 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Barry Le Va—Abstract drawings on green paper done in black ink and possibly inspired by strips of computer tape. Through Saturday, June 1. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Marilyn Levine / Stuart Shedletsky / R. M. Fischer—Stoneware. / Abstract paintings. / Wall constructions. Through June 15. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Quaytman—Abstract shaped canvases. Through Thursday, June 6. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Florence Rosen / Archie Miller—Abstract paintings. / Glass sculptures. Starts Saturday, June 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: A cross-section of contemporary drawing, by twenty-four artists, who range from pure abstractionists to pure realists. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays 1 to 5.)... **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by fourteen artists, and abstract paintings on paper by Hugo Weber. Through Thursday, June 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)... **second story spring street society**, 167 Spring St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Fritzie Abadi / Anne Helioff / Jill Spelman—Paintings of leaves. / Abstract paintings. / Canvases placed at angles and touching along one edge, acting as reflections of each other. Through Friday, June 7. (Phoenix, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Gikow—Fifteen large paintings and seven drawings of social protest. Through Thursday, June 6. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

Edward Gorey—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through June 15. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—A nine-thousand-pound, eighteen-foot steel sculpture, "Geometric Mouse—Scale X," in which the genes of his forebear Mickey come shining through. Through Aug. 1. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

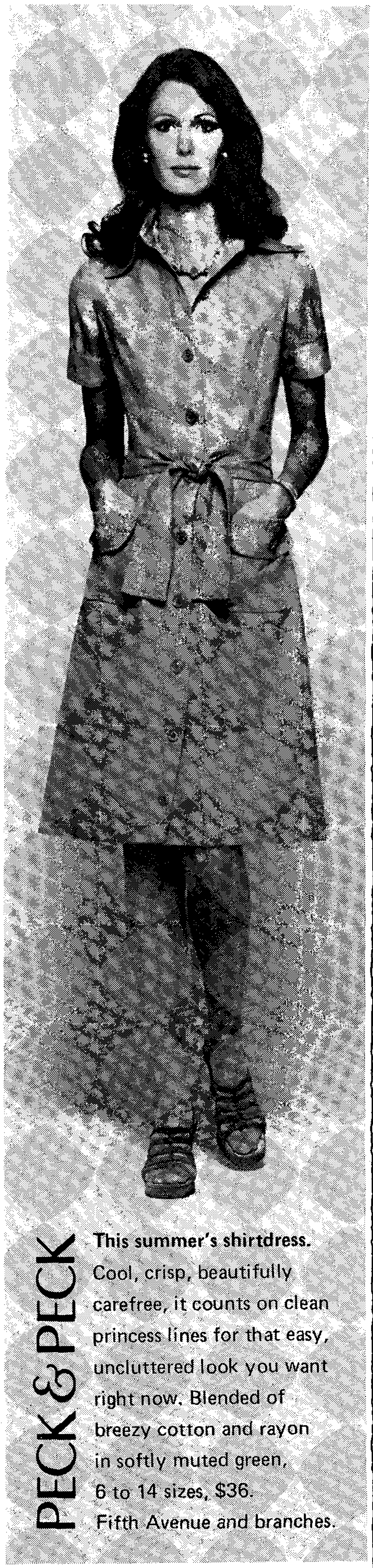
José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71)—Paintings from 1966 to 1969. Through Friday, May 31. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **african-american institute**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four contemporary African artists. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **feiden**, 51 E. 10th St.: Gallery artists, including Hirschfeld, Gikow, and Will Barnet. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Three Centuries of French Satire (1614-1914)," an exhibit on loan from the print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Through Friday, June 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, except June 1, from 10 to 5.)... **walker street gallery**, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Saturday, June 8. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Fritz Henle—The prejudice of museum curators and gallery directors against the work of professional magazine photographers has long been deplored by people interested in photography, and lately there have been some moves in the direction of redress. This exhibition, however, of sixty-seven works by a leading professional who worked for *Life*, *Mademoiselle*, *Fortune*, and *Harper's Bazaar* makes one want to seek out the nearest show of dust-specked pictures of people eating done by a self- or foundation-styled "artist." Henle's meticulously printed and enormously blown up black-and-white photographs of foreign cities, famous people, nudes, and tropical landscapes represent magazine photography at its most accomplished and handsome—and vacuous. The mark of the professional is that he is there, camera poised and set (while the amateur is fumbling with his, or has forgot-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ten it at home), when an obviously good picture comes along—such as Henle's picture of Stonehenge against a dramatic sky, or his picture of Casals and his wife in worried consultation about a cello string. The mark of the artist is the capacity for seeing a picture it would occur to no one else to take (until after seeing his picture), and such extension of vision is nowhere present among Henle's well-wrought derivations from the vision of others. Through July 7. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

ANSEL ADAMS—The first museum show here of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. The show is being held on two floors, which some viewers may be unaware of. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... ¶ A retrospective. Through July 13. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

RICHARD AVEDON—Eight extraordinary photographs of Jacob Israel Avedon, taken by his son between 1967 and 1973. Through June 16. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GEORGE HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ—Small, elegant, stylized photographs by an early *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* photographer, taken in the thirties. Through Saturday, June 1. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

CONSUELO KANAGA—A retrospective of work done between 1924 and 1973 by one of America's most distinguished and least famous photographers, now eighty years old. Through Saturday, June 1. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

NORMAN LERNER / EDWARD S. CURTIS (*1868-1952*)—Photographs of nudes. / Gravures of the American Indian. Through June 29. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

RHODA NATHANS—Portraits of, among others, Ramsey Clark, Alan Hovhaness, Viveca Lindfors, Marcel Breuer, Norman Cousins, plus photographs taken in Peru, India, Nepal, and New York. Through Friday, May 31. (Avanti, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **KAUFMANN ART GALLERY**, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.: A large exhibition of photographs of famous people who performed, read, or lectured at the Y.M.H.A. between 1934 and 1974. Through Friday, May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 4.)... **LIGHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works by four little-known photographers, plus photographs by Lotte Jacobi. Starts Friday, May 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN "Y" GALLERY**, 334 E. 14th St.: Abbott, Atget, Brassaï, Tice, Weston, and others. Through June 9. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About forty prints by Kertész, Rodchenko, and Moholy-Nagy, from the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties. Through Sunday, June 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Five photographers. Through Sunday, June 2. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: A miscellany of photographs by Horst and Cecil Beaton is on view in the gallery's east room. Through Saturday, June 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A large show of drawings by the late Robert Smithson, who was killed in a plane crash last year in Texas, at the age of thirty-four, near the site of his earthwork "Amarillo Ramp." The drawings are of ideas for (mostly unrealized) projects—spirals, mazes, islands, meandering walls, canals, barges, juggernauts, thickets, fantastic landscapes, movie treatments, and airports—and are marked by an uncommon intelligence, curiosity, eccentricity, humor, and lack of drawing ability. ("Downright grungy," Joseph Masheck calls the more inept of the drawings, in his scholarly catalogue essay, in which he draws plausible connections between Smithson and, among others, Piranesi, Dürer, Jung, Ed Ruscha, Fritz Lang, Charles Sheeler, Batty Langley, and William Palmer, and goes on to say of the drawings that "they press on, urgently but just barely managing to record some nascent sculptural idea or to feed some fantasy.") In her catalogue introduction, Susan Ginsburg, an associate curator of the Center and a friend of the artist, observes that "Smithson's art acknowledged slag heaps, strip mines, polluted rivers, and dead bodies of water—areas that contained remnants of human use and entropic forces. He took delight in these areas of disuse or neglect, not for their negative aspects, but for the possibility of using them for aesthetic arrangements." She adds (and the show confirms): "Everything interested him, and he felt everything could be used." In addition to the grungy drawings, there are some remarkably neat and pretty collages on graph paper employing pieces of map, photographs, and finical, scientific-looking diagrams, and there is a delightful joke called "A Heap of Language"—an outpouring of words about The Word: "language, speech, tongue, lingo, vernacular, mother tongue, King's English, Mrs. Malaprop, thesaurus, cipher," etc., etc.—scrawled on graph paper in the shape of a pyramid. Through June 16.... ¶ Renderings of ancient calligraphy in color acrylics on mounted silk or canvas by Chi Watts, who studied calligraphy with private tutors in China and currently resides in New York. Through June 14.... ¶ Ten abstract paintings and forty drawings by Alan Fenton. Through Sunday, June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian painters of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through July 14.... ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two floors of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972, including such clas-

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of fine shops showing
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	Santa Ana	J. Herbert Hall
	Santa Barbara	Hunt's
	Woodland Hills	J. Herbert Hall
Colorado	Denver	Cricket Ltd.
Connecticut	New Haven	Michaels Jewelers
	Stamford	Douglas Gallery
Delaware	Wilmington	J. E. Caldwell
Dist. of Col.	Washington	Chas. Schwartz
Florida	Boca Raton	Soberings
	Coral Gables	Balough Jewelers
	Miami	Fabunique
	Miami	Mayors
	Palm Beach	Douglas Lorie
	Sanibel Island	Fur, Feathers & Scales
	Sarasota	A Corner of England
Georgia	Columbus	V. V. Vick Jewelers
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Illinois	Arlington Heights	Persin & Robbin Jewelers
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Maryland	Annapolis	Sign O' The Whale
	Baltimore	The Stieff Company
Massachusetts	Boston	Shreve, Crump & Low Co.
	Springfield	Albert Steigers-Hall Galleries
Michigan	Detroit	Charles W. Warren
	Lansing	Liebermann's
	St. Joseph	L. D. Huber & Co.
Minnesota	Minneapolis	J. B. Hudson
Missouri	Grandview	Smith's Hallmark
	Kansas City	Hall's
	St. Louis	Schirmers
Nebraska	Omaha	J. B. Hudson
Nevada	Las Vegas	Bertha's
New Jersey	Englewood	The Burrows Gallerye
	Trenton	Liberty Gifts
	Wayne	Little Elegance
New York	Brooklyn Hghts.	Summa Gallery
	Buffalo	Jenss Decor
	Great Neck	The Four Seasons
	New York	Ocino
	New York	Mayhew-Copley
	Utica	Reid-Sheldon & Co.
N. Carolina	Asheville	Schiffman's
	Greensboro	Schiffman's
	Winston-Salem	McPhail's
Ohio	Akron	Shulan's Fairlawn Jewelers
	Cleveland	H. M. Bailey Inc.
	Columbus	The Gift Shop at De Santis
	Pepper Pike	Schreibman's
	Youngstown	Brenner's
Oklahoma	Tulsa	Miss Jackson's
Oregon	Portland	Zell's
Pennsylvania	Allentown	Appel Jewelers
	Harrisburg	J. E. Caldwell
	Philadelphia	J. E. Caldwell
S. Carolina	Greenville	R. Verdis
	Hilton Head Isl.	The Lonesome Duck
Tennessee	Knoxville	Andrew Morton
	Nashville	Michael Corzine
Texas	Houston	South West Galleries
	San Antonio	Accents
Utah	Salt Lake City	Crawford & Day
Vermont	Manchester	The Orvis Company
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	Richmond	Schwarzschild Jewelers
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IN CANADA	Royal Worcester, Toronto	

Heredities

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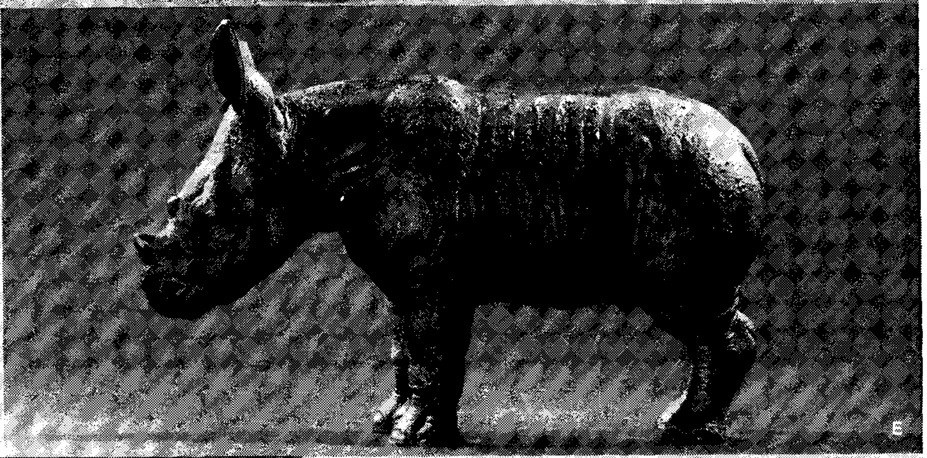
B

C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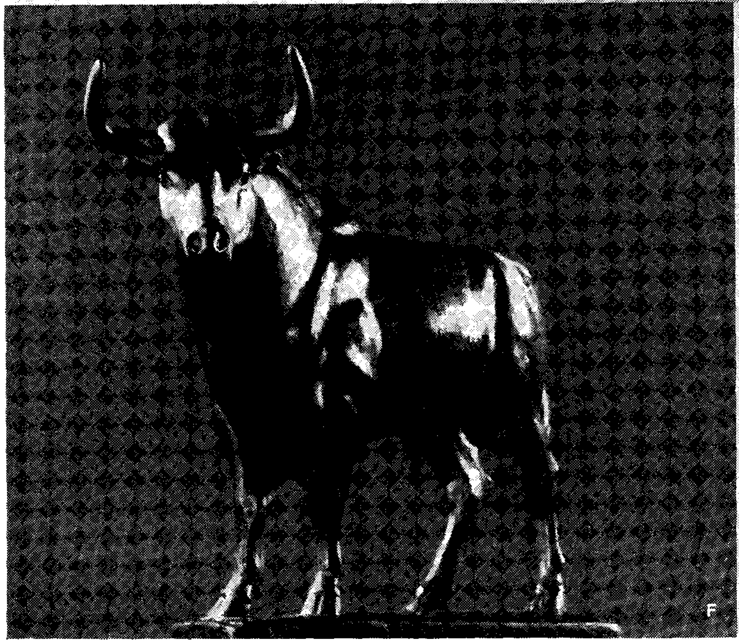
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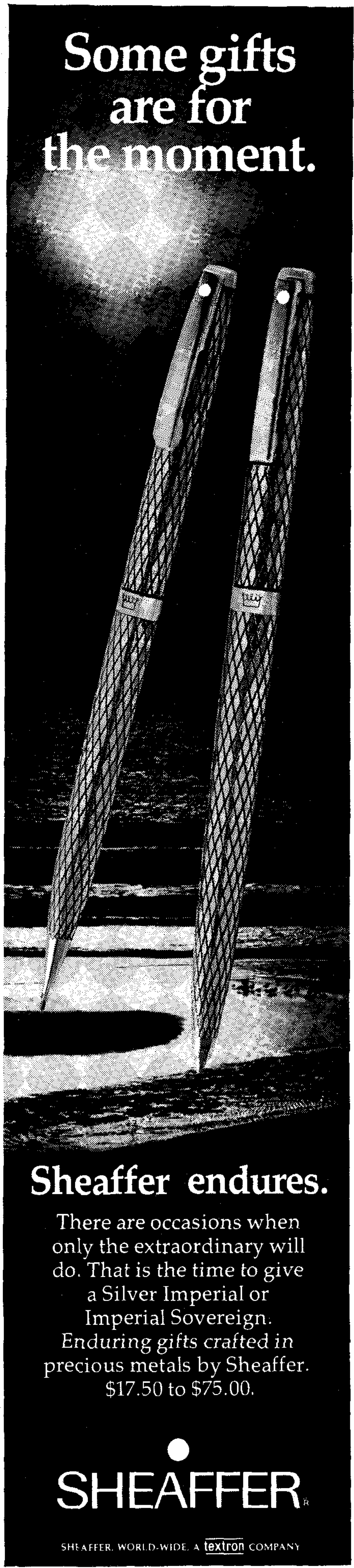
Heredities



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam." Through June 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, depicting the black experience in America. Through July 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two *blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibit of ce*ramic art, primarily from the West Coast. Through July 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through June 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, *11 to* 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The eleven-foot-tall skeleton of Jumbo is starred in a circus exhibit that includes circus posters and other Big Top memorabilia. Through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—*Works by newly elected members and re*cipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by E. B. White, John Barth, Anaïs Nin, Elizabeth Hardwick, Lanford Wilson, Louise Talma, and others. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Saul Steinberg, Helen Frankenthaler, Reuben Nakian, and others. Through June 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Painted cloth *hangings*, called *pichhavais*, that once decorated temples of the Vallabhachari Krishna cult in the Rajasthani province of India. Through June 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; *Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)*

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Large sculptures by Colin Greenly. Through June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913, the year of his death, as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in a number of instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Thirty manuscripts by Petrarch, celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. Through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth-century stoneware and a few plates of slip-decorated redware, all from New York State. Through Sunday, June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to *invoke the supernatural in New Guinea,* Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—More than ninety stage and costume designs by the Russian-born Constructivist Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Works based on African motifs and mythology: Drawings and etchings by Wendy Wilson, acrylics (incorporating stitchery, beads, and bits of cloth) that portray a number of Masai women by Janet Taylor Pickett, and batiks by Jan Tyler. Through Friday, May 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—A three-week non-subscription season—Wednesday evening, May 29: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Evelyn Lear, Frederica von Stade, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; conducted by Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 30: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 31: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 1: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Nedda Casei, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 3: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 4: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Evelyn Lear, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Stewart, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 5: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Edda Moser, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Colette Boky, Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Walter Berry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Morley Meredith; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 8: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 8: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Nedda Casei, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the season—"A Night for Dancing" on Wednesday, May 29, at 8:30 (with John Clifford and Gelsey Kirkland, dancers); "Rhapsody Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1, at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano); "Kaleidoscope Promenade" on Tuesday, June 4, and also on Wednesday, June 5—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—at 8:30 (with Jaime Laredo, violin); and "Promenade in Paris" Thursday through Saturday, June 6-8, at 8:30 (with Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano).

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing three settings of the Stabat Mater, with Emily Derr, soprano; Carole Walters, alto; Robert White, tenor; Arthur Burrows, bass; and a chamber orchestra. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, Lexington Ave. at 66th St. Friday, May 31, at 8. For tickets, call 355-1407.)

RECITALS

Three by Three—At Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, May 29—Eugenia Zukerman, flute, at 8. . . . ¶ Hanna Lachert, violin, at 9. . . . ¶ Juliana Markova, piano, at 10.

Elizabeth Patches—Mezzo-soprano, in a program of Polish music, with Jeanne Benjamin, violin, and other assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, May 29, at 8:15.)

Boehm Quintette—The last in a series of concerts of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 30, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

New York Festival Brass Quintet—A program of Renaissance and baroque music. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sunday, June 2, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

String Ensemble of the Bolshoi Theatre—With Tamara Sorokina, soprano, and Yuri Mazurok, baritone, of the Bolshoi Opera. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, June 3, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Shirley Bassey—Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2, at 8.

Slade—With Aerosmith. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 31, at 8.)

Johnny Winter—With 10cc. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 1, at 8.)

Billy Butterfield's Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 2, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Roxy Music and Sharks—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Sunday, June 2, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Sly and the Family Stone—With Eddie Kendricks. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, June 5, at 8.)

Billy Cobham—And the Eleventh House, with Larry Coryell. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 7, at 8.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The twelfth in a series of concerts, this one with Gil Evans conducting the music of Jimi Hendrix, and with Billy Taylor as piano soloist in a composition by Howard Rovics. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Yankees (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Thursday, May 30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, May 31, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, June 1-2, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday and Tuesday, June 3-4, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 6, at 2:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, May 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Friday, June 7, at 8, and Saturday, June 8, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Wednesday through Saturday, May 29-June 1.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 22. The Mother Goose, Saturday, June 1; the Edgemere, Wednesday, June 5; the Youthful, Friday, June 7; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Wednesday, May 29, through Saturday, Aug. 24.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Detroit Loves, Monday, June 3. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Denver Racquets, Wednesday, June 5. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Boston Lobsters, Friday, June 7. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

Track Meet—World Pro Track Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 29, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 20. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 1-2.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

The Great Outdoors—Through Sunday, June 9, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, May 29, at noon, Mark Strand, John Hollander, and Galway Kinnell will read poems taken from *The New Yorker*, in Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 2, there will be a conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. It will meet at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ On Monday, June 3, at 12:15 (rain date, Tuesday, June 4), the Ruby Braff/George Barnes Quartet will give a concert in Bryant Park. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, June 5, Celeste Holm and Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of northern Central Park. It will meet at Central Park West and 100th Street at 6:30 (rain date Thursday, June 6). For information about tickets, call 673-3930. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, *objets de vertu*, and miniatures; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, May 31, at 2: Renaissance and later works of art, tapestries, pewter, and furniture; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 4, at 2: English silver by Paul de Lamerie and other makers, belonging to a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 5, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 31. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 6, at 2: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Los Angeles, June 14 (night) and June 15-16 (day). Atlanta, June 17-18 (n) and June 19 (at 4:15). St. Louis, June 27-28 (n) and June 29-30 (d). Philadelphia, July 2 (n), July 3 (d), and July 4 (day doubleheader). San Francisco, July 5 (n) and July 6-7 (d). San Diego, July 8-9 (n) and July 10 (d). . . . **yankees:** Vs. Minnesota, June 9 (day). California, June 10-11 (night) and June 12 (d). Detroit, June 21 (n), June 22 (d), and June 23 (day doubleheader). Cleveland, June 24-25 (n) and June 26 (d).

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 4-7.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. June 13-16.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 9.)

Racing—At **ascot,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 18-21. . . . **aqueduct:** June 24-July 27. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 29.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 24-July 6.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 1-5.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 21. . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. June 24-29.)

Music—At **avery fisher hall,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's Rug Concerts, June 11-16. . . . **out of doors and out of town:** Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 19-Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 22-Aug. 25. . . . ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present a concert performance in Central Park on June 25. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, New York City (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, Radio City Music Hall, Nassau Coliseum, a Staten Island Ferry, and the Roseland Ballroom at one time or another), June 28-July 7. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, July 3-Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 5-Aug. 25.

Ballet and Dance—Moiseyev Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 18-July 20. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, July 2-Aug. 10.

Other Dates—June Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., June 12. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Saturday, June 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, June 17. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Thursday.

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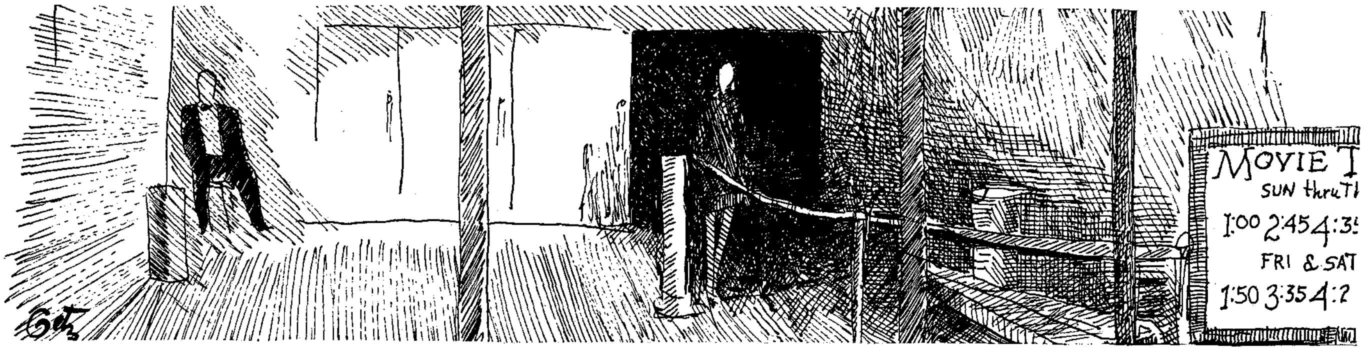

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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2	3	4	5	6		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 4: "Cinderella Liberty."
From June 5: "A Touch of Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 1: "Hands Across the Table" and "Topper."
From June 2: "Follow the Fleet" and "Carefree."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through June 4: "The Last Detail" and "Siddhartha."
From June 5: "Don't Look Now" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sleeper" and "Bananas."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 4: "The Three Musketeers."
From June 5: "The Last Detail" and "Fat City."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Conversation."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Huckleberry Finn."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Zandy's Bride."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Daisy Miller."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sleeper" and "Bananas."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Chosen Survivors."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 30: "Two Men of Karamoja."
From May 31: A festival of Cinema 5 films.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Stoolie."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 4: "Serpico."
From June 5: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 4 (tentative): "The Last Detail."
From June 5: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 4 (tentative): "Sleeper" and "Bananas."
From June 5: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Blazing Saddles."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Chosen Survivors."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Walking Tall."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Huckleberry Finn."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 4: "Spellbound" and "The Paradine Case."
From June 5: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 4: "The African Queen" and "Indiscreet."
From June 5: "Mean Streets" and "The Getaway."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
May 29: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Morgan!"
May 30: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Accident."
May 31: "The Endless Summer" and "On Any Sunday."
From June 1: Theatre closed.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 4: "The Three Musketeers" and "Don't Look Now."
From June 5: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 4 at one or another of the theatres: "Sleeper" and "Bananas"/"Blazing Saddles" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"The Best of the New York Erotic Film Festival"/"The Last Detail" and "Images."
From June 5: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Three Stooges Extravaganza" and "Take the Money and Run."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 4: "Blazing Saddles" and "Blume in Love."
From June 5: "The Poseidon Adventure."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 4: "Huckleberry Finn."
From June 5: "The Poseidon Adventure."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Black Windmill."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Divine Mr. J."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Wedding in Blood."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Love and Anarchy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
May 29: "Swan Lake" and "Katerina."
May 30-31: "Design for Living" and "The Scoundrel."
June 1-2: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Murmur of the Heart."
June 3: "Ballad of a Soldier" and "The Cranes Are Flying."
June 4: "Petulia" and "Charlie Bubbles."
June 5: "Breathless" and "My Life to Live."
From June 6: "Touch of Evil" and "The Lady from Shanghai."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 30: "Serpico" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From May 31: "A Touch of Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Last Detail."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 29: "Late Autumn."
May 30-June 1: "Trail of Blood, Part II" and "Samurai Rebellion."
June 2-3: "Kwaidan."
June 4: "Ikiru."
June 5-6: "Samurai Spy."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 4: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Public Eye."
From June 5: "Kazablan" and "Travels with My Aunt."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through June 4: "Cinderella Liberty."
From June 5: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through June 4: "Chosen Survivors."
From June 5: "The Poseidon Adventure."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Three Musketeers" and "The Ruling Class."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 4: "The Last Detail" and "Images."
From June 5: "Day for Night" and "Blume in Love."

Note—A few specialist film houses: **bleecker st. cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Sunday, May 31-June 2: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Joel McCrea and Laraine Day) and "Sidewalks of London" (1938; *Charles Laughton, Vivien Leigh, and Rex* Harrison).... **film forum,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. ... **pagoda,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eleven programs in a series of films directed by Raoul Walsh: May 30 at 5:30: "Dark Command" (1940), with John Wayne and Claire Trevor.... May 30 at 8: "They Drive by Night" (1940), with Ann Sheridan and George Raft.... May 31 at 2: "Dark Command."... June 1 at 3: "The Man I Love" (1946), with Ida Lupino and Robert

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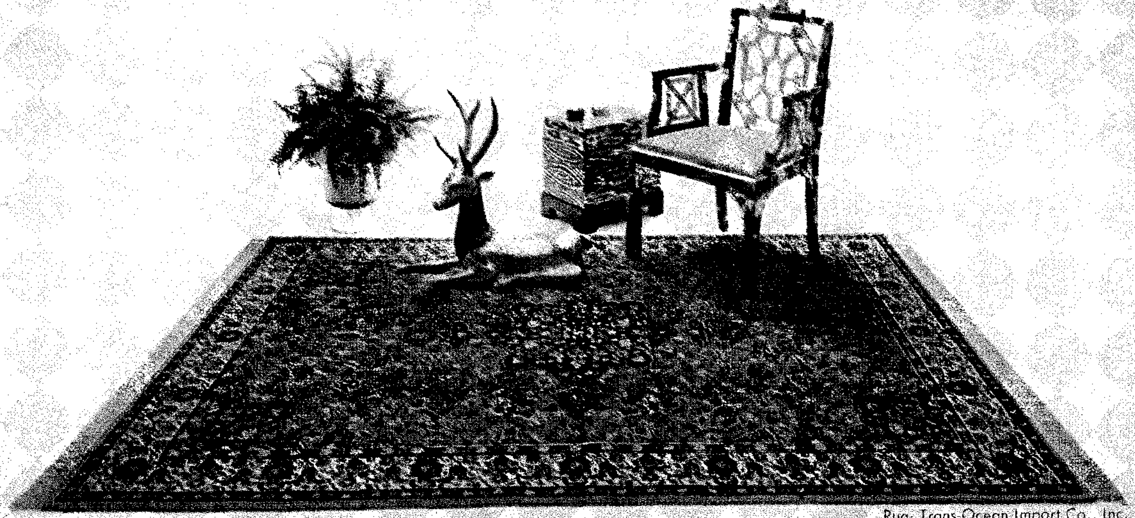

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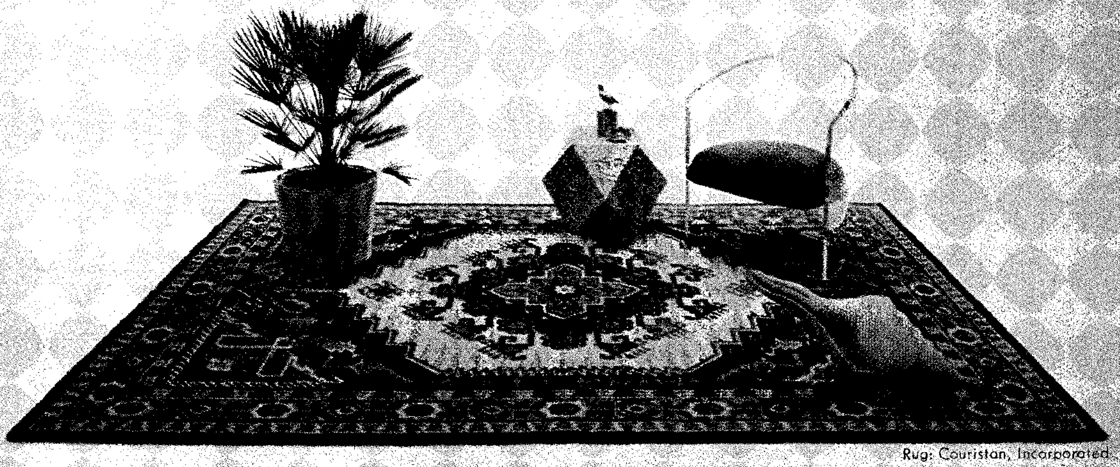

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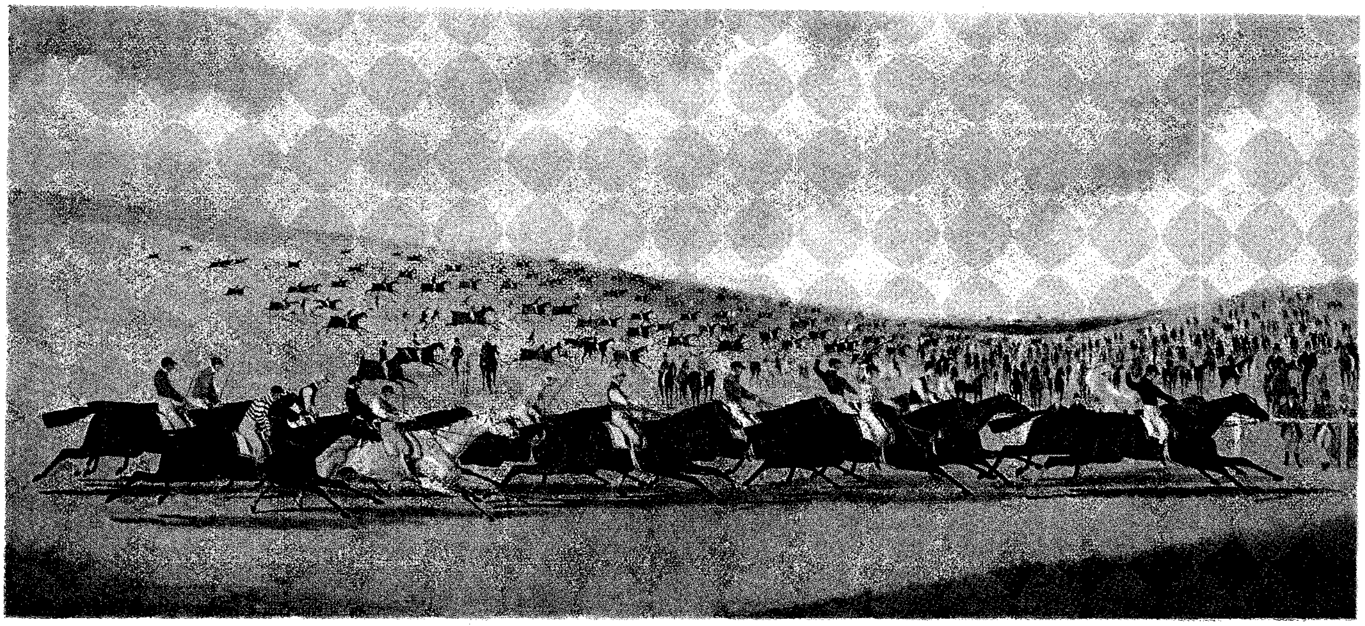

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Alda. . . . June 1 at 5:30: "Fighter Squadron" (1948), with Edmond O'Brien and Robert Stack. . . . June 2 at 5:30: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945), with Jack Benny and Alexis Smith. . . . June 3 at 2: "Uncertain Glory" (1944), with Errol Flynn and Paul Lukas. . . . June 3 at 5:30: "High Sierra" (1941), with Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart. . . . June 4 at 5:30: "They Died with Their Boots On" (1941), Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. . . . June 6 at 5:30: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney. . . . June 6 at 8: "One Sunday Afternoon" (1948), with Dennis Morgan and Janis Paige. . . . ¶ Other, non-Walsh films, scheduled during this period are: May 29 at 5:30: "Transatlantic" (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran. . . . May 31 at 5:30 and June 1 at noon: Films by Ferdinand Zecca. . . . June 2 at 12:30 and 3: "The Freshman" (1925), directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd. . . . June 4 at 2 and June 5 at 5:30: "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Carlo Battisti. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle, (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Charles Laughton films: May 30: "They Knew What They Wanted" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Carole Lombard. . . . June 1-2: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1957), directed by Billy Wilder, with Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich. . . . June 6: "The Suspect" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Ella Raines. . . . ¶ May 31: "A Farewell to Arms" (1932), directed by Frank Borzage, with Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ June 5: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Dick Powell. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 2: "Looking Forward, Looking Back," a program of five short films. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The last programs in a thirteen-day festival of Japanese films, with English subtitles. Showings at 6 and 8:30, through Friday, May 31. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. For information about individual programs and tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 30.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. With Robert Morley; John Huston directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 4.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Trans-Lux East.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1959)—A lyrical celebration of young love and patriotism, set during the Second World War. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 3.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 4. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through June 4, tentative.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Reviewed in these pages 9/10/73.) (Paramount; through May 30.)

The Black Windmill—With Michael Caine and Donald Pleasence, directed by Don Siegel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence; the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 4.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Some dénouement. (6/23/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through June 4. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 5.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

Carefree (1938)—Ginger Rogers is particularly sexy and wackily funny in this pairing with Astaire. He's a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when he puts her in a trance. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy), but the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam," and the picture is wonderful fun, for all its faults. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 2.)

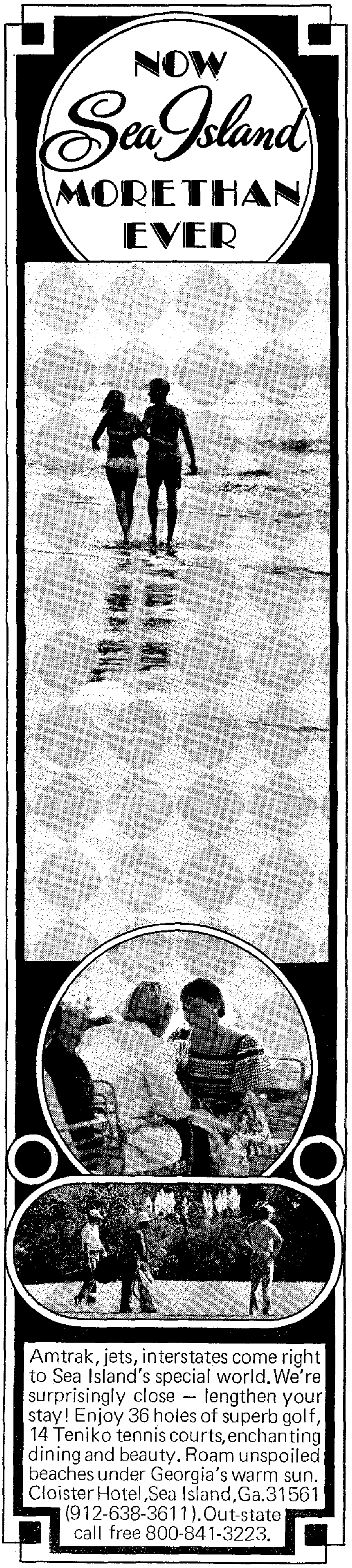
Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Paramount; starting May 31. . . . ¶ Art; starting June 5.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, alienates the audience, too. There is talent in the movie, but a larger dose of irritation. With Liza Minnelli and Billie Whitelaw; Finney directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

Chosen Survivors—With Jackie Cooper and Alex Cord, directed by Sutton Roley. (Columbia II, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through June 4.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Art, and Beacon; through June 4.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would re-



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fect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but holds stamina, good humor, and cheek in the face of the nearly impossible, because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop (James Earl Jones), himself supporting three abandoned children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. There is a wheeling final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking to the limits of anyone's wits. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (34th St. East.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1957)—The Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 3.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself (Cybill Shepherd). Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor, and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Giovanelli, the courier who gives a bemused license to Daisy's bossy silliness, is played by Duilio Del Prete. The lovelorn Mr. Winterbourne (Barry Brown), a born loser, struggles to keep his end up by saying that he has spent most of his life in Europe, though the actor's voice sounds purebred American and the character is hampered by a mustache that he knows to be lugubrious in comparison with the debonair ones of his European rivals. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels: she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Baronet.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Olympia; starting June 5.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness that comes more easily to English actors accustomed to playing Restoration comedy. There is a nice meal when the classy three of them, all on their beam-ends, are reduced to politesse about sharing a single frankfurter. "Pass the mustard," Hopkins says graciously to March. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30-31.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1-2.)

The Divine Mr. J—With Elliot Greenberg, directed by Peter Alexander. (Festival.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Greenwich; through June 4. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting June 5.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 31.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (7/29/72) (Gramercy; starting June 5.)

Follow the Fleet (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to be a TV star.) The material, derived from the play "Shore Leave" (which had earlier become the musical "Hit the Deck"), isn't as sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is pleasant enough, the numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the villainess bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 2.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 29.)

The Getaway (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers.

(12/23/72) (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 5.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East.)

Hands Across the Table (1935)—In movies written by Norman Krasna, you can see the jokes being set up; when the payoff comes you're already tired. Carole Lombard has a funny scene imitating a telephone operator, but it's an underwhelming comedy. With Fred MacMurray (not the subtlest of *farceurs*) and Ralph Bellamy. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 1.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

Huckleberry Finn—A musical version of the Mark Twain novel, with Jeff East as Huck and Paul Winfield as Jim. Directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East. . . . ¶ Guild; through June 4.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; June 4.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (12/23/72) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through June 4.)

Indiscreet (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course, he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out the cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 4.)

Katerina (1969)—Shostakovich's opera performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company, featuring Galina Vishnevskaya. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

Kazablan—An Israeli musical, in English, directed by Menahem Golan. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 5.)

Kwaidan (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Regency; June 2-3.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic,

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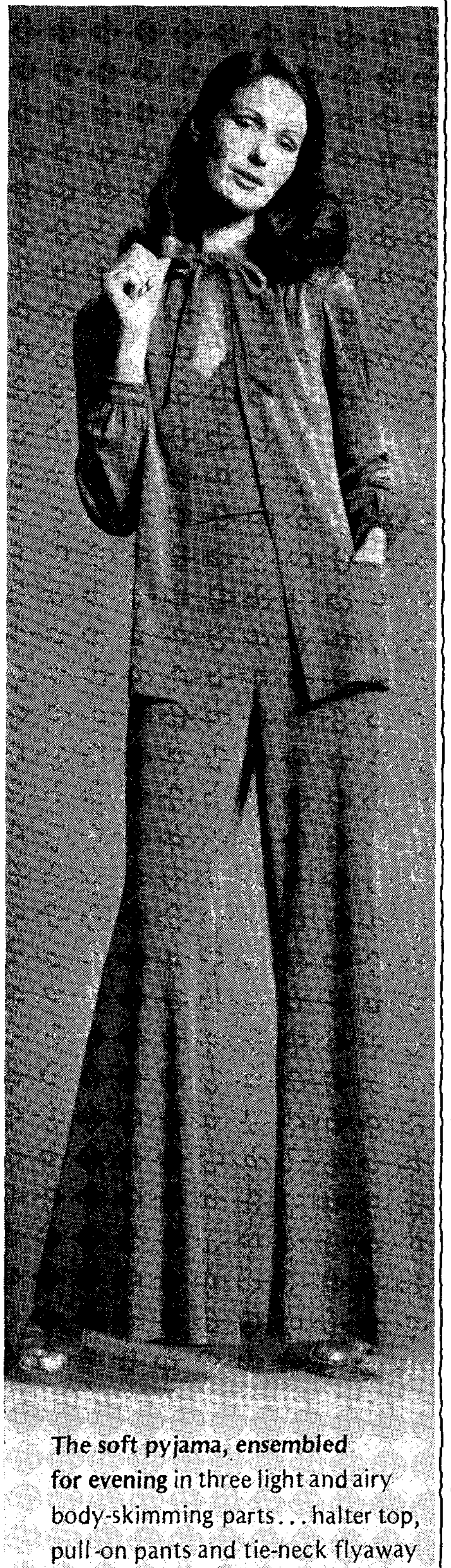

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and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 6.)

THE LAST DETAIL—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through June 4. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; through June 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 5.)

LATE AUTUMN (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Regency; May 29.)

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF JEAN RENOIR (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing. She is cinched into a wasp-waist dress and, with unstoppable and obstreperous romanticism, carols away about the death of love, the high-flown emotions displayed by this unexpected comedian being notably out of style with the words she is singing. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

THE LORDS OF FLATBUSH—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Coronet.)

LOVE AND ANARCHY—About an attempt on the life of Mussolini in the nineteen-thirties. With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

MEAN STREETS—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 5.)

MORGAN! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 29.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1-2.)

MY LIFE TO LIVE (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

ON ANY SUNDAY (1971)—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 31.)

THE PARADINE CASE (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Waverly; through June 4.)

PETULIA (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (Guild, 23rd St. Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; starting June 5.)

THE PUBLIC EYE (1972)—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective onto watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script based on his own stage play. (7/29/72) (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 4.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (9/16/72) (New Yorker.)

SAMURAI REBELLION (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed sword fight. In Japanese. (Regency; May 30-June 1.)

SAMURAI SPY (1965)—With Koji Takahashi, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Regency; June 5-6.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cowlidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it because of the principals' tacit determination to note that there is all the difference in the world between a wisecrack and a wise saying. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30-31.)

SERPICO—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Paramount; through May 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 4.)

SIDDHARTHA—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (7/23/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 4.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu. . . .¶ Quad Cinema; through June 4. . . .¶ Juliet 2; through June 4, tentative.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Waverly; through June 4.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U.A. East, and Symphony.)

The Stoolie—With Jackie Mason, directed by John Avildsen. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Swan Lake (1960)—A Russian film, performed by Maya Plisetskaya, Nicolai Fadeyechev, and the Bolshoi Ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Elgin.)

That's Entertainment!—Excerpts from M-G-M musicals from 1929 to 1958. Written and directed by Jack Haley, Jr. (Ziegfeld.)

Thomasine & Bushrod—Bank robbers in the Southwest between 1912 and 1915. With Max Julien and Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Columbia I, and New Yorker. . . .¶ Gramercy, and Greenwich; through June 4.)

Three Stooges Extravaganza—Excerpts from films they made during the thirties. (Elgin.)

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Michael Cimino. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmo Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 1.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Paramount; starting May 31. . . .¶ Art; starting June 5.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 6.)

Trail of Blood, Part II—Directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Regency; May 30-June 1.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 5.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through June 4.)

Two Men of Karamoja—Eugene S. Jones, who made an apparently impartial but effectively partisan film about Vietnam called "A Face of War," here directs—with his wife, Natalie R. Jones, as producer—a good record of English paternalism at its death. The Ugandan-born British head of a game preserve in one of the most remote parts of Uganda is handing over power to a native-born Ugandan. Two urgent men are in conflict. One is white, better educated, English by his own standards of discipline and knowledge, about to leave the country to the Ugandans, but homeless without Uganda. The other is an instinctive chief crying out for training but too proud to take it when it is offered. The Union Jack comes down. Centuries of education yield to new learners. The film has marvellous, dangerous shots of wild animals, and scenes between white and black wives on familiar terms. (Beekman; through May 30.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Wedding in Blood—With Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playboy.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 30.)

Zandy's Bride—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman, both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Sutton.)

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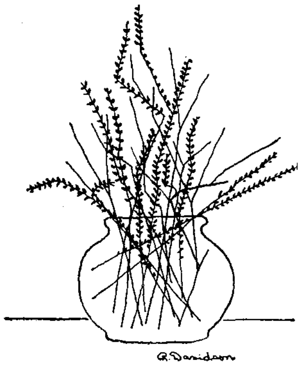
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR the last few weeks, the evening news has brought us scenes of violence in a steady stream—scenes from Israel, where terrorists were holding schoolchildren hostage; from Ireland, where bombs were going off on crowded streets; from Los Angeles, where the tale of Patricia Hearst was unfolding. We are faced with an epidemic of a new kind of political crime—the publicity crime. In publicity crimes, extremist groups that have been virtually without power commit, or threaten to commit, spectacular but completely senseless outrages against innocent people in order to gain visibility and a small amount of leverage in a world indifferent to them and their causes. Their crimes are particularly hateful in that the terrorists seek to exploit not their adversary's weakness in arms but his concern for human life. By making demands in return for the lives of the hostages they seize, they try to use their foe's conscience against him. And since the crimes are usually directed not only at influencing a particular foe but at influencing a world television audience, they are, literally, crimes against the conscience of mankind. They force us all into the position of having to choose between accepting blackmail and accepting the deaths of innocent people. They raise the price of having a conscience in our world.

Publicity crimes pose a special problem for the press. Like so much political activity these days, they are carried out for the sake of coverage. They are "stories" written by criminals for the newspapers and television in the blood of innocents. They are propaganda, and the press, by giving them extensive coverage, becomes a propaganda arm of the terrorist groups. The full story of the Hearst kidnapping, for instance, is not "Patricia Hearst is kidnapped and seems to join the Symbionese Liberation Army." It is "An obscure group calling itself the Symbionese Liberation Army has succeeded in making itself known to the entire world through the expedient of apparently staging a kidnapping of Patricia Hearst." But if publicity crimes are propaganda, they are also real events. Whatever the reason for the crimes, people do in fact die in them, and that, by anyone's definition, is news. The question that the newsmen face, then, is whether someone who commits murder to get on television should have his wish granted. On the one hand, nobody wants to reward murder. On the other hand, a murder is news. At the very least, however, one can say that there is no need for the tremendous volume of on-the-spot coverage that publicity crimes are getting on television at the moment. For most developments, a few dry lines from the anchorman about twenty minutes into the program would seem about right. As things stand now, when the automatic-weapons fire starts and the camera zooms in, the viewer is placed in a painful and inescapable bind. If he doesn't turn off his set, he experiences a natural feeling of shock at what he sees, but the shock is likely to be tinged with a slight feeling of complicity. He cannot and should not react otherwise, and yet he knows that his reaction, and the reaction of people like him all over the world, is just the thing the terrorist is intending to provoke. He knows that by watching the story unfold and by reacting as he must he completes the crime.



ON May 18th, India detonated her first nuclear "device," about three hundred and thirty feet underground somewhere in the Rajasthan desert. Practically any country that can get hold of some plutonium can now make its own nuclear "device," and India by her action weakened the political, moral, and psychological constraints that have restricted the use of nuclear weapons by the major powers—the United States, the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, France, and China—and took the first step toward a possible proliferation of nuclear weapons among the minor powers. It is hard to imagine what set of priorities, what calculations, real or imaginary, could have led the government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to join the nuclear club. The official explanation is that the "device" has no military significance and is part of a peaceful nuclear program to facilitate, among other things, earth-moving and the mining of ores. But the only difference between the peaceful and the military use of a nuclear "device" is the ability of a country to deliver it to a target, so the question of military significance is academic. Moreover, India has a large, indeterminable, floating population of destitute men and women who, without any assistance from nuclear "devices," would, for the mere opportunity of gainful employment, move mountains.

The bizarre euphoria over the "device" among Indian politicians and journalists of every stripe was apparently produced by the fact that its successful detonation proclaimed India's military superiority to Pakistan and put China on notice that India was now capable of nuclear equality with her. But since 1971, when Pakistan lost fifty-five thousand square miles of her territory and half her population to Bangladesh in the third Indo-Pakistani War, she has given many signs that she is prepared to reach an accommodation with India. And since 1962, when China voluntarily withdrew from the Indian territory she had won in the Sino-Indian War, she has shown no territorial designs on India. At best, India may have gained a dubious psychological advantage over her old enemies. But she has done so at the expense of world stability. The "device," it seems, was intended to lend prestige at home to Mrs. Gandhi's hard-pressed government at a time when the country is confronting perhaps the worst food emergency in its history—yet nuclear "devices" cannot grow wheat or rice. Never has a country had more hungry people, living in dire circumstances, than India has today. The population, which has nearly doubled in the last twenty-five years and is rising by thirteen million a year, is currently estimated at six hundred million. Of these six hundred million, as many as two hundred million have to make do with thirty dollars a year, and have suffered permanent brain damage because of malnutrition. One can get an idea of the Indian government's scale of priorities from its budget: in the past five years it has spent a hundred and seventy-three million dollars on research and development of nuclear "devices," two hundred million dollars on housing, three hundred and seventy million dollars on family planning, and nine billion dollars directly on defense—two billion of it in the last year alone.

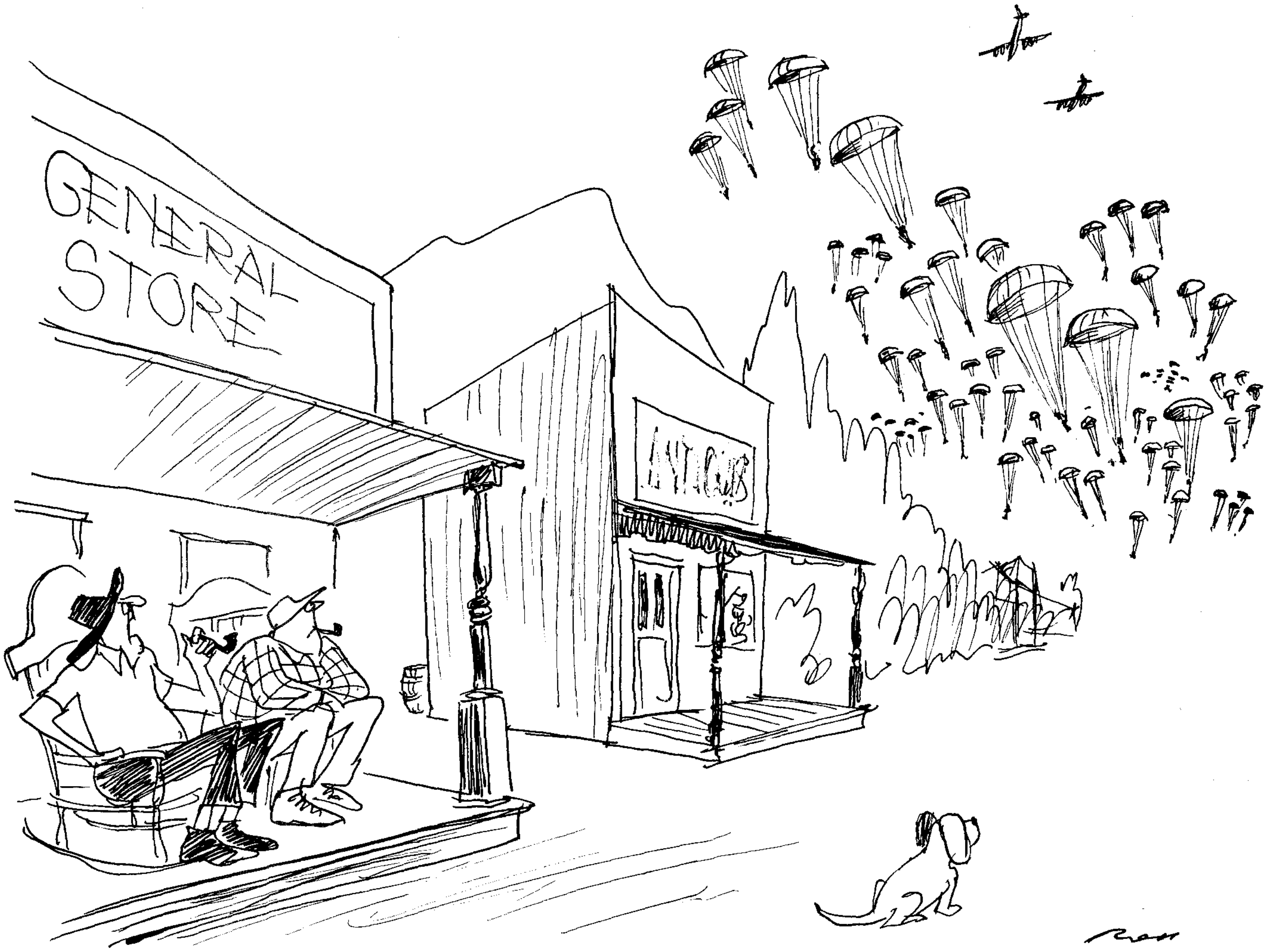
India has become a nuclear power in part because of an agreement reached in 1956 between Louis St. Laurent, then the Prime Minister of Canada, and Jawaharlal Nehru, then the Prime Minister of India. The agreement, under which Canada pledged to aid India in the development of nuclear energy for peaceful purposes, was, according to a recent report in the *Times*, prompted by Canada's realization that "the economic needs of India were so great that only the use of the most modern technology available could assist in raising the Indian standards of living within the time-frame seen by Nehru." Mrs. Gandhi is the daughter of Nehru, who in a sense was the heretic son of Mahatma Gandhi, the founding father of modern India. Gandhi had a different "time-frame" for his country. He believed that for a poor country like India the road to economic development lay in an agrarian rather than an industrial revolution, and so over the years he developed a program for regenerating the bleak, disease-ridden villages in which most Indians live, by revitalizing the old relationships between the cultivator and the soil, the herdsman and his animals, the craftsman and his craft. His idea was simply to provide Indians with the opportunity to live in modest circumstances with a certain amount of dignity and decency—to make it possible for hundreds of millions who were going naked or in rags, were hungry or undernourished, and could find little or no work to be clothed, fed, and given useful occupations. Gandhi called on all Indians to breed cows and bulls, so that there would be milk for nourishment, dung for fertilizer and fuel, and bullocks for pulling the plows and for drawing water from the wells; to take up some form of handicraft, so that no one would be a burden on society; to rediscover man's original relationship with nature, because Gandhi saw divorce from nature as the source of all ills; to educate themselves in the rudiments of sanitation and hygiene, so that they could halt the spread of filth and disease; to engage in such activities as forestry and beekeeping, pottery and papermaking, so that no one would be without food, utensils, or schoolbooks; to form elementary work-and-study schools, so that children would grow up knowing how to read and write and do manual labor; to raise cotton and to spin and weave it, so that there would be no shortage of *khadi*, or homespun cloth; to participate in village assemblies and thereby learn to solve local problems; to form economic coöperatives, so that no one would profit unfairly from another's labor; to extend equal rights to the tribal peoples oppressed for centuries as Untouchables; to accord lepers the respect due them as human beings and to work for the eradication of leprosy; to abolish hereditary bars to learning, so that knowledge would not be the preserve of an élite like the Brahmans; to work for the total prohibition of alcohol, which was the curse of the poor, and especially of the Untouchables; to abolish purdah and grant equal rights to women; to overcome religious prejudices, so that Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, and members of all other faiths could live together in harmony; and to learn Hindi, so that there would be a common language for the whole country. This was Gandhi's "constructive program," his revolution, which the Indian government, almost from the day of independence, summarily dismissed as utopian, without seriously testing it.

On November 10, 1948, General Omar Bradley, the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, said in Boston, "We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. . . . Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace, more about killing than we know about living." Gandhi was, by contrast, a nuclear infant and an ethical giant, who tried to put the Sermon on the Mount into practice in his homeland. He tried to make of his life what he called "an experiment in nonviolence," and tried to learn and perfect the science of peace.

Theatre

IT had been a long time since we'd enjoyed listening to talk about the theatre as much as we did the other day, when a ninth grader at St. Bernard's (all boys) School invited us to sit in on a meeting of his English class with Edward Albee, the playwright ("The Zoo Story," "The Death of Bessie Smith," "The Sandbox," "The American Dream," "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," "Tiny Alice," "Malcolm," "A Delicate Balance," "All Over," and some others). Also invited were some students from the Brearley (all girls) School and a few teachers from both schools. We all met in the St. Bernard's library, a cozy, wood-panelled refuge with a red carpet, group and individual tables, many posters urging "LIVE! READ!," oil paintings of the school's former headmasters, and, thank God, lots of books. We were happy to find that Mr. Albee, whom we hadn't seen for a few years, still looked youthful (he's forty-six) and trim. He now has long hair and a black mustache. He wore a brown suède jacket, tweed slacks, a beige turtleneck shirt, and brown leather boots. The boys and girls—there were about twenty of them—settled down at the group tables facing Mr. Albee, who sat alone, his legs stretched out and crossed.

Mr. Albee got the talk on the move by saying a few words about himself: "Now I write only plays; I used to write novels. I wrote one novel when I was fifteen, and I wrote one when I was seventeen. I wrote poetry when I was six, which is before the age of reason. I stopped writing poetry when I was twenty-six. I wanted to be a writer because I wanted to be my own boss, primarily. I decided I was a writer when I was very young. In fifteen years, I've written fourteen plays. Some of them were critical successes but not commercial successes. Some of them were commercial successes but not critical successes. Some were neither commercial nor critical successes. I'll be happy to answer any questions.



"Here come the goddam summer people!"

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We can talk about anything you like. Or nothing." Mr. Albee shifted a bit in his chair, looking friendly and sympathetic, and waited expectantly.

The teachers looked pleased. The students looked attentive and polite. There was a self-conscious minute-long pause. Then the questions started popping.

BOY: Are the characters in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" based on people you know?

ALBEE: All the characters I make up are always a combination of things. You might start out with some real people, but then you distort them to suit yourself. You adjust them. Your characters have a life of their own. The separate world of reality is always available to you if you should want it. I usually start with an idea. By the time I'm finished, as often as not, nothing is left of the original idea. This is what is laughingly called the unconscious process. I do most of the work in my head. For me, the actual writing procedure is the last part. But there is always *something* that starts a play. When I was going to school, I spent most of my time talking to teachers and to their wives. My idea was: With how much honesty and honor do people deal with their lives? Then, one day, I went into a bar that had a huge mirror behind it. On the mirror someone had scrawled in crayon "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Meaning, Who's afraid to face life without false illusions? It all comes together from many different places.

BOY: How do you start to write a play?

ALBEE: The way I start is with the sense of an idea. My next play is about Attila the Hun. I felt it's time to write about a second-rate would-be dictator. The play builds and changes. Theoretically, a play is supposed to get more interesting as it goes on.

GIRL: Did you think that "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" was translated satisfactorily into film?

ALBEE: I doubt whether any play can be translated into film. A play and a film are different. The sense of reality is different. The way the audience approaches a play or a film is different.

BOY: Were the characters in "The Zoo Story" related to anyone you knew?

ALBEE: When I wrote the play, in 1959, I was making a living delivering telegrams, and I did quite a bit of walking around the city. I was always delivering telegrams to people living in rooming houses. I met all those people in the play in rooming houses. Jerry, the hero, is still around. He changes his shape from year to year. Today, he's more politically committed, perhaps. The one person I forgot to mention in any character you make up is yourself. It's very difficult to say where one stops and the other starts. And it's probably a mistake to try to find out.

GIRL: How do audiences in other countries react to your plays?

ALBEE: It's interesting to go from country to country and to see the way the reaction varies from country to country. You learn something about the psychology of a country by seeing the different reactions. I've seen "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" in London, Paris, Rome, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, Munich, Prague, and

Budapest. The differences in reaction are very subtle, but they're there.

BOY: How can you tell if a play has been changed in a country whose language you don't understand?

ALBEE: You hold a copy of the play in one hand and the translation in the other, and you try to tell if one weighs more than the other.

BOY: What authors have influenced you?

ALBEE: Everybody I've ever read. Let's take Samuel Beckett, who is probably the best playwright around today. There's no self-respecting playwright writing today who hasn't been influenced by Samuel Beckett. He's changed the entire nature of playwriting.

BOY: Isn't it easier to write a novel than it is to write a play? In writing a play, it's so hard to show what the characters are thinking.

ALBEE: You can do the whole thing in dialogue in a play. Discovering that was one of the joys of my life.

GIRL: How big a part do you play in the production of your plays?

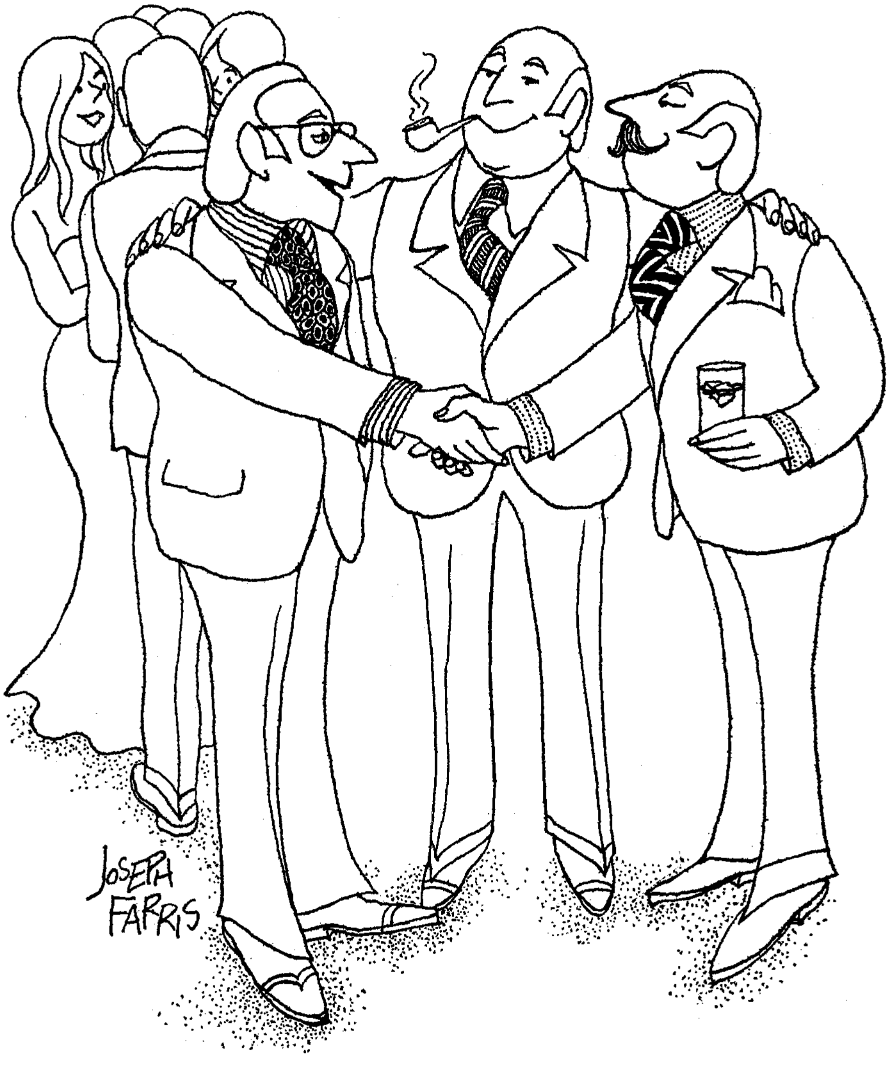
ALBEE: I choose the actors and the director. After about two weeks of rehearsal, I come in and make sure they're going the way I want them to. You must allow for other people's creativity. But you want to help the actor become the character, not become the star. The better the play the less opportunity the actor has to improve it. The actor just dissolves into the part.

BOY: Does it bother you when people don't like your plays?

ALBEE: I guess being a playwright is somewhat more optimistic than going to school. You assume what you're doing is going to be good. Every single play of mine has had mixed critical reactions. I've never had a play that has had unanimous acclaim. I'm glad about that. Otherwise, I'd know I was doing something wrong.

BOY: How long does it take you to write a play?

ALBEE: Some plays take a few months. Some have taken five or six years. "The Sandbox" took about an hour to write. They float around in my head before they're out. Once I get a play out of my head, I've emptied my mind of it. It doesn't clutter my head anymore.



"Kellerman, eh? I didn't recognize the face, but the voice-over was familiar."

BOY: Does writing a play cause you pain?

ALBEE: Both pain and pleasure. Plays are like your kids, in a way. It's hard to be objective about them.

BOY: How long do you work each day when you're writing a play?

ALBEE: If I'm writing well, I work four hours a day. I type. With two fingers. After four hours, I get a headache.

BOY: Do you get sudden artistic impulses, so to speak?

ALBEE: Artistic flashes take place in your head, sometimes.

BOY: How much do you really care whether people like your plays?

ALBEE: I try to teach people. I try to change people. To that extent, it matters a great deal. The responsibility of a serious playwright is to instruct.

SAME BOY: What if people are not listening to what you are teaching?

ALBEE: You have to assume that people *are* listening. My best audiences seem to be people under thirty and over sixty.

GIRL: Why?

ALBEE: The over-sixties don't have to accommodate anymore, and the under-thirties don't have to accommodate yet.

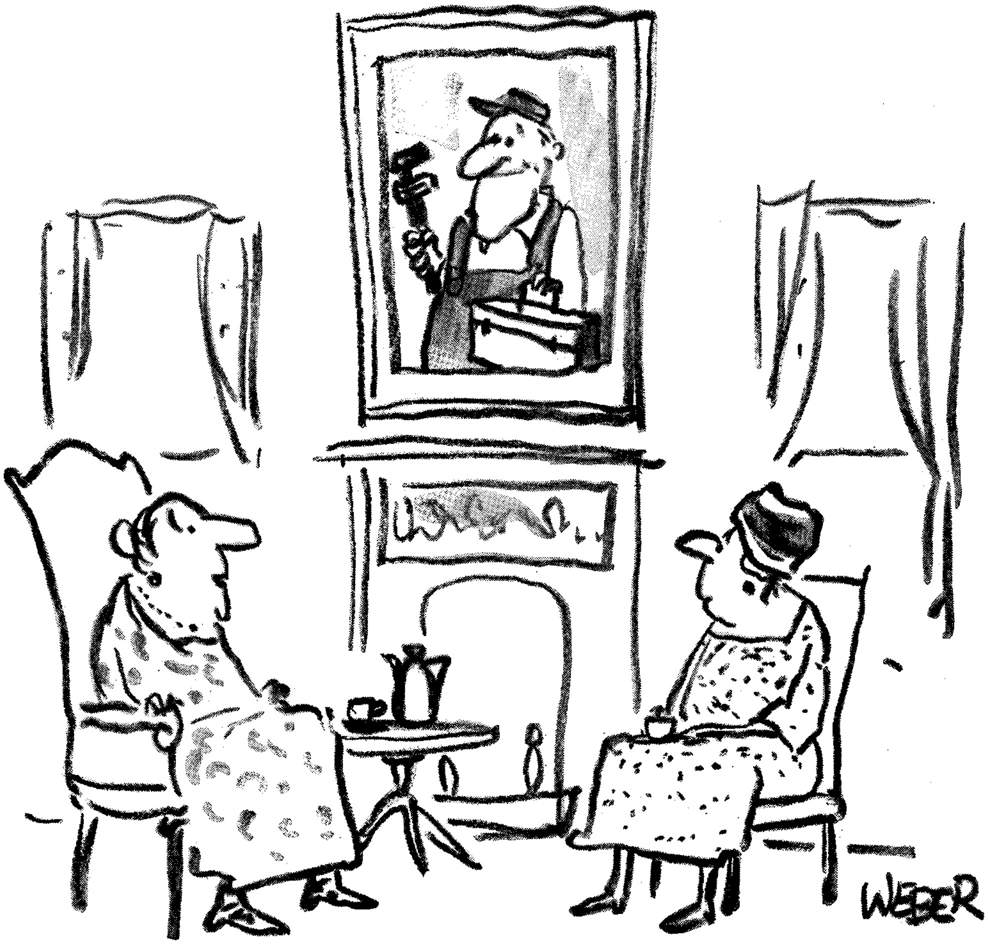
GIRL: Why do you think there's so little serious theatre here?

ALBEE: It's here. But you have to seek it out. It's Off Broadway, and Off Off Broadway. In this country, we're a movie culture. We're a television culture. I'm told that three per cent of our population goes to the theatre. It's there if you want it. We might try to get people started early going to the theatre. I think that anybody who gets to the age of ten can go to see the plays of Samuel Beckett.

The Cast-Iron World

WE joined the Friends of Cast-Iron Architecture for their newest walking tour the other Sunday—a four-hour odyssey called "The Cast-Iron World of the Astors and the Bond Street Area"—and found ourself at Broadway and Houston Street under a blazing sun with about two hundred and fifty other people, most of whom wore short sleeves, open collars, and dark glasses. Our old friend Margot Gayle, who is the chairman of the organization, made some opening remarks and then apportioned the walkers among six tour leaders. We became part of a group led by a red-bearded young advertising executive called Val Ginter, who is the tours chairman, and who had spent much of the past year doing research for the new tour. As the group started up Broadway, Mr. Ginter told us where John Jacob Astor and his family had lived during the early part of the nineteenth century. (As it turned out, Mr. Ginter had a lot to say about the Astors: John Jacob Astor was in the beaver trade. He had a town house at 585 Broadway. A famous will was read in that house. The Astor children all lived in the neighborhood.) When the group reached Bond Street, Mr. Ginter began to talk more about cast iron. "Cast iron was used for the first large-scale prefabrication in buildings," he said. "The components were interchangeable, so that you could have all sorts of combinations of columns and windows and fixtures, and so forth, all bolted together on a frame. Most of the cast iron was made in foundries here in New York. Then it was shipped great distances. Daniel D. Badger, who had one of the first large cast-iron foundries here, shipped his materials all the way to San Francisco, to Nova Scotia, to Rio de Janeiro, and to Alexandria, Egypt. They were all made in New York and put on a ship and then transported by horse-and-dray or something."

As the group walked up Broadway and along some of the intersecting streets, Mr. Ginter pointed out various cast-iron buildings. One was a palatial white six-story structure whose façade was composed of row after row of Corinthian columns. Another—the former New York Mercantile Exchange, now the home of a plastics company—had wide windows bordered with Art Nouveau detail. Still another—occupied by a fabrics concern, at 1 Bond Street—was an example of Second Empire architecture. A cast-iron building in a state of disrepair—the former Bond Street Savings Bank, now the Bouwerie Lane Theatre—had twin columns covered with intricate stylized leaves. While the group stood on the shady side of Bond Street, Mr. Ginter said, "The heyday of cast iron was between 1850 and 1890. A lot of people who had cast iron put on their buildings wanted it to resemble stone, so that people who came up and down the street would be impressed by what they thought were marble façades. When the owners painted the cast iron, they sometimes mixed the paint with sand, so that you couldn't tell *what* it was. Actually, the only way we can tell now, in many cases, is to carry a magnet around. If you join the Friends of Cast-Iron Architecture, by the way, you get a magnet."



"The fact is I found him in the Yellow Pages."

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Some people laughed. Other people took photographs. Still others mopped their brows. The group set off again, walking east on Bond Street, then north along the Bowery, and then west on Great Jones Street. Mr. Ginter explained how Great Jones Street—originally simply Jones Street—had acquired its adjective. (In the eighteen-seventies, a church on that street, St. Bartholomew's, was one of the richest parishes in New York.) Mr. Ginter continued to talk—he was, we realized, one of the most fully *informed* people we had come across in some time—and before long the group stopped across the street from 44 Great Jones Street, which is the home of Engine Company 33. "This is a fine example of the French Beaux-Arts style," Mr. Ginter said. "It was designed by Ernest Flagg and W. B. Chambers, and was constructed in 1898."

A tall fireman came strolling across the street toward the group. "You can have the whole thing for thirty-five dollars," he said.

People laughed.

"We have one of the longest poles in New York," the fireman said. "I'll show it to you."

The group followed the fireman across the street and into the firehouse. Inside, everything was dark and cool. A man in the group said, "You gentlemen don't use the pole anymore, do you?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said the fireman. "It's about the safest way of coming down from a high floor in a hurry. Shall I demonstrate?"

"Yes!" said several people.

"Hey, Moe!" the fireman shouted to a colleague. "Hold the watch, will you?" Then he climbed a flight of stairs and disappeared. Within a minute, he came sliding down the pole, looking as lithe—and as happy—as a circus performer in a small town on a summer afternoon. "They're the greatest," he said, swinging off the pole. "If you ran down those stairs, you'd probably trip and fall. With the pole, you can go zoom!"

Everyone applauded. Then the group went out into the sun again, and Mr. Ginter led the way up Lafayette Street to the old Astor Library, which has been extensively renovated as the home of the New York Shakespeare Festival Theatre, and which has cast-iron columns inside.

THE SEA OF LOST TIME

TOWARD the end of January, the sea grew harsh. It had begun to dump its heavy garbage on the town, and within a few weeks everything was contaminated with its unbearable mood. From then on, the world would not be worth living in—at least not until December—so no one stayed awake after eight o'clock. But the year Mr. Herbert came the sea didn't change—not even in February. On the contrary, it became smoother and more phosphorescent, and during the first nights of March it gave off a fragrance of roses.

Tobías smelled it. His blood attracted the land crabs, and he spent half the night chasing them off his bed until the breeze rose up again and he was able to sleep. During his long periods of wakefulness, he learned to distinguish the changes in the air. When he detected a smell of roses, he didn't have to open the door to know that it was a smell from the sea.

He got up late. Clotilde was starting a fire in the courtyard. The breeze was cool and all the stars were in place, but it was hard to count them down to the horizon, because of the lights from the sea. After having his coffee, Tobías could still taste a trace of night on his palate.

"Something very strange happened last night," he said, remembering.

Clotilde, of course, had not smelled it. She slept so heavily that she didn't even remember her dreams.

"It was a smell of roses," Tobías said, "and I'm sure it came from the sea."

"I don't know what roses smell like," said Clotilde.

She could have been right. The town was arid, with a hard soil, furrowed by saltpeter, and only occasionally did someone bring a bouquet of flowers from outside to cast into the sea, where the dead were thrown.

"It's the smell that drowned man from Guacamayal had," Tobías said.

"Well," Clotilde said, smiling, "if it was a good smell, then you can be sure it didn't come from this sea."

It really was an unforgiving sea. At certain times, when the nets brought in nothing but floating garbage, the streets of the town were strewn with dead fish when the tide went out. Dynamite only brought the remains of old shipwrecks to the surface.

Like Clotilde, the few women left in town were boiling with bitterness. There was old Jacob's wife, Petra, who got up earlier than usual that morning, put the house in order, and sat down to breakfast with a look of adversity.

"My last wish," she said to her husband, "is to be buried alive."

She said it as if she were on her deathbed, but she was sitting at the dining-room table; the bright March light came pouring in the dining-room windows and spread throughout the house. Opposite her, calming his peaceful hunger, was old Jacob, a man who had loved her so much and for so long that he could no longer conceive of any suffering that didn't start with his wife.

"I want to die with the assurance that I'll be laid beneath the ground like proper people," she went on. "And the only way to be sure of it is to go around asking people to do me the blessed charity of burying me alive."

"You don't have to ask anybody," old Jacob said with the greatest of calm. "I'll put you there myself."

"Let's go, then," she said, "because I'm going to die before very long."

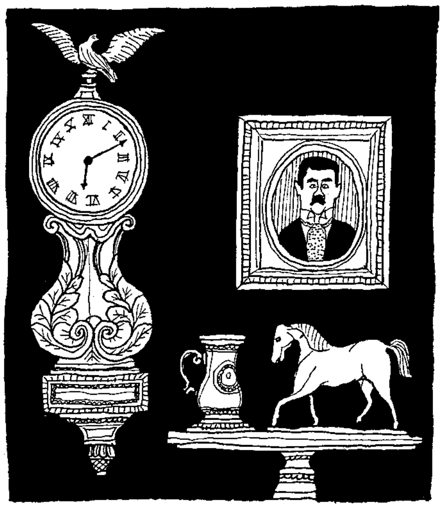
Old Jacob looked her over carefully. Her eyes were the only thing still young. Her bones had become knotted up at the joints, and she had the same look of a plowed field that, when it came right down to it, she had always had.

"You're in better shape than ever," he told her.

"Last night, I caught a smell of roses," she sighed.

"Don't pay it any mind," old Jacob said, to assure her. "Things like that are always happening to poor people like us."

"Nothing of the sort," she said. "I've always prayed that I'd know enough ahead of time when death would come, so I could die far away from this sea. A smell of roses in this town can only be a message from God."



All that old Jacob could think of was to ask for a little time to put things in order. He'd heard tell that people don't die when they ought to but when they want to, and he was seriously worried by his wife's premonition. He even wondered whether he'd be up to burying her alive, when the moment came.

At nine o'clock, he opened the place where he used to have a store. He put two chairs and a small table with the checkerboard on it by the door, and spent all morning playing opponents who happened by. From his house, he looked at the ruined town—the shambles of a town, with traces of former colors that had been nibbled away by the sun, and a chunk of sea at the end of the street.

Before lunch, as always, he played with Don Máximo Gómez. Old Jacob couldn't imagine a more humane opponent than a man who had survived two civil wars intact and had only lost an eye in the third. After losing one game on purpose, he made him stay for another.

"Tell me one thing, Don Máximo," he asked him then. "Would you be capable of burying your wife alive?"

"Certainly," Don Máximo Gómez answered. "You can believe me when I say that my hand wouldn't even tremble."

Old Jacob fell into a surprised silence. Then, after letting himself be despoiled of his best pieces, he sighed and said, "Well, the way it looks, Petra is going to die."

Don Máximo Gómez didn't change his expression. "In that case," he said, "there's no reason to bury her alive." He gobbled up two pieces and crowned a king. Then he fastened an eye wet with sad waters on his opponent.

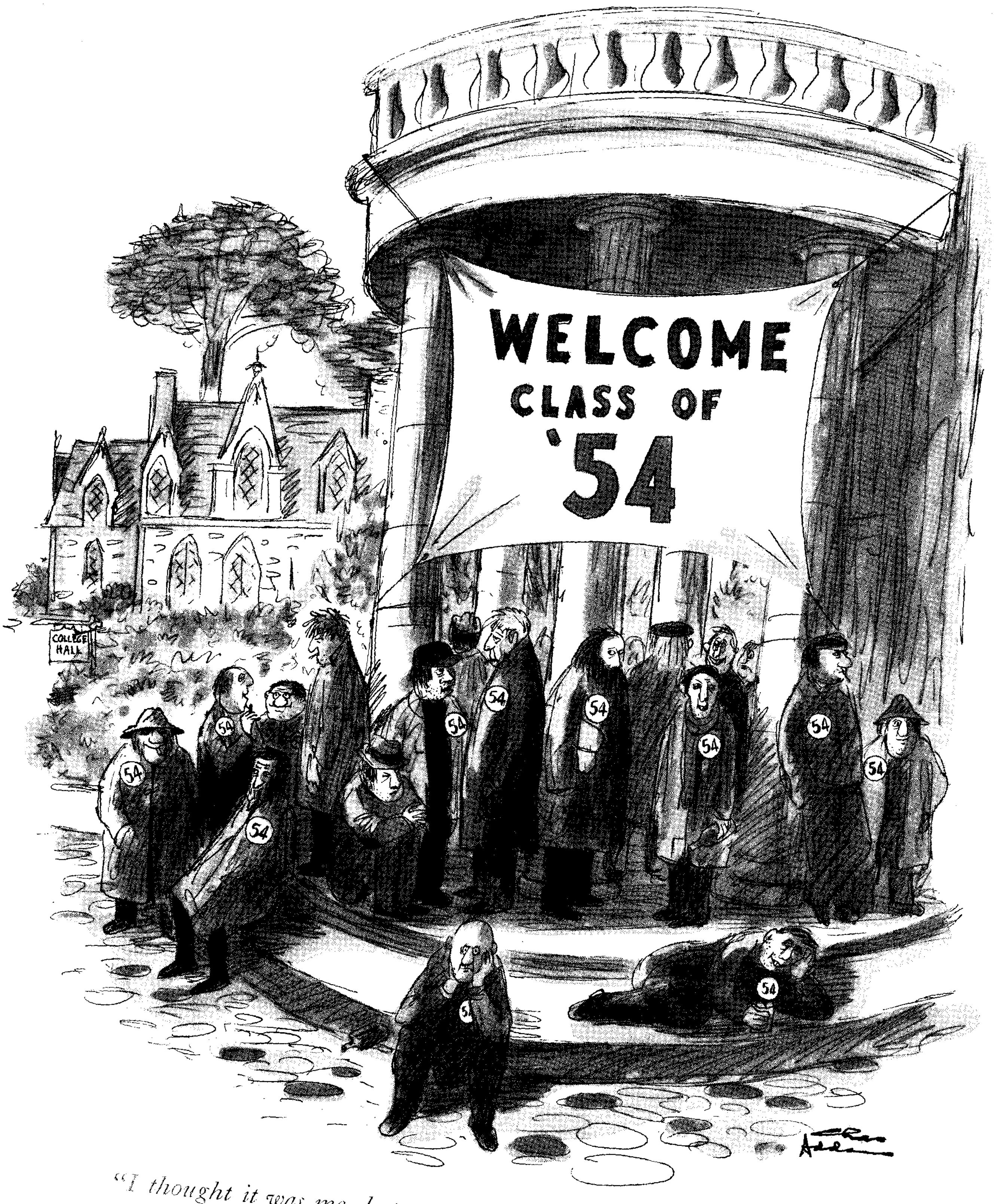
"What's she got?"

"Last night," old Jacob explained, "she caught a smell of roses."

"Then half the town is going to die," Don Máximo Gómez said. "That's all they've been talking about this morning."

It was hard for old Jacob to lose again without the risk of offending Don Máximo. He brought in the table and the chairs, closed up the shop, and went about looking everywhere for anyone who had caught the smell. In the end, only Tobías was sure. So old Jacob asked him please to stop by his place as if by chance and tell his wife all about it.

Tobías did as he was told. At four



"I thought it was me, but maybe the school's no damn good."

o'clock, all dressed up in his Sunday best, he appeared on the porch, where the wife had spent all afternoon getting old Jacob's widower's outfit together. He had come up so quietly that the woman was startled.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "I thought it was the Archangel Gabriel."

"Well, you can see it's not," Tobías said. "It's only me, and I've come to tell you something."

She adjusted her glasses and went back to work.

"I know what it's all about," she said.

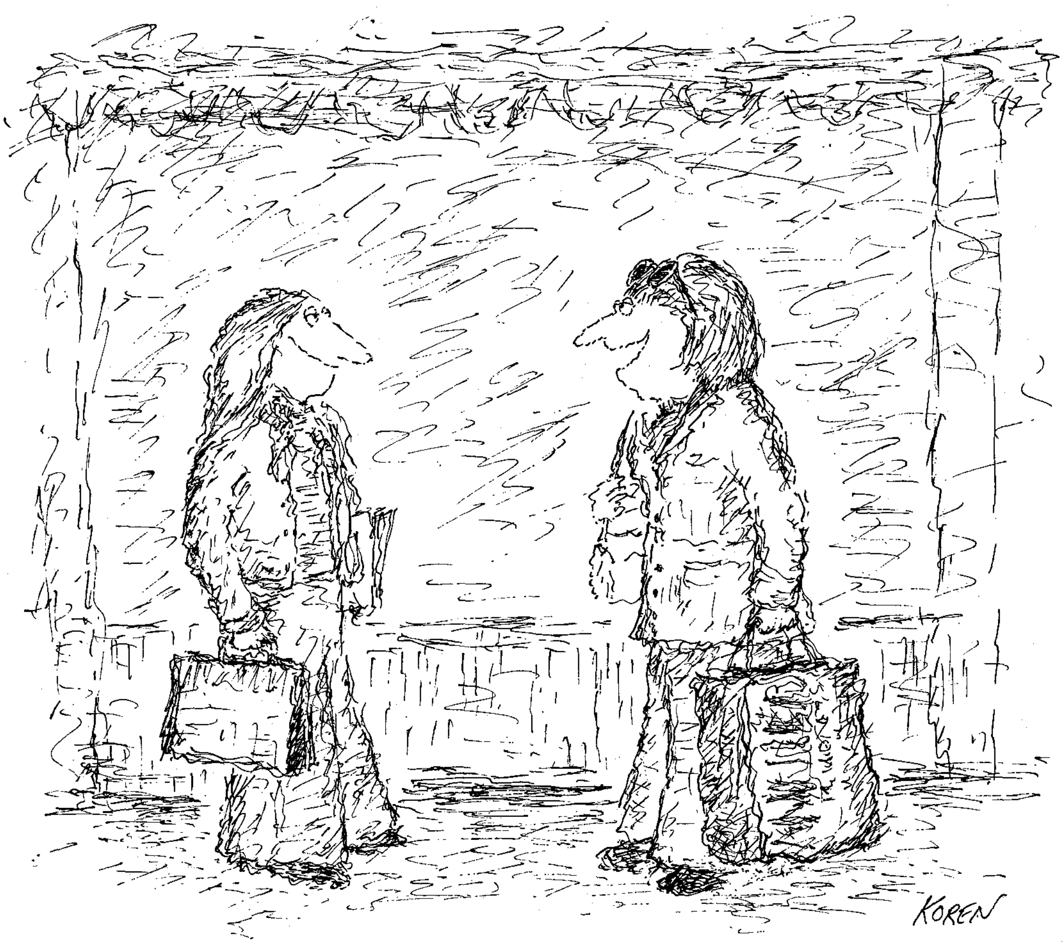
"I bet you don't," Tobías said.

"You caught the smell of roses last night."

"How did you know?" Tobías asked in desolation.

"At my age," the woman said, "there's so much time left over for thinking that a person can become a regular prophet."

Old Jacob, who had his ear pressed against the partition wall in the back of the store, stood up in shame. "You



"Martin and I just bought sixty-five acres in Vermont, and as soon as we get around to building a house you must come up and visit."

see, woman!" he shouted through the wall. He made a turn and appeared on the porch. "It wasn't what you thought it was, after all."

"This fellow has been lying," she said without raising her head. "He didn't smell anything."

"It was around eleven o'clock," Tobías said. "I was chasing crabs away."

The woman finished mending a collar. "Lies," she insisted. "Everybody knows you're a tricker." She bit the thread with her teeth and looked at Tobías over her glasses. "What I can't understand is why you went to the trouble to put Vaseline on your hair and shine your shoes just to come and be so disrespectful to me."

FROM then on, Tobías began to keep watch on the sea. He hung his hammock up on the porch by the yard and spent the night waiting, surprised by the things that go on in the world while people are asleep. For many nights, he could hear the desperate scrawling of the crabs as they tried to claw-climb up the supports of the house, until so many nights went by that they got tired of trying. He came to know Clotilde's way of sleeping. He discovered how her fluty snores became more high-pitched as the heat grew more intense, and finally became the single, languid note of the torpor of July.

At first, Tobías kept watch on the sea the way people who know it well do—with his gaze fixed on a single point of the horizon. He watched it change color. He watched it turn out its lights and become frothy and dirty and toss up its refuse-laden belches when great rainstorms stirred up its digestion. Little by little, he learned to keep watch the way people who know it better do—not looking at it but not able to forget it even in his sleep.

Old Jacob's wife died in August. She died in her sleep, and they had to cast her, like everyone else, into the flowerless sea. Tobías kept on waiting. He had waited so long that it was becoming his way of being. One night while he was dozing in his hammock, he realized that something in the air had changed. It was an intermittent wave of odor, reminding him of the time a Japanese ship had jettisoned a cargo of rotten onions at the harbor mouth. Then the smell thickened and stayed there, motionless, until dawn. Only when he had the feeling that he could pick it up in his hands and exhibit it did Tobías leap out of his hammock and go into Clotilde's room. He shook her several times.

"Here it is," he told her.

Clotilde had to brush the smell away like a cobweb in order to get up. She fell back on her warm sheets.

"God curse it," she said.

Tobías leaped toward the door, ran into the middle of the street, and began to shout. He shouted with all his might, took a deep breath, and shouted again, and then there was a silence and he took a deeper breath, and the smell was still on the sea. But nobody answered. He went from house to house knocking on doors, even at empty houses, until his uproar became entwined with the noise of the dogs and he woke everybody up.

Many people couldn't smell it. But others, especially the old ones, went down on the beach to enjoy it. It was a compact fragrance that left no chink for any odor of the past. Some of the townspeople, worn out from so much smelling, went back to their houses. Most of them stayed on to finish their night's sleep on the beach. By dawn the smell was so pure that it was a pity even to breathe it.

Tobías slept most of the day. Clotilde caught up with him at siesta time, and they spent the afternoon frolicking in bed without even closing the door to the yard. First they did it like earthworms, then like rabbits, and finally like turtles, until the world grew sad and it was dark again. There was still a trace of roses in the air. Sometimes a wave of music reached the bedroom.

"It's coming from Catarino's," Clotilde said. "Someone must have come to town."

Three men and a woman had come. Catarino thought that others might come later, and he tried to fix his gramophone. Since he couldn't do it, he asked Pancho Aparecido, who knew how to do all kinds of things because he'd never owned anything, and besides he had a box of tools and a pair of intelligent hands.

Catarino's place was a wooden

building set apart and facing the sea. It had one large room with benches and small tables, and several bedrooms in the rear. While they watched Pancho Aparecido working, the three men and the woman drank in silence, sitting at the bar and yawning in turn.

The gramophone worked well after several tries. When they heard the music, distant but distinct, the townspeople stopped chatting. They looked at one another and for a moment had nothing to say, for only then did they realize how old they had become since they had last heard music.

Tobías found everybody still awake after nine o'clock. They were sitting in their doors listening to Catarino's old records, with the look of childish fatalism of people watching an eclipse. Every record reminded them of someone who had died, of the taste of food after a long illness, or of something that they'd had to do the next day many years ago and that never got done because they'd forgotten.

The music stopped around eleven o'clock. Many people went to bed thinking it was going to rain, because a dark cloud hung over the sea. But the cloud descended, floated for a while on the surface, and then sank into the water. Only the stars remained. A short while later, the breeze left the town and came back with a smell of roses.

"Just what I told you, Jacob!" Don Máximo Gómez exclaimed. "Here it is back with us again. I'm sure now that we're going to smell it every night."

"God forbid," old Jacob said. "That smell is the only thing in life that has come too late for me."

They'd been playing checkers in the empty store, without paying any attention to the records. Their memories were so ancient that there weren't records old enough to stir them up.

"For my part, I don't believe much of anything about this," Don Máximo Gómez said. "After so many years of eating dust, with so many women wanting a little yard to plant flowers in, it's not strange that a person should end up smelling things like this and even thinking it's all true."

"But we can smell it with our own noses," old Jacob said.

"No matter," said Don Máximo Gómez. "During the war, when the revolution was already lost, we wanted a general so bad that we saw the Duke of Marlborough appear, flesh and blood. I saw him with my own eyes, Jacob."

It was after midnight. When he was alone, old Jacob closed his store and took his lamp to the bedroom. Through the window, outlined against the glow of the sea, he saw the crag from which the dead were thrown.

"Petra," he called in a soft voice.

She couldn't hear him. At that moment, she was floating along almost on the surface of the water, beneath a radiant noonday sun on the Bay of Bengal. She'd lifted her head to look through the water, as through an illuminated showcase, at a huge ocean liner. But she couldn't see her husband, who at that moment, on the other side of the world, had begun to hear Catarino's gramophone again.

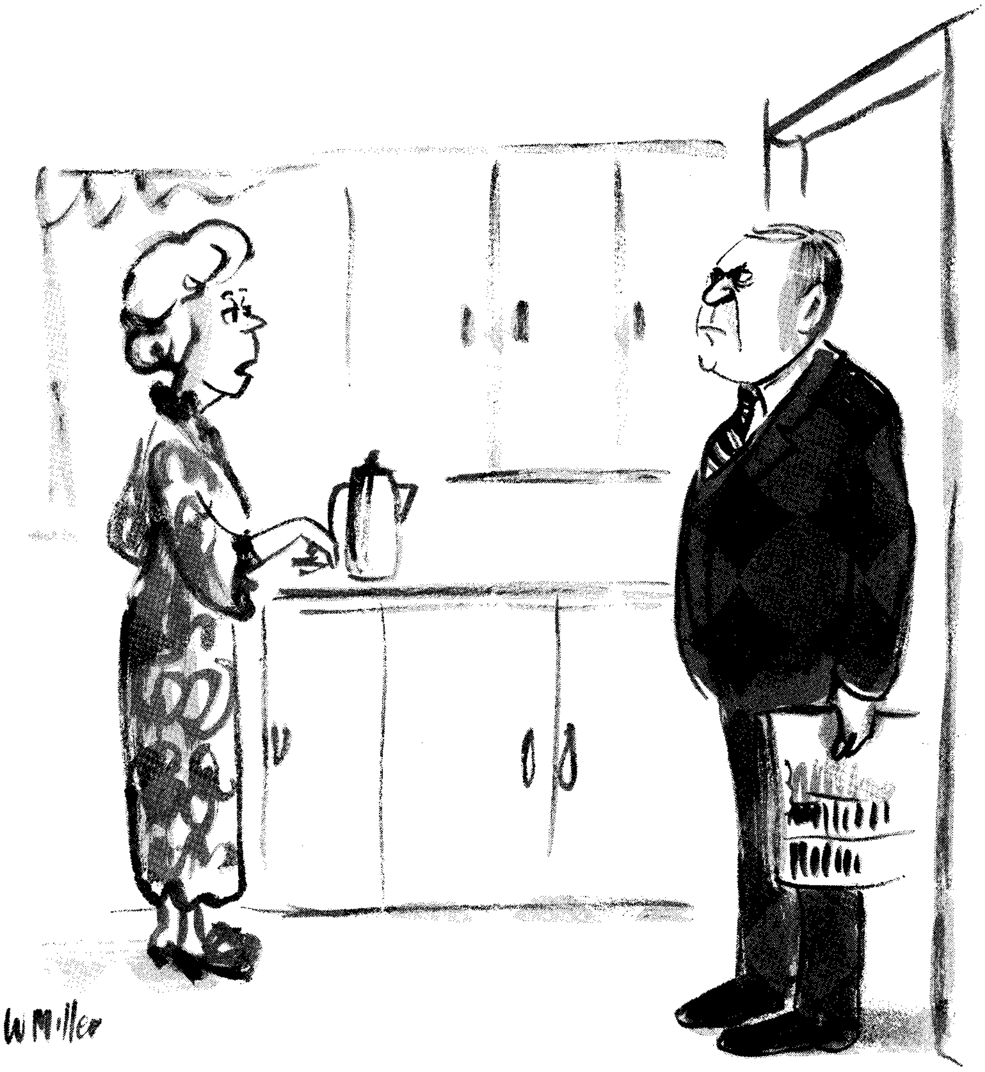
"Just think," old Jacob said. "Barely six months ago, they thought you were crazy, and now they're the ones making a festival out of the smell that brought on your death."

He put out the light and got into bed. He wept slowly, with that graceless little whimper old people have, but soon he fell asleep.

"I'd get away from this town if I could," he said, sobbing as he tossed. "I'd go straight to hell or anywhere else if I could only get twenty pesos together."

FROM that night on, and for several weeks, the smell remained on the sea. It impregnated the wood of the houses, the food, and the drinking water, and there was nowhere to escape the odor. A lot of people were startled to find it in the vapors of their own dung. The men and the woman who had come to Catarino's place left one Friday, but they were back on Saturday with a whole mob of people. More people arrived on Sunday. They were in and out of everywhere like ants, looking for something to eat and a place to sleep, until it was impossible to walk the streets.

More people came. The women who had left when the town died came back to Catarino's. They were fatter and wore heavier makeup, and they brought the latest records, which didn't remind anyone of anything. Some of the other former inhabitants of the town returned. They'd gone off to



"Oh, come now! Is this the face of our friendly neighborhood banker?"

get filthy rich somewhere else, and they came back talking about their fortunes but wearing the same clothes they'd left with. Music and sideshows arrived—wheels of chance, fortune-tellers, gunmen, and men with snakes coiled about their necks who were selling the elixir of eternal life. They kept on coming for many weeks, even after the first rains had come and the sea became rough and the smell disappeared.

A priest arrived among the last. He walked all over, eating bread dipped in light coffee, and, little by little, he banned everything that had come before him—games of chance, the new music and the way it was danced, and even the recent custom of sleeping on the beach. One evening, at Melchor's house, he preached a sermon about the smell of the sea.

"Give thanks to Heaven, my children," he said, "for this is the smell of God."

Someone interrupted him. "How can you tell, Father? You haven't smelled it yet?"

"The Holy Scriptures," he said, "are quite explicit in regard to this smell. We are living in a chosen village."

Tobías went about back and forth at the festival like a sleepwalker. He took Clotilde to see what money was. They made believe they were betting enormous sums at roulette, and then they figured their winnings and felt extremely rich. But one night not just they but the whole multitude occupying the town saw more money in one place than they ever could have imagined.

That was the night Mr. Herbert arrived. He appeared suddenly and set up a table in the middle of the street, and on top of the table he placed two large trunks brimful of banknotes. There was so much money that no one noticed it at first, because they couldn't believe it. But when Mr. Herbert started ringing a little bell the people had to believe him, and they went over to listen.

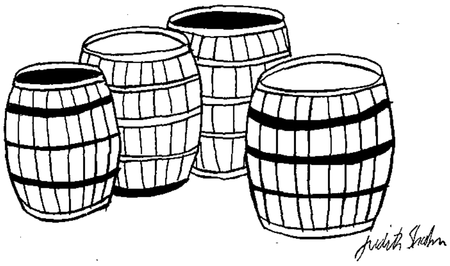
"I'm the richest man in the world," he said. "I've got so much money I haven't got room to keep it anymore. And besides, since my heart's so big that there's no room for it in my chest, I have decided to travel the world over, solving the problems of mankind."

He was tall and ruddy. He spoke in a loud voice and without pauses, and waved about a pair of lukewarm, languid hands that looked as if they'd just been shaved. He spoke for fifteen minutes. He rested, and then he rang the little bell and began to speak again. Halfway through his speech, someone in the crowd flourished a hat and interrupted him.

"Come on, Mister. Don't talk so much. Start handing out the money."

"Not so fast," Mr. Herbert replied. "Handing out money willy-nilly, in addition to being an unfair way of doing things, doesn't make any sense."

He located the man who had interrupted him and motioned him to come forward. The crowd let him through.



"On the other hand," Mr. Herbert went on, "this impatient friend of ours is going to give us a chance to demonstrate the most equitable system of the distribution of wealth." He reached out a hand and helped him up.

"What's your name?"

"Patricio."

"All right, Patricio," Mr. Herbert said. "Just like everybody else, you've got a problem you haven't been able to solve for some time."

Patricio took off his hat and confirmed this with a nod.

"What is it?"

"Well, my problem is this," Patricio said. "I haven't got any money."

"How much do you need?"

"Forty-eight pesos."

Mr. Herbert gave an exclamation

RIDING THE ELEVATOR INTO THE SKY

As the fireman said:
Don't book a room over the fifth floor
in any hotel in New York.
They have ladders that will reach further
but no one will climb them.
As the New York *Times* said:
The elevator always seeks out
the floor of the fire
and automatically opens
and won't shut.
These are the warnings
that you must forget
if you're climbing out of yourself.
If you're going to smash into the sky.

Many times I've gone past
the fifth floor,
cranking upward,
but only once
have I gone all the way up.
Sixtieth floor:
small plants and swans bending
into their grave.
Floor two hundred:
mountains with the patience of a cat,
silence wearing its sneakers.
Floor five hundred:
messages and letters centuries old,
birds to drink,
a kitchen of clouds.
Floor six thousand:
the stars,
skeletons on fire,
their arms singing.
And a key,
a very large key,
that opens something—
some useful door—
somewhere
up there.

—Anne Sexton

• •

TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE
TROOP
B. TOBEY

"Whose father has a station wagon?"

• •

of triumph. "Forty-eight pesos!" he repeated. He clapped his hands, and the crowd accompanied him in applauding.

"Very well, Patricio," Mr. Herbert went on. "Now, tell us one thing: What can you do?"

"Lots of things."

"Decide on one," Mr. Herbert said. "The thing you do best."

"Well," Patricio said, "I can do birds."

Applauding again, Mr. Herbert turned to the crowd.

"So, then, ladies and gentlemen, our friend Patricio, who does an extraordinary job of imitating birds, is going to imitate forty-eight different birds, and in that way he will solve the great problem of his life." While the crowd stood in startled silence, Patricio did his birds. Sometimes whistling, sometimes with his throat, he imitated all the known birds and finished off with others that no one was able to identify. When he was through, Mr. Herbert called for a round of applause and gave him forty-eight pesos.

"And now," he said, "come up one by one. I'm going to be here until tomorrow at this time, solving problems."

Old Jacob learned about the commotion from the conversation of people walking past his house. With each bit of news, his heart grew bigger and bigger, until he felt it would burst.

"What do you think about this gringo?" he asked Don Máximo Gómez.

Don Máximo shrugged his shoulders. "He must be a philanthropist."

"If I could only do something," old Jacob said, "I could solve my little problem right now. It's nothing much—twenty pesos."

"You play a good game of checkers," Don Máximo Gómez said.

Old Jacob appeared not to have paid any attention to him, but when he was alone he wrapped up the board and the box of checkers in a newspaper and went off to challenge Mr. Herbert. Midnight came, and old Jacob still waited for his turn. Finally, Mr. Herbert had them pack up his trunks and said goodbye to the waiting crowds until the next morning.

He didn't go off to bed. He showed up at Catarino's place with the men who were carrying his trunks, and the crowd followed him there with their problems. Little by little, he went on solving problems, and finally he solved so many that the only people left in the store were women and a few men whose problems had already been solved. In the back of the room there was a solitary woman fanning herself slowly with a cardboard advertisement.

"What about you?" Mr. Herbert shouted at her. "What's your problem?"

The woman stopped fanning herself. "Don't try to get me mixed up in your fun, Mister Gringo!" she shouted across the room. "I haven't got any kind of problem, and I'm a whore because my ass is bent that way!"

Mr. Herbert shrugged. He went on drinking his cold beer beside the open trunks, waiting for other problems. He was sweating. A while later, a woman broke away from the group at her table and spoke to him in a low voice. She had a five-hundred-peso problem.

"How would you split that up?" Mr. Herbert asked her.

"By five."

"Just imagine," Mr. Herbert said. "That's a hundred men."

"It doesn't matter," she said. "If I can get all that money together, they'll be the last hundred men of my life."

He looked her over. She was quite young and fragile-boned, but her eyes showed decision.

"All right," Mr. Herbert said. "Go into your room and I'll start sending everyone with five pesos in to you." He went to the street door and rang his little bell.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Tobías found Catarino's place open. All the lights were out. Half asleep and puffed with beer, Mr. Herbert was controlling the entry of men into the girl's room.

Tobías went in, too. The girl recognized him. She was surprised to see him in her room.

"You, too?"

"They told me to come in," Tobías said. "They gave me five pesos and told me not to take too long."

She took the soaked sheet off the bed and asked Tobías to hold the other end. It was as heavy as canvas. They squeezed it, twisting it by the ends, until it got its natural weight back. They turned the mattress over, but the sweat had come out the other side. Tobías did the best he could. Before leaving, he put the five pesos on the high pile of bills beside the bed.

"Send everybody you can," Mr. Herbert suggested to him. "Let's see if we can get this over with before noon."

The girl opened the door a crack and asked for a cold beer. There were still several men waiting.

"How many left?" she asked.

"Sixty-three," Mr. Herbert answered.

OLD Jacob followed Mr. Herbert about all day, with his checkerboard. His turn came at nightfall; he laid out his problem, and Mr. Herbert accepted. They put two chairs and a small table on top of the big table in the middle of the street, and old Jacob made the first move. It was the last play he was able to plan in advance. He lost.

"Forty pesos," Mr. Herbert said, "and I'll give you a handicap of two moves."

He won again. His hands barely touched the checkers. He played blindfolded, guessing his opponent's moves, and still won. The crowd grew tired of watching. When old Jacob decided to give up, he was in debt to the tune of five thousand seven hundred and forty-two pesos and twenty-three centavos. He didn't change his expression. He jotted down the figure on a piece of paper he had in his pocket. Then he folded up the board, put the checkers in their box, and wrapped everything up in the newspaper. "Do with me what you will," he said, "but let me have these things. I promise you that I will spend the rest of my life getting all that money together."

Mr. Herbert looked at his watch. "I'm terribly sorry," he said. "Your time will be up in twenty minutes." He waited until he was sure that his opponent hadn't found the solution. "Don't you have anything else to offer?"

"My honor."

"I mean," Mr. Herbert explained, "something that changes color when a brush daubed with paint is passed over it."

"My house," old Jacob said, as if he were solving a riddle. "It's not worth much, but it is a house."

That was how Mr. Herbert took possession of old Jacob's house. He also took possession of the houses and property of others who couldn't pay their debts, but he called for a week of music, fireworks, and acrobats, and he took charge of the festivities himself.

It was a memorable week. Mr. Herbert spoke of the miraculous destiny of the town and he even sketched out the city of the future—great glass buildings with dance floors on top. He showed the drawing to the people. They looked in astonishment, trying to find themselves among the pedestrians painted in Mr. Herbert's colors, but the people in the picture were so well dressed that no one could recognize himself. Emotion made their hearts ache. They laughed at the old urge to cry that had afflicted them back in October, and every day they lived in hope, until at last Mr. Herbert rang his little bell and said the party was over. Only then did he rest.

"You're going to die from that life you lead," old Jacob said.

"I've got so much money that there's no reason for me to die," Mr. Herbert said.

He flopped on a bed in old Jacob's house. He slept for days on end, snoring like a lion, and so many days went by that people grew tired of waiting for him. They had to dig crabs to eat. Catarino's new records got so old that no one could listen to them anymore without tears, and he had to close up his place.

Long after Mr. Herbert had fallen asleep, the priest knocked on old Jacob's door. The house was locked from the inside. The breathing of the man asleep had been using up the air, and things had lost their weight and were beginning to float about.

"I want to have a word with him," the priest said.

"You'll have to wait," said old Jacob, opening the door.

"I haven't got much time."

"Have a seat, Father, and wait," old Jacob repeated. "And please talk to me in the meantime. It's been a long time since I've known what's been going on in the world."

"The people have all scattered," the priest said. "It won't be long before the town will be the same as it was before. That's the only thing that's new."

"They'll come back when the sea smells of roses again," old Jacob said.

"But, in the meantime, we've got to have something to sustain the illusions of those who stay," the priest said. "It's urgent for us to start building the church."

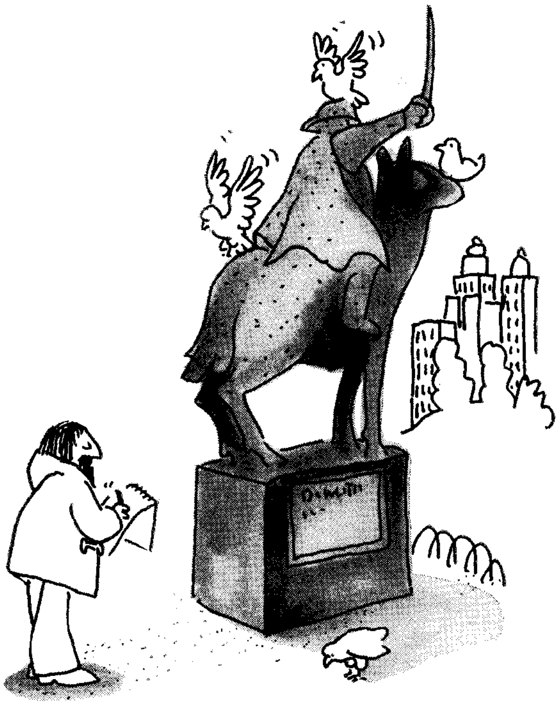
"That's why you've come to see Mr. Herbert," old Jacob said.

"That's right," said the priest. "Gringos are very charitable."

"Wait a bit, then, Father," old Jacob said. "He might just wake up."

They played checkers. It was a long and difficult game, which lasted several days, but Mr. Herbert still didn't wake up.

The priest allowed himself to be-



come confused by desperation. He went all over the town with a copper plate, asking for donations to build the church, but he didn't get very much. He was becoming diaphanous from so much begging; his bones started to fill with sounds, and one Sunday he rose two hands above the ground, but nobody noticed it. Then he packed his clothes in one suitcase and the money he had collected in another and said goodbye forever. "The smell won't come back," he said to those who tried to dissuade him. "You've got to face up to the fact that the town has fallen into mortal sin."

WHEN Mr. Herbert woke up, the town was the same as it had been before. The rain had fermented the garbage the crowds had left in the streets, and the soil was once more arid and hard as brick.

"I've been asleep a long time," Mr. Herbert said, yawning.

"Centuries," said old Jacob.

"I'm starving to death."

"So is everyone else," old Jacob said. "There's nothing to do but go to the beach and dig for crabs."

Tobías found Mr. Herbert scratching in the sand, foaming at the mouth, and he was surprised to discover that starving rich people look very much like the poor. Mr. Herbert didn't find enough crabs. At nightfall, he invited Tobías to look for something to eat in the depths of the sea.

"Listen," Tobías warned him. "Only the dead know what's down inside there."

"Scientists know, too," Mr. Herbert said. "Beneath the sea of the drowned there are turtles with exquisite meat on them. Get your clothes off and let's go."

They went. At first, they swam straight along and then they went down very deep, to where the light of the sun and then the light of the sea stopped, and things were only visible in their own light. They passed a submerged village, with men and women on horseback turning about a carousel. It was a splendid day, and there were brightly colored flowers on the terraces.

"Here a Sunday sank at about eleven o'clock in the morning," Mr. Herbert said. "It must have been some cataclysm."

Tobías turned off toward the village, but Mr. Herbert signalled him to keep going down.

"There are roses there," Tobías said. "I want Clotilde to know what they are."

"You can come back another time, at your leisure," Mr. Herbert said. "Right now, I'm dying of hunger."

He went down like an octopus, with slow, slinky strokes of his arms. Tobías, who was trying hard not to lose sight of him, thought that this must be the way rich people swam. Little by little, they were leaving the sea of common catastrophes and entering the sea of the dead.

There were so many of them—Tobías thought he'd never seen so many people on earth. They were floating motionless, face up, on different levels, and they all had the look of forgotten souls.

"They're very old dead," Mr. Herbert said. "It's taken them centuries to reach this state of repose."

Farther down, in the waters of the more recent dead, Mr. Herbert stopped. Tobías caught up with him at the instant that a very young woman passed in front of them. She was floating on her side, her eyes open, followed by a current of flowers.

Mr. Herbert put his fingers to his lips and held it there until the last of the flowers went by. "She's the most beautiful woman I've seen in all my life," he said.

"She is old Jacob's wife," Tobías said. "She must be fifty years younger, but that's her. I'm sure of it."

"She's done a lot of travelling," Mr.

"Tell me, Dr. Russell, about the veterinary experience."

Herbert said. "She's trailing flowers from all the seas of the world."

They reached bottom. Mr. Herbert took a few turns over earth that looked like polished slate. Tobías followed him. Only when he became accustomed to the half-light of the depths did he discover that the turtles were there. There were thousands of them, flattened out on the bottom, so motionless that they looked petrified.

"They're alive," Mr. Herbert said, "but they've been asleep for millions of years."

He turned one over. With a soft touch he pushed it up, and the sleeping animal left his hands and continued drifting upward. Tobías let it pass by. Then he looked up toward the surface and saw the whole sea upside down.

"It's like a dream," he said.

"For your own good, don't tell anyone about it," Mr. Herbert said. "Just imagine the disorder there would be in the world if people found out about these things."

IT was almost midnight when they got back to the village. They woke up Clotilde and told her to boil some water. Mr. Herbert butchered the turtle, but it took all three of them to chase and kill the heart when it bounced out into the courtyard while they were cutting up the creature. They ate until they couldn't take another breath.

"Well, Tobías," Mr. Herbert said, "we've got to face reality."

"Of course."

"And reality says," Mr. Herbert went on, "that the smell will never come back."

"It will come back."

"It won't come back," Clotilde put in, "because among other reasons it never really came. It was you who got everybody all worked up."

"You smelled it yourself," Tobías said.

"I was half dazed that night," Clotilde said. "But right now I'm not sure about anything that has to do with this sea."

"So, I'll be on my way," Mr. Herbert said. "And you should leave, too," he added, speaking to both of them. "There are too many things to do in the world for you to be starving in this town."

He left. Tobías stayed in the yard, counting the stars down to the horizon, and he discovered that there were three more since the previous December. Clotilde called him from the bedroom, but he didn't pay any attention.

"Come here, you dummy," Clotilde insisted. "It's been years since we did it like rabbits."

Tobías waited a long time. When he finally went in, she had fallen asleep. He half woke her up, but she was so tired that they got mixed up and were only able to do it like earthworms.

"You're acting like a boob," Clotilde said grouchily. "Try to think about something else."

"I *am* thinking about something else."

She wanted to know what it was, and he decided to tell her, on the condition that she wouldn't repeat it. Clotilde promised.

"There's a village at the bottom of the sea," Tobías said, "with little white houses with millions of flowers on the terraces."

Clotilde raised her hands to her head. "Oh, Tobías!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Tobías, for the love of God, don't start up with those things again."

Tobías didn't say anything. He rolled over to the edge of the bed and tried to go to sleep. He couldn't sleep until dawn, when the wind changed and the crabs left him in peace.

—GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Gregory Rabassa.*)

•

THE OLD CLOTHES

Often I visit them where they slump
in the closet, hangers protruding
like beggars' shoulder blades.
Splotched as if they'd endured
barrages of fruit, as if the body,
short-circuiting, let go its fluids
and salts, a blowout frazzling cuffs
and throwing off buttons
like a millionaire flinging coins
in his old neighborhood.
I should cram them in a poor box
in some parking lot far from home,
except they'd be back that night,
cowering or stiff as the line-up,
pockets bagged for larceny
or deflated by keyholes, derailed
and toothless zippers, knees
weak as unanswered prayers.
I should pay some crone
to slash up the lot
and hook me a rug for my old age,
something to keep on my lap
and pick up a clue from—
some thread of evidence
that proves I was going straight.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

LONG WEEKEND

THE Taconic Parkway is a four-lane highway, but the lanes are narrow and misanthropic, and in many stretches a low, murderous steel fence divides northbound from southbound. Dave was passing a lot of cars, and passing under these conditions, he told himself, took the nerve and judgment of a fighter pilot, a Blue Angel. Ordinarily, he enjoyed maneuvering up the Taconic, but the morning was so splendid that he resented the need to concentrate on driving.

"Did you sleep well last night?" Anne asked him.

"Not particularly," Dave replied. "I have the sense that this weekend is going to be a disaster."

"Listen, Ruth Masterman will be there. It's not like you won't know anybody."

"But I mean, who are these three guys? All young lawyers or accountants or something."

"Well, you met Bob Baron at my apartment," she said. "He's nice. You said you liked him, remember? He's the one who told about his father's collection of shirts."

"Shirts?"

"You remember. His father has hundreds of new shirts. He buys them and never wears them."

"Now I remember. Very little in the way of neck."

"You're too harsh, you really are. You *said* you liked him. Anyway, he's in analysis—five times a week."

"Well, that's a relief. It must make a big hole in his slimy income. Wait a minute, wait a minute: he lives in his father's apartment house, right? He has two bedrooms and pays twenty-seven dollars a month."

"That's right. And his father helped him rent this house we're going to. In fact, all three of the guys in on the house live in Bob's father's place. He knows a lot about real estate."

"And shirts."

THEY left the highway at the Millbrook exit. Anne began reading off directions that put them through a maze of back roads, the last of which was unpaved and wound up a steep hill. They passed ramshackle houses and estates that either looked completely abandoned or featured freaks tinkering with Hondas or simply lounging around. "What's this place supposed to be—'Deliverance'?" Dave said.

"IT'S about time," Bob said as he met Anne and Dave at the top of the driveway. He was a tall, hairy young man with a straight nose and thin lips. He was wearing tennis sneakers and shorts and no shirt. "We thought you two were going to chicken out."

"I was in my office until very late last night working on some course plans," Dave said. He wasn't. "I'm sorry. Anyway, didn't Ruth say that we might not be able to come Friday night?"

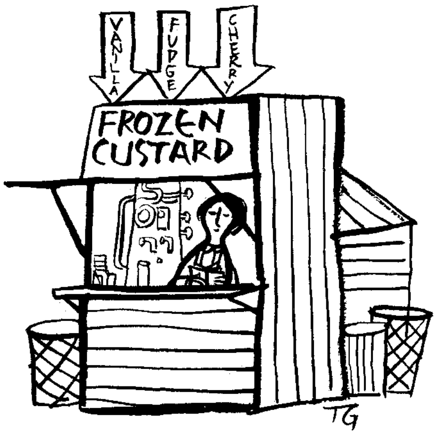
"Yeah, she said something about it. But we thought you two might not show at all."

"You already said that," Dave said. Anne stepped on his foot.

"Well come on, you two. I'll take you to your room and then show you around."

The place had been a farm until about forty years ago, Bob explained. The farm had failed during the Depression, and a young New York City family had bought it to use as a country house. The couple had got divorced, but the woman kept the house and rented it, over the years, either to Bennett College students or to young professionals from the city. The owner was now in her seventies, Bob said, and knew his family very well.

The buildings and grounds were a shambles. The large main house, white with vestiges of green trim, badly needed painting, and the wood floors inside were warped and rippled. Bob and his friends had scattered their clothing and food and records all over the place, making it look like a college dormitory. The outbuildings, some of which were smothered by wild vines and creepers and barely visible, were falling apart. The big barn, behind the house, had gaping holes in it and seemed menacing. The clearance on its first floor was so low, Dave thought as he and Anne bent over to enter it, that it must have been built and worked by trolls. A jumble of ski equipment—poles, skis, and boots—stood against the wall to the left of the doorway. Down a slight incline, behind the barn, were a well-kept tennis court and one of those small raised-tank swimming pools with a spindly rail around it. The pool and court looked naked and anomalous.



DAVE was rallying with Al Fleisch, one of the three shareholders in the house. Bob and the other renter, Jon Kline, had finished a match, and they and Anne and Ruth had gone over to the pool.

Al was quite fat, but he was surprisingly athletic. He had curly red hair and little eyes that seemed to be hiding out in his face. He had been learning tennis all winter, at a tennis club in the city, and though he was not nearly as good as his two housemates, he wasn't bad. Dave had played tennis ten or fifteen times in his life.

"Give it to him, Pork," Bob called from the pool. They started playing in earnest.

"Uphold the honor of the house," Jon yelled.

Al won the first two games easily. Then Dave began to get his flailing but powerful first serve in. He also started to hit the ball more and more softly during rallies, with various slices and lobs. Every now and then, when the ball was coming to him just right, he would powder it with a forehand top spin, his one good orthodox shot. He won five games in a row, and Al was furious. He threw his racket against the high wire fence with increasing frequency and velocity. Dave ran all over the court picking up balls between points while Al steamed.

"I'm getting really lucky," Dave said apologetically as they changed sides for the eighth game.

"Ahh, I'm playing like some goddam girl," Al said.

"Come on, Pork, don't let a *guest* beat you," Bob shouted.

"You know, you're supposed to pick them up when you're at the net," Al grumbled, down 15–40, as he walked in to retrieve a ball.

"Christ, Al, I've been picking them up for you the whole time."

Dave won the set point and Al threw his racket over the fence, far back into some wild-raspberry bushes.

"You let us down," Bob said when Dave and Al came over to the pool. "Got beat by a *guest*."

"I was pretty lucky," Dave said.

"Yeah. You shouldn't run around your backhand so much," Al said.

THE day grew very hot. Al spent the rest of the afternoon lying on and overflowing an air mattress in the center of the pool. When Dave went into the water, he had to swim around Al's edges. Jon and Bob sat at one end of the pool, playing ferocious backgammon, with their feet dangling in the water. They were playing for twenty-five dollars a game. Anne and Ruth sat talking at the other end. They were a novelist's dream of morphology: Ruth was slim and dark and flat, and Anne was fair-skinned, blond, and buxom—"busty," she called herself. Dave skirted the island, who was now fast asleep on his mattress, and poked his head over the edge of the pool in front of the two women.

"Where do you know these guys from?" he asked Ruth quietly.

"I only know Bob," she said. "I met him at work. He was with the city's corporation counsel for a while, and I saw him around City Hall."

"So do you love him, or what?"

"Oh, no. He's actually just an acquaintance, really."

"What does he do now?" Dave asked.

"He's with a big firm, I think. The city wasn't paying enough for him."

"BY the way, I don't know if Ruth told you, but we usually charge our guests five dollars a day each—you know, for food and liquor and stuff," Bob told Dave as the whole group trooped back up to the house, late in the afternoon. "I hope that's O.K."

"Oh yeah, sure, fine," Dave said.

"DID you know that they're charging us ten dollars a day for this famous weekend?" Dave asked Anne in their room. They were changing for supper.

"No, Ruth didn't say anything about it. I thought it was free."

"Well, it's not. But I'll tell you one thing."

"What?"

"We better go out there and get to work on that Jack Daniel's."

THE three hosts huddled around the outdoor charcoal grill arguing over hot-dog and hamburger strategy. Dave and Ruth and Anne drank in the kitchen, while peeling and slicing potatoes and making a giant salad. Dave went to the refrigerator to get some butter. It was an old refrigerator—the kind with a small freezing compartment that has no door. Dave found the butter in the compartment, which was so roundly swollen with ice and frost that its original conformation was totally invisible. One small tunnel of space remained, just large enough for the stick of butter.

"Would you look at this?" he said. "They must have gone the whole year without defrosting. I couldn't live in a house with this on my conscience."

THEY ate supper outside, at a picnic table near the door to the kitchen.

The food wasn't very good. The hamburgers were almost raw, and the frankfurters were so charred they reminded Dave of Phillies' cheroots. Al nevertheless managed to eat a tremendous amount, claiming in between every two mouthfuls that he was following Dr. Atkins' diet very closely and that he had lost twenty pounds in the last month and a half. Everybody drank a lot of beer.

"Dave, I'd like to get your opinion on something," Bob said at the end of the meal. "You teach at Columbia Journalism, right? Well, have you seen those ridiculous ads on television for the *Daily News*? The ones where Truman Capote or Ayn Rand say how well written the *News* is?"

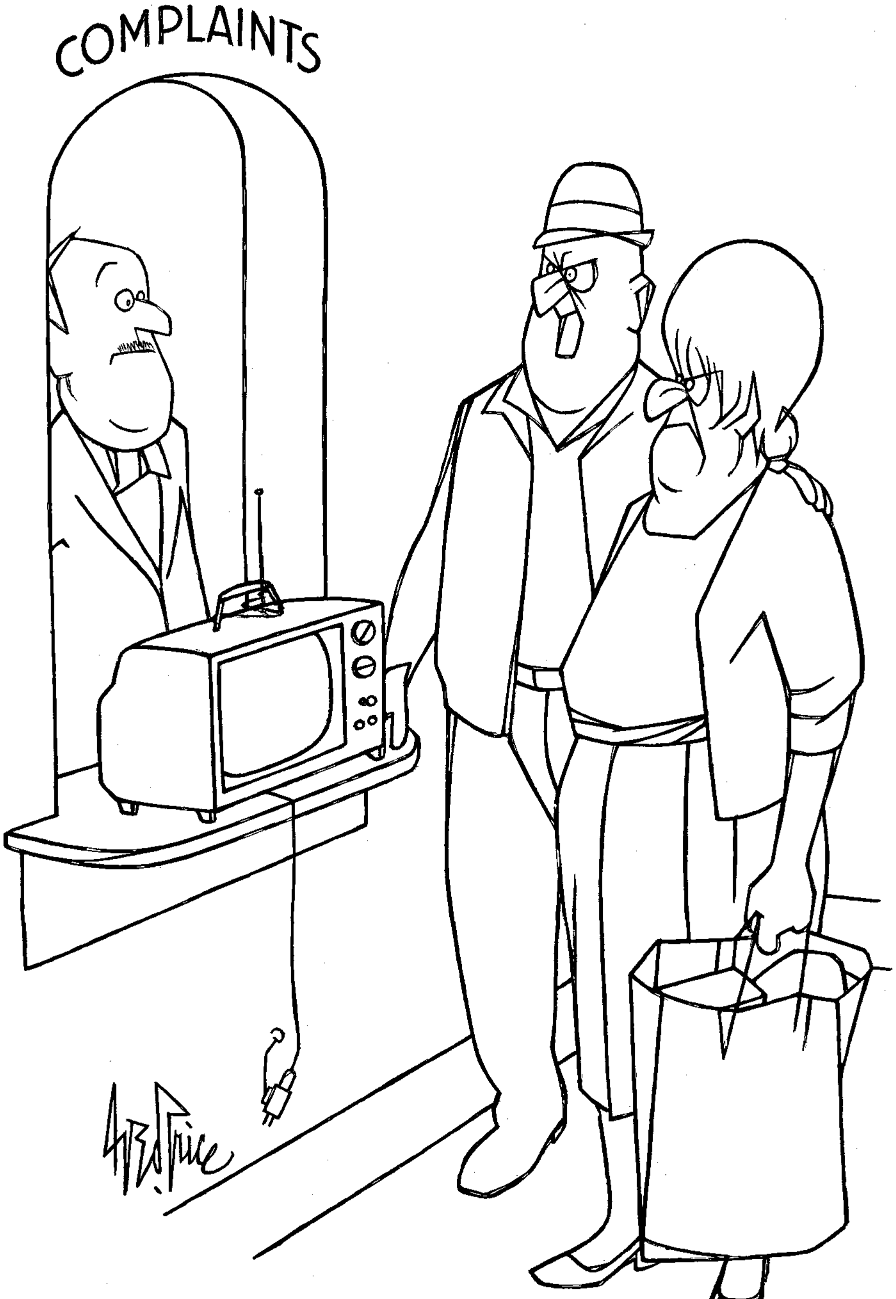
"Yes, I have," Dave said.

"I mean, someone like Capote is really selling out when he does something like that."

"What was it you wanted my opinion on?"

"Those ads are ridiculous."

"As a matter of fact, I think the



"And now, from the distaff side, an editorial opinion on the same subject."

• •

News really *is* a well-written paper. It doesn't have much in the way of solid journalism, but what it does have is much better written than the *Times*, for instance."

"You can't say that!" Bob said. There was a silence at the table, broken only by Al's munching on the last ear of corn.

"That's right, you can't say that!" cried Jon in mock hysteria. He was a very short, intense young man with blond hair and slightly wild eyes. He had been drinking a great deal before supper and had started smoking marijuana just after he finished eating. He stood up at the table and began waving his arms around. "You can't say that!" he repeated. "I can say that, Anne can say that—anyone else can say that, but you can't say that." Everybody at the table laughed except Bob.

"I'm sorry. I guess I just didn't realize that I couldn't say that," Dave said, chuckling.

"That's all right," Jon shouted. "That's all right. Next time you want to say that, you just let me know and I'll say that for you."

ON Sunday, Dave and Al played singles again, and Dave won again. This time, however, there was no racket-throwing or surliness on Al's part. Instead, he affected indifference and nonchalance, refusing to try for shots that weren't close to him, staying on the baseline, serving to the wrong court, and forgetting the score.

At the pool, afterward, Jon tried to persuade Anne and Ruth to take their bathing suits off. "Remember Ellen?" he said to Bob. "Now there was a *guest*. She didn't wear hardly anything all weekend." Anne had become so self-conscious that she wouldn't even take off the shirt she wore over her bikini. "Listen, as long as we're back up here where the revenooers can't get at us, we might as well have a good time," Jon said, prancing around the edge of the pool.

"Honestly, Jon, why don't you try growing up?" Ruth said.

"It's you all who aren't grown up. The human body is a glorious thing. Why are you ashamed? Here, we are living in a state of nature. Noble savages." He stopped in front of where Anne and Dave and Ruth were sitting. "*I'm* not ashamed," he said, and pulled down his swimming trunks.

"Jesus Christ!" Dave said. Anne blushed and turned away.

"Oh look! A Tijuana Small!" Ruth said.

"THIS is really incredible," Dave said to Anne later, when they were alone in their room. "It's like a cruel hoax of some sort. I really don't know if I can stand it till tomorrow."

Anne came over to the chair he was in and sat on his lap. "Listen, I know that what I'm going to say will upset you, but I have to tell you anyway," she said, putting her arm around his neck.

"What now?"

"Well, this morning Bob came in here to get some socks of his or something."

"It figures."

"Didn't you hear him?"

"No. I must have been asleep. A miracle."

"Well, I saw him. Anyway, Ruth told me at the pool today that before we got up, Bob was telling her and Al and Jon that you and I must not have a very good relationship."

"Oh, good," Dave said. "Where did he get that from?"

"He said we couldn't have a good relationship because we weren't sleeping holding each other."

"You must be joking."

"The only thing is that it really bothers me."

"It should bother you. Can you imagine the nerve of saying something like that!"

"No, I mean it bothers me that we don't sleep holding each other."

THEY left that evening, before supper. Dave made Anne give an excuse—something about having forgotten that she had promised to feed a neighbor's cats. "So, you're chickening out," Bob said at the top of the driveway.

"Well, you know," Dave said. "Listen, thanks a lot. We had a really good time." He handed Bob twenty dollars.

"Oh, look, you're not staying for supper; you don't have to pay the whole thing," Bob said, and handed back a five. —DANIEL MENAKER

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NOTICE—PETS

1) Animals, except household pets, are prohibited on public campsites.

2) Household pets must be confined on a leash restricting them to the immediate tentsite area OF THE OWNER.

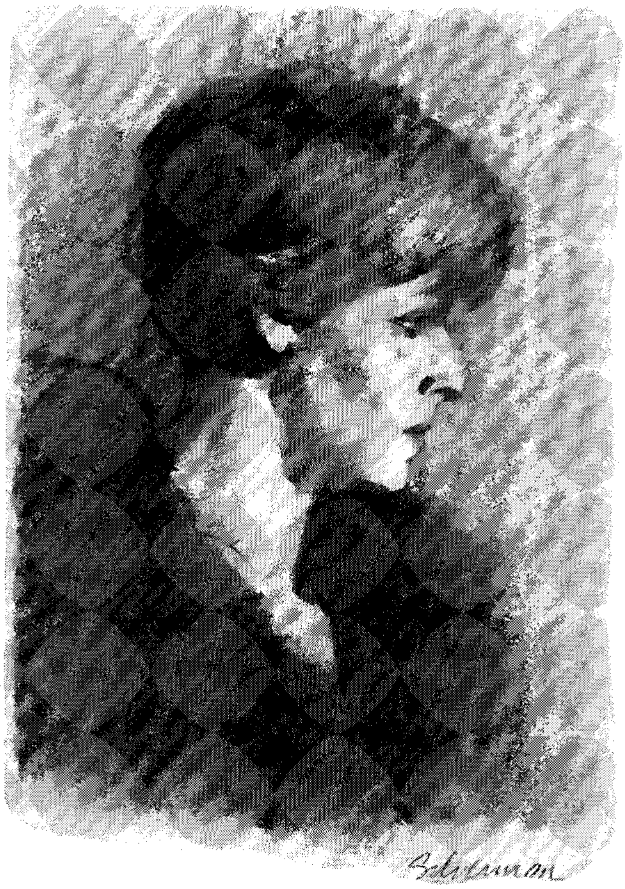
3) Proof of a currently effective rabies innoculation is required.

4) Abunaks are bit akkiwed ib Dat Yse Area.—*Slip handed to a family entering North Lake State Park, at Haynes Falls, N.Y.*

As well they might be.

PROFILES

A LIFE ON A CLOUD



THE demise of Margaret Anderson in southern France in the autumn of 1973 removed the last standing figure from that small early circle of amateur American publishers—oddly enough, all female—whose avant-garde output a half century ago unexpectedly became a new kind of important international literature. Her most remarkable labor was the serialization—over three years, in the famous vanguard magazine *The Little Review*, which she had founded in 1914—of James Joyce's "Ulysses," that masterpiece of verbal shock and emotional repletion which slowly turned into what it immutably remains today: a literary classic and the guidepost marking the new territory of the twentieth-century English-language novel. She was first tinged by fame when it became known that it was she herself, with her exceptionally handsome hands, who had labored over the endless bundles of sullying proofs, including the libidinous sections—how was this possible for so pretty and feminine a creature as she looked to be? Her profile was delicious, her hair blond and wavy, her laughter a soprano ripple, her gait undulating beneath her snug *tailleur*. The truth was that within her lay the mixture and mystery of her real consistence, in no way like her exterior. Her visible beauty enveloped a will of tempered steel, specifically at its most resistant when she was involved in argument, which was her favorite form of intellectual exercise, as I, who knew her for many years, can attest. Argument was for her like a scale on which she weighed truth and supposition, being herself insufficiently educated academically to know in advance what the proper avoirdupois should be.

Born in a prosperous, staid household in Indianapolis in 1886, with a liberal-minded, intelligent father and a bigoted mother, whom she disliked, she early developed such a wayward, precocious infatuation with piano music that when she entered Western College for Women, a classic freshwater institution in Ohio, she was able to persuade the faculty to let her skip the regular freshman courses and major in piano-playing instead. But through indolence she never practiced her Czerny finger exercises, preferring instead to eavesdrop dreamily on the advanced-piano-playing girls, whose repertory of preludes and nocturnes she soon learned by ear and by heart. What she liked was not to perform but to listen to the performances of others. She was the born enemy of convention and discipline—a feministic romantic rebel with an appetite for Chopin and for indiscriminate reading. But conversation was her real passion. She had early the visionary conviction that only artists were capable of stimulating talk, and that she would be better off dead than failing to be a listener to such talk, if she could just find it—which she certainly could not in her native city. Indeed, she became such an addicted listener that in 1906, after three years at Western College, she persuaded her father to let her go for further eavesdropping to Chicago, then the American intellectual center of ferment for the Middle West.

Chicago, unpleasantly scented by its stockyards when the wind blew from the west, was an invigorating mixture of past, present, and future intellectual stirrings—a city of mounting skyscrapers stretching beside its magnificent Lake Michigan. Impressionism and fragments of Cubism were still preëminent in the classes of the Art Institute, on Michigan Avenue. Harriet Monroe was starting her influential magazine *Poetry*, which introduced such heretical newcomers as Ezra Pound, Vachel Lindsay (with his "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven"—the first American transfer of a historical character into iconoclastic verse), the explosive Carl Sandburg, and, from overseas, D. H. Lawrence and William Butler Yeats. There was also a rebellious group of local literary radicals, including Ben Hecht, Maxwell Bodenheim, Burton Rascoe, Witter Bynner, Harry Hansen, and Floyd Dell, who were giving the city a reputation as a center of creativity second only to New York.

Margaret moved into this maelstrom with alacrity. She took a job, at eight dollars a week, as a clerk in a bookshop that had been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. It was managed by the two sons of Francis F. Browne, the editor of the literary review *The Dial*, whose staff she soon joined, and where she acquired a working knowledge of how a magazine was put together. She supplemented her income by reviewing books for a religious magazine and for the Chicago *Evening Post*. In her early twenties, she was eager to make use of her drive toward organized inspiration, which was to become the dominant force in her career. On an impulse, she decided to found what she declared loftily in advance would be "the best art magazine in the world." This was *The Little Review*, a monthly "devoted to the seven arts," which had as its truculent slogan "A Magazine of the Arts, Making No Compromise with the Public Taste." A male friend of hers who was on the staff of a modest agricultural magazine—and, furthermore, was in love with her—provided the initial funds for her reckless venture. He had little money but said that he could give her each month from his meagre salary enough to pay her magazine's printing bills and a small office rent, and he advised her to go to New York and Boston to solicit paid advertisements for the *Review's* first number. On this trip, she miraculously collected four hundred and fifty dollars. Two old publishing houses, Scribners and Houghton Mifflin, each bought two pages in her coming review just on chance, for Margaret was a persuasive saleswoman. Thus it was that *The Little Review* was launched, in March, 1914. No one expected to be paid for a contribution, and no one *was* paid. Nor did anyone feel robbed. It was nine years later, and in Paris, that Gertrude Stein pointed out to her that she could never have accomplished such a penny-less miracle in Europe, especially in France.

The first number of the *Review* featured Margaret's exalted opinions on Paderewski's playing; on Galsworthy's new novel, "The Dark Flower;" on William Vaughn Moody's letters; and on the poetry of the visiting Rupert Brooke—the beauty of his profile like a portrait of his muse, it seemed to many. Vachel Lindsay contributed a poem, "How a Little Girl Danced." There was an article on "The Meaning of Bergsonism" by Llewellyn Jones, and George Soule wrote about "The Cubist Literature of Gertrude Stein," commenting on her "aversion to personal pronouns" and her "strict adherence to simple declarative statements, untroubled by subordinate clauses or phrases of any kind." A general coverage of everything of literary interest to Chicago readers was carefully included. In the second number, William Butler Yeats, addressing American poets, recommended "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" for its "earnest simplicity" and "strange beauty," and predicted that it would end up in poetry anthologies, which it soon did. The third number, dated May, 1914, struck out in a dangerous and more profitable direction. Emma Goldman, the anarchist, had come to Chicago to lecture, and just as *The Little Review* was going to press the impressionable Margaret dashed off an article in which she denounced ownership of private property and lauded "the anarchist religion." Since Miss Goldman—an advocate, it was said, of free love and of a judicious use of bombs to assure universal brotherhood—was anathema to the majority of respectable citizens, the May issue created a scandal. Margaret's friendly and generous backer informed her that if his connection with her suddenly notorious magazine became known he would lose his job, and begged her to understand why he could no longer supply her with funds. Margaret, equal to any emergency, since opposition always stimulated her, assured him that nothing could stop *The Little Review.*

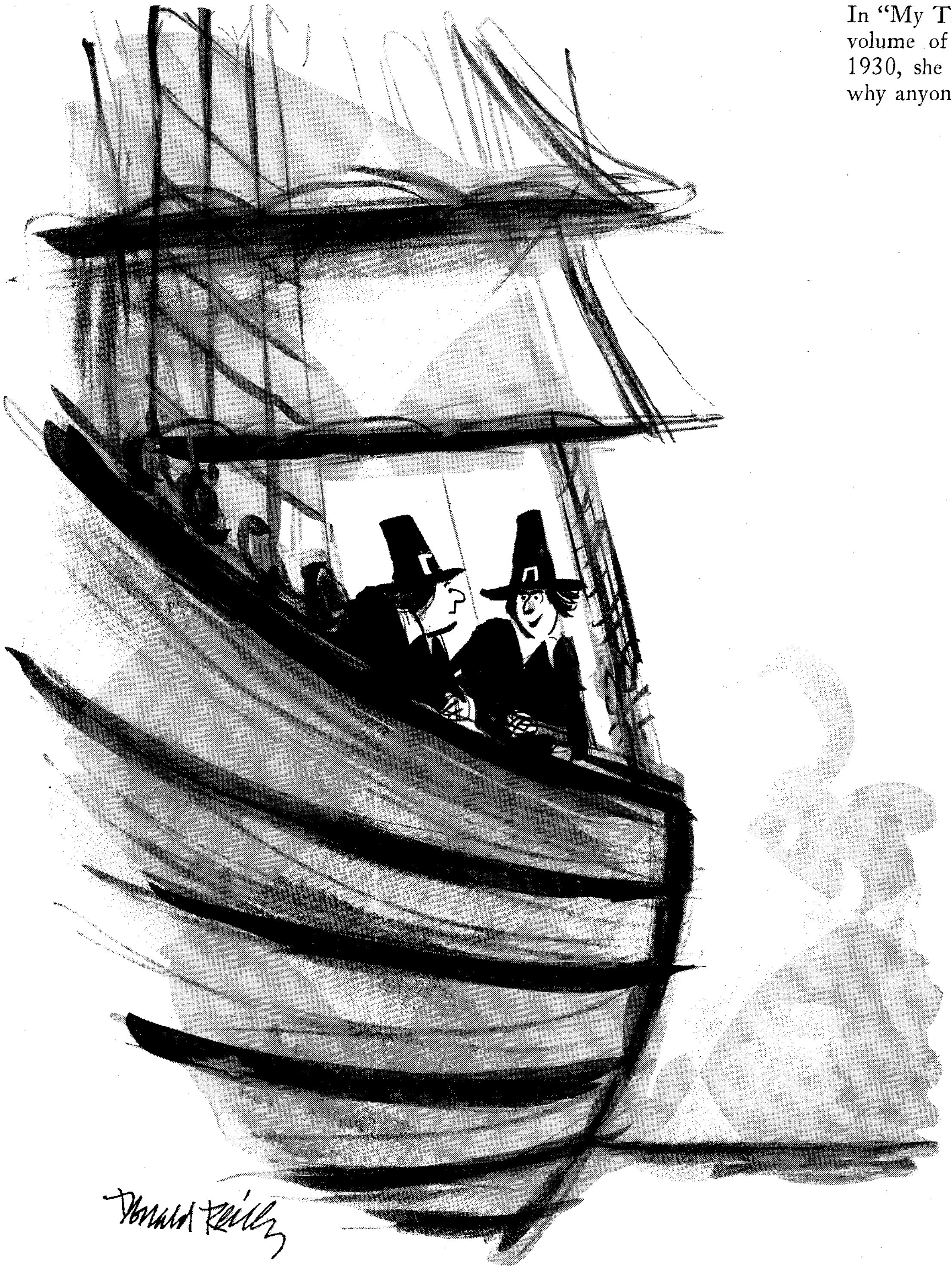
Indeed, nothing could, and nothing did. Margaret returned to part-time book reviewing to help pay the printer. Subscription campaigns were inaugurated. The poet Eunice Strong Tietjens brought her a diamond ring, saying, "I don't want this anymore. Sell it and bring out an issue." The influential Bert Leston Taylor publicized her and the magazine in his famous column in the Chicago *Tribune.* Frank Lloyd Wright contributed a hundred dollars. And the editor ate when she could afford to. Nor would she compromise her position. Harriet Monroe brought Amy Lowell to see her. The affluent, portly Imagist poet from Brookline offered to support the magazine if she was made poetry editor. Margaret firmly declined the offer; it was not possible for her to function "in association," she said. When Margaret could no longer scrape up the rent for further city living quarters, she and her divorced sister Lois, Lois's two small boys, and the unpaid office assistant, Harriet Dean, set up tents on the shores of Lake Michigan, where they lived from the middle of May until the chilly middle of November. The *Review* was then running a series of articles on Nietzsche. A Chicago *Tribune* journalist interviewed Margaret and wrote a feature story about the revolutionary Nietzschean beachcombers. It brought in a host of welcome subscriptions. It also lost the group the use of a house that had been promised them; when the owner, a certain Mrs. Buckley, read the article, she said she wouldn't dream of lending her house to such a person as Miss Anderson, and what a great shock it had been to discover that a young

"I'd like to live in the past, but I can't remember any of it."

lady who appeared so charming could be so depraved. The beachcombers were rescued from the probability of a freezing winter sojourn on the sands by a Socialist friend of Emma Goldman's, who put at their disposal a dismal vacant house of his on Indiana Avenue.

The following spring, the well-known Anderson restlessness began to reassert itself. Margaret moved *The Little Review* from Chicago to California—to a dilapidated ranch house near Muir Woods, across the bay from San Francisco. Margaret had what she considered a strong passion for nature, and for living in it, if necessary, in discomfort. She had recently taken onto the *Review* staff a highly intelligent assistant named Jane Heap—an impressive-looking woman of Norwegian ancestry, whose father had been an alienist and the head of an asylum in the Middle West. Jane had spent her childhood and youth among the insane, whose company she found instructive, whose irrationalities and imaginations she was deeply interested in, and of whom she told wonderful stories. The first California issue of the *Review* became one of its most famous, and in a way its most notorious. It consisted of sixty-four blank pages. Since the contributions recently received by Margaret had seemed to her not good enough to put into print, the only words she found worthy of ink were those contained in her statement to that effect: No art was being produced, and she would make no attempt to publish anything second-rate. When Margaret spoke of art, what she usually meant was superior conversation or ideas on any one of the arts. In "My Thirty Years' War," the first volume of her memoirs, published in 1930, she states that she never knew why anyone should sneer at the phrase "Art for art's sake," which seemed to her ideal. "Should it be art for money's sake?" she asks. In her opinion, an artist was an exceptional person with something exceptional to say. Thus, Jane Heap was encouraged to put down on paper a series of eccentric monologues, signed "jh," which were to become characteristic and regular inclusions in *The Little Review* in its later phases, and among its best. Only by exception did the magazine print fine prose as such. Mostly, it featured superior aesthetic arguments, and only occasionally did it print examples of especially good writing—these usually having been brought to light by the European editor, Ezra Pound, whom the magazine acquired in 1917, when Margaret impetuously moved herself, Jane, and *The Little Review* to New York.

Indeed, it was Pound who sent over the manuscript of "Ulysses," which was to be the high point of *The Little Review's* fame and the beginning of its eventual destruction. Pound highly recommended the Joyce work, with the warning that it might get the magazine in trouble with the censors. When Margaret read it, she is reported to have exclaimed, "This is



"Religious freedom is my immediate goal, but my long-range plan is to go into real estate."

12
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To Dad
You can never thank your father enough for everything he's done for you. But you certainly can try.
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There are more perfect days in Spring to give a gift of diamonds than in any other season. And diamond jewelry doesn't have to be expensive to perfectly express your love.

Right now, your jeweler can show you his special "Rite of Spring" collection of exciting, new diamond jewelry (like the pieces you see here, all priced under $500*).

Little diamond raindrop umbrellas, in a variety of styles are priced from less than $70 to $200* at participating jewelers. An umbrella pin makes a perfect gift of Spring.

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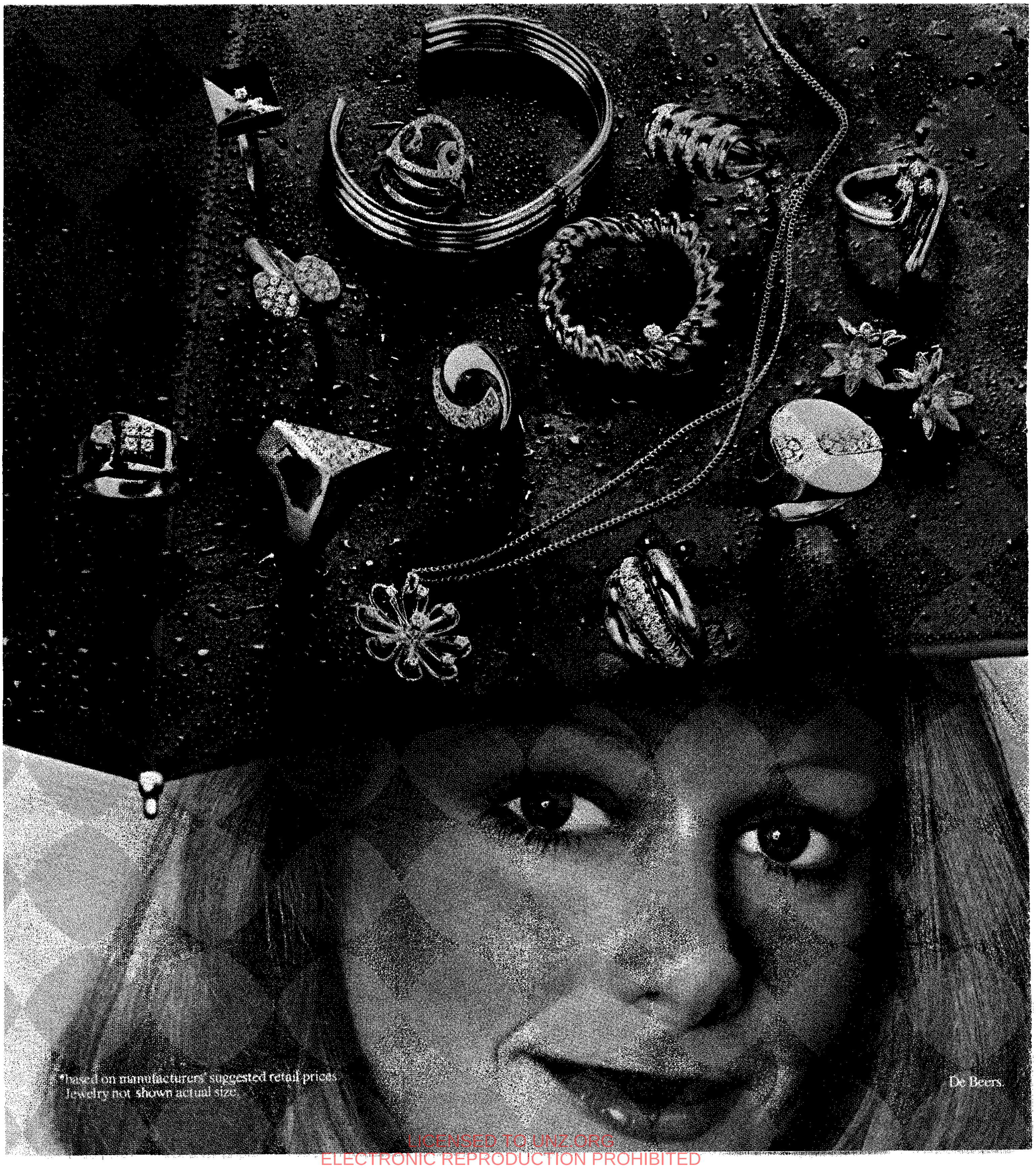
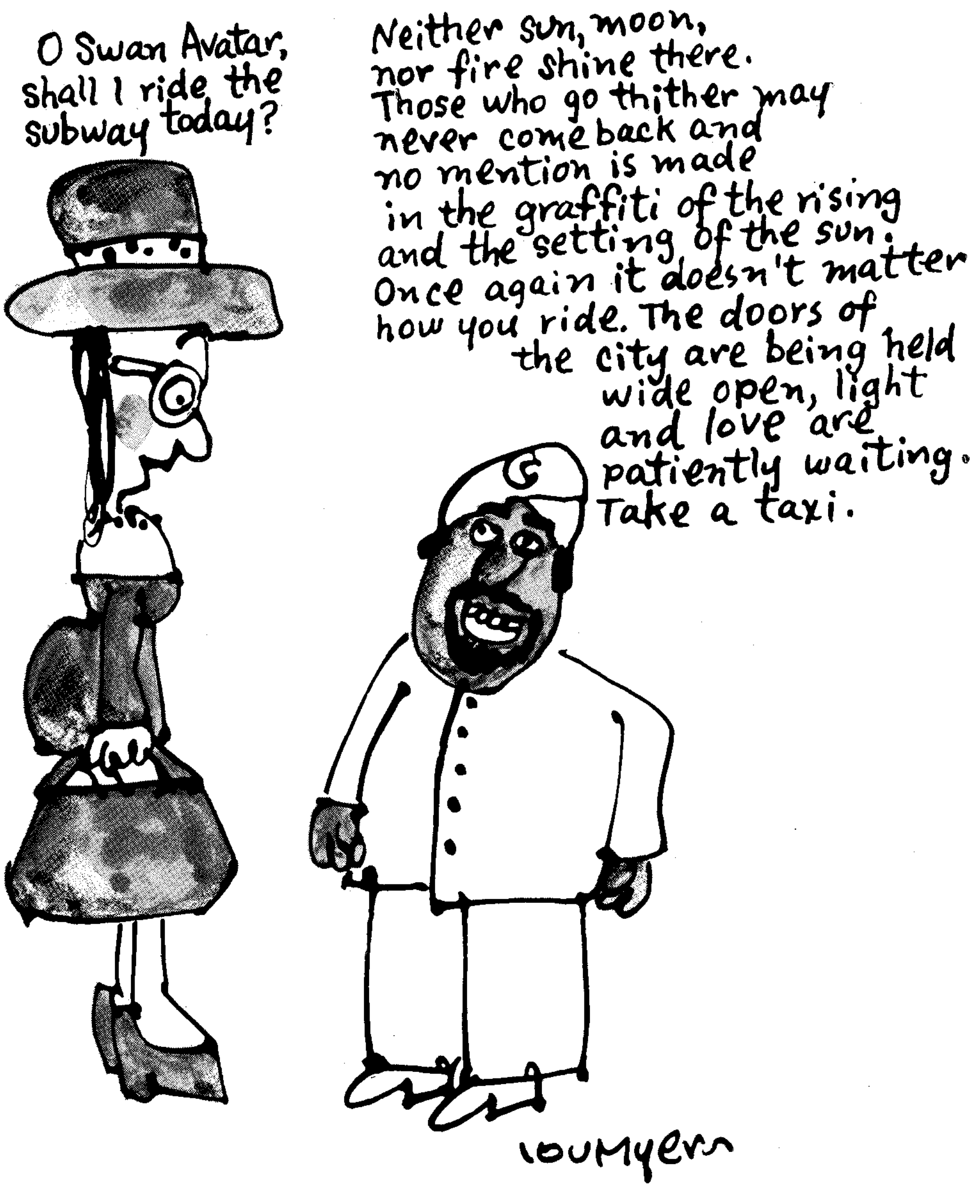
Give a gift of diamonds on a perfect Spring day.



*based on manufacturers' suggested retail prices.
Jewelry not shown actual size.

De Beers.

the most beautiful thing we'll ever have! We'll print it if it's the last effort of our lives." In a way, this is what it proved to be. The "Ulysses" excerpts ran for three years, with very little appreciation from readers, and four times the magazine was burned for alleged obscenity by order of the United States Post Office. "It was like a burning at the stake, as far as I was concerned," Margaret later wrote in "My Thirty Years' War." "The care we had taken to preserve Joyce's text intact; the worry over the bills that accumulated when we had no advance funds; the technique I used on printer, bookbinder, paper houses—tears, prayers, hysterics, or rages—to make them push ahead without a guarantee of money; the addressing, wrapping, stamping, mailing; the excitement of anticipating the world's response to the literary masterpiece of our generation . . . and then a notice from the Post Office: BURNED." Despite the early hopes for what *The Little Review* considered Joyce's masterpiece, the public reactions to "Ulysses" on the whole were cold, when not inimical. Indeed, for a number of months—and, in some cases, for years—there was little enthusiastic response from the world's intellectuals. Occasionally there came some desultory appreciation, usually from the Far West in America. New York was particularly indifferent, and the *Times* was the worst. "Indeed, the *Times* took pleasure in insulting us roundly as purveyors of lascivious literature," Margaret declared. These were heroic days for the editors. It was one of the periods when they were sometimes without any money at all. By this time, Margaret and Jane Heap were living at 24 West Sixteenth Street, in the old William Cullen Bryant house. At one point, they had nothing but potatoes to eat, having providentially bought a barrel of them from a Long Island farmer. Another time, they had only flour in their kitchen, so they ate biscuits. They had the cheapest printer in New York—a Mr. Popovitch, whose mother had been poet laureate of Serbia—and on Sundays Margaret and Jane often went to his East Side printshop and helped set type, correct proofs, and fold pages for the binder. However, they eventually had an intermission of good luck—an introduction, courtesy of Ezra Pound, to John Quinn, the noted Tammany Hall lawyer and collector of modern pictures and manuscripts. After telling them how they should run their magazine, he arranged to endow it to the extent of sixteen hundred dollars; he himself contributed four hundred dollars, and he asked three rich friends, Otto Kahn among them, to do the same. For at least eight months thereafter, the two women lived, worked, and even published their magazine without panic—but not without letters of insult, which continued to pour in from a section of the public that passionately disliked the Joyce opus. Indignation was principally caused by the episode in which Mr. Bloom indulges in amorous musings about Gertie MacDowell and her underclothes, and the complaints were frequently more obscene in language than anything that Joyce had written. They also heralded the difficulties the editors were to have almost immediately with the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The hue and cry began on October 4, 1920, when the Washington Square Bookshop notified *The Little Review* that the store had been served with papers by the Society for having sold a copy of the magazine's July-August issue to a minor, who turned out to be a little girl just entering her teens. John Quinn denounced the editors as "damned fools" for thinking that they could publish a book like "Ulysses" in such a "Puritan-ridden country" as the United States. He said that he would fight the injunction against them but that it was a lost cause. He was doing it for Joyce himself, he said, and not for them, because "you haven't got an ounce of sense"—probably the truest thing that had been said about them up to that time. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap came to trial in the Court of Special Sessions before three judges—two with white hair, who slept during the major part of the proceedings. The third, presumably Norwegian by heritage or inclination, said afterward that if he had known that Jane was of Norwegian descent he would have changed his decision. It may be that Quinn fumbled his handling of the trial. Basing his case on Joyce's prestige in the world of letters, he scored government officials for their cultural ignorance, which prevented them from distinguishing between literature and pornography. The judges did not want to hear anything about James Joyce's literary standing;


O Swan Avatar, shall I ride the subway today?
Neither sun, moon, nor fire shine there. Those who go thither may never come back and no mention is made in the graffiti of the rising and the setting of the sun. Once again it doesn't matter how you ride. The doors of the city are being held wide open, light and love are patiently waiting. Take a taxi.
lou Myers

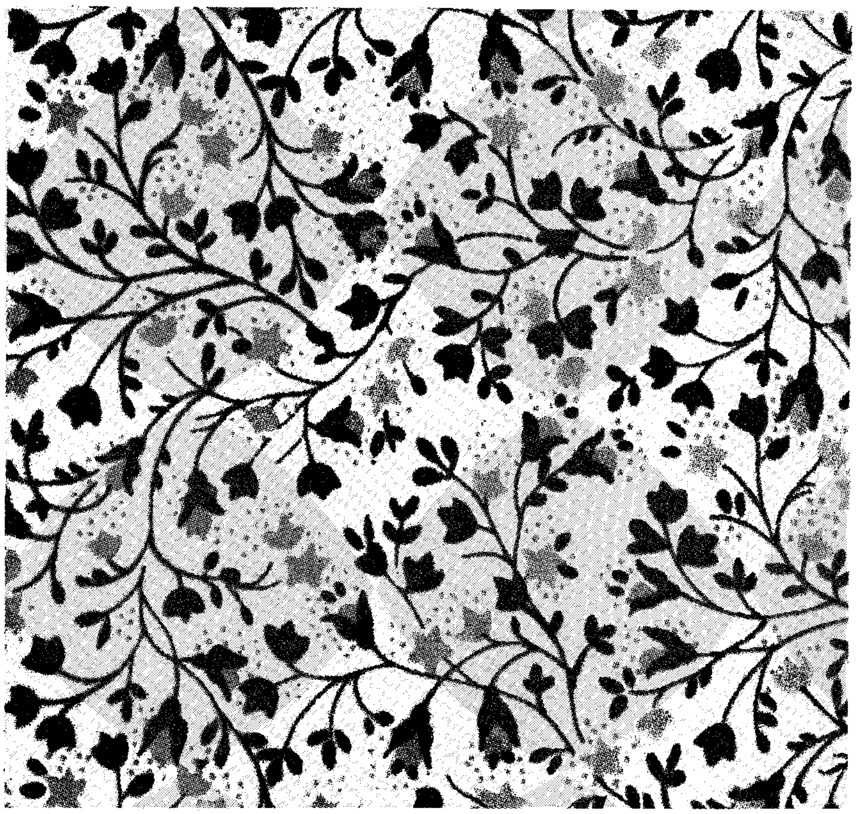
for them, the discussion was to be exclusively on the question of obscenity. At one point, one of the sleeping judges awoke and, regarding Margaret with a protective air, refused to allow the objectionable passages to be read in her hearing. The verdict returned was, of course, against *The Little Review*. The magazine was fined a hundred dollars, and, despite John Quinn's furious protest, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap were led off to have their fingers printed. Throughout the trial, not one New York newspaper came to the women's defense, or to the defense of James Joyce. No one wished to be identified with the "Ulysses" scandal. Only the women's devoted friend Mary Garden spoke up. "I'm disappointed in you," she said. "I thought you'd go to jail." Not until two years later, when Sylvia Beach published "Ulysses" in book form in Paris, did *The Little Review's* enthusiasm for and devotion to the Joyce work begin to be shared by Americans generally. That is to say, increasing numbers of our countrymen returning from Europe would smuggle in a contraband copy (along with the customary contraband bottle of Scotch). At first, it must be admitted, the only motive was the titillation of owning something rare and illegal, but later there was an increasing awareness of the importance of "Ulysses" as literature. Finally, even the then sanctimonious *Times* devoted columns to the Joyce masterpiece.

By then, however, Margaret had had enough of *The Little Review* and was impatient for something new. In one of the colloquies she was fond of printing in the magazine as a sort of cathartic exercise, she wrote:

> "I am definitely giving up *The Little Review*," I told Jane.
>
> "You can't give it up. You started it."
>
> "Are you mad? I started it. I can give it up."
>
> "You have no sense of responsibility."
>
> "Self-preservation is the first responsibility."
>
> "You certainly can't give it up."
>
> "I certainly can give it up. I'll give it to you."

With this abdication, Jane became the sole functioning editor, although Margaret retained the title until the *Review*—it became a quarterly, then an annual—sputtered to its final issue, in 1929.

IT was Margaret's meeting with two disparate personalities that indicated to her the direction from which her desired new element of change was



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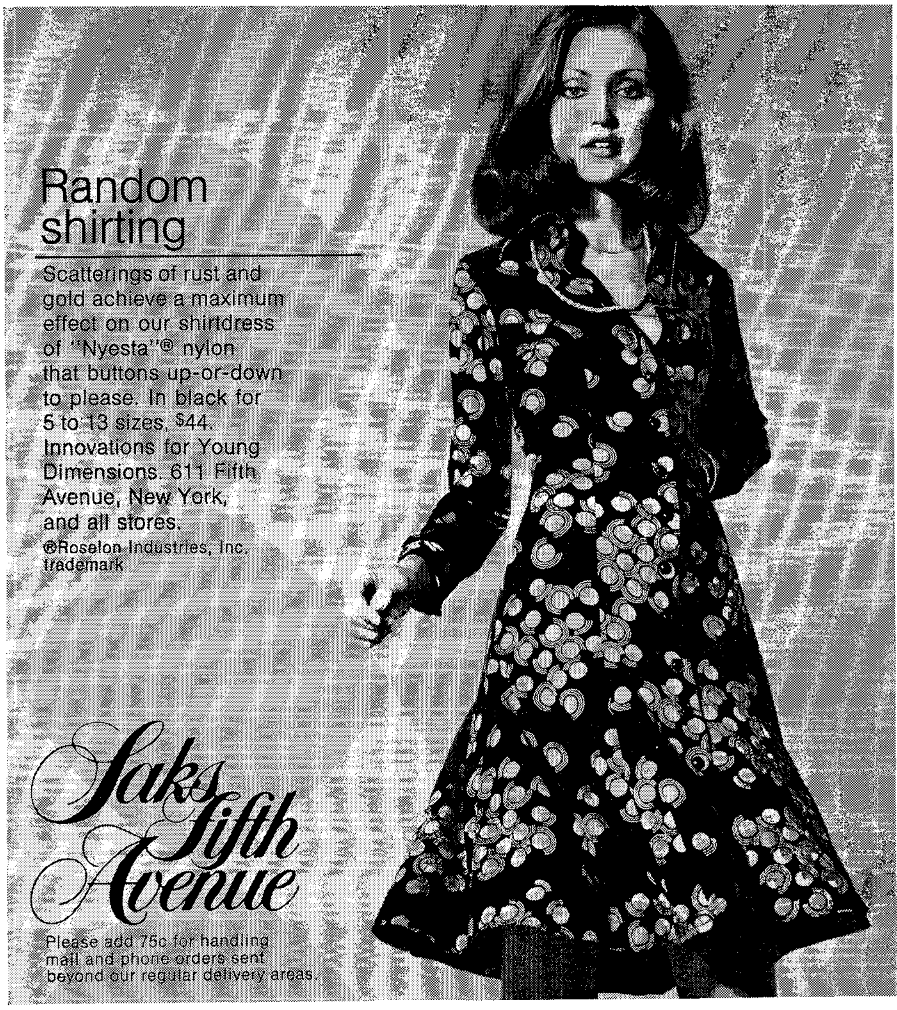

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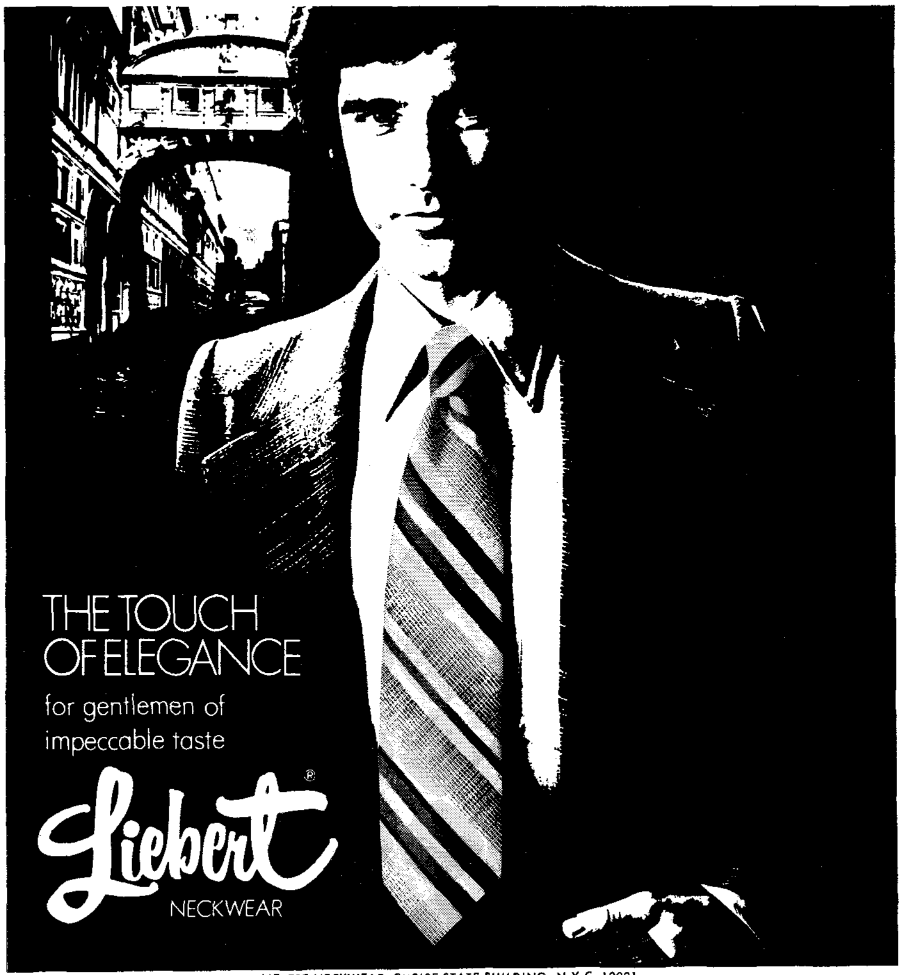

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to come. William Butler Yeats, an early *Little Review* contributor then on a visit to the United States, ignited her curiosity with anecdotes about European writers, which made her eager to be with them on their home grounds. Her meeting with Georgette LeBlanc, French former companion of Maurice Maeterlinck, proved even more fateful. From the first, they formed an attachment with all the signs of permanence. Mme. Maeterlinck, a diseuse and singer of exceptionally fine sensibilities, had given a series of New York recitals that failed to arouse much interest; her enthusiasm for Americans as a vigorous new race had not engendered a corresponding enthusiasm on their part for the refinement and delicacy of her Gallic artistry. She was now planning to return to Paris, and offered Margaret a career as her piano accompanist. At last, Margaret's passion for the piano showed signs of being useful.

In the spring of 1923, Margaret and Georgette, along with Jane Heap, sailed for France. In Paris, the editors went first to see Ezra Pound. "It will be more interesting to know him when he has grown up" was Margaret's sharp reaction after meeting the thirty-eight-year-old Pound. She invariably wanted the immediate and full development of any relationship or personality that she had had the genius to discover or the percipience to employ. This impatience was at once a sign of her prophetic feeling about newly ripening gifted creators and a source of a great deal of irritation to her friends and contributors. Had she known how to cook (she never learned, though she did know how to eat well), she would have been the kind of cook who is always opening the oven door too soon to see if the apple pie is done. Her curiosity was always a fraction too ardent. Of Francis Picabia, who had become the French editor of *The Little Review* in 1922, she said tartly, "We had never had anything from him except a Picabia number"—vanity being the dominant quality *he* had developed. However, Margaret had an almost geographic sense of where new talent was to be located. Long before Picabia supplied her with enough of his own material to fill a complete *Little Review* number, she had seen to it that the magazine printed works by Louis Aragon, André Breton, Philippe Soupault, and Paul Morand, as well as by the best of the younger Frenchmen—René Crevel, Paul Éluard, Tristan Tzara (a Rumanian who had turned himself into a Parisian), and

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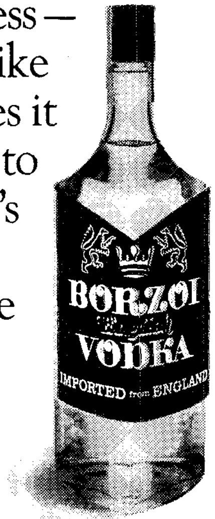

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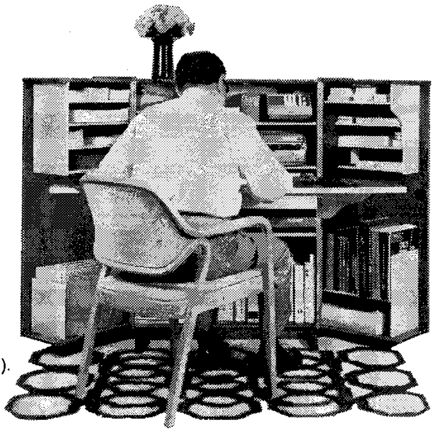

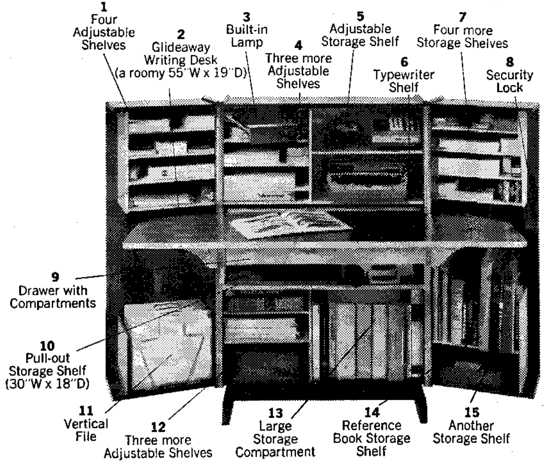
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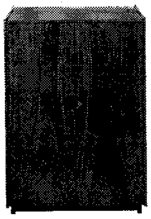

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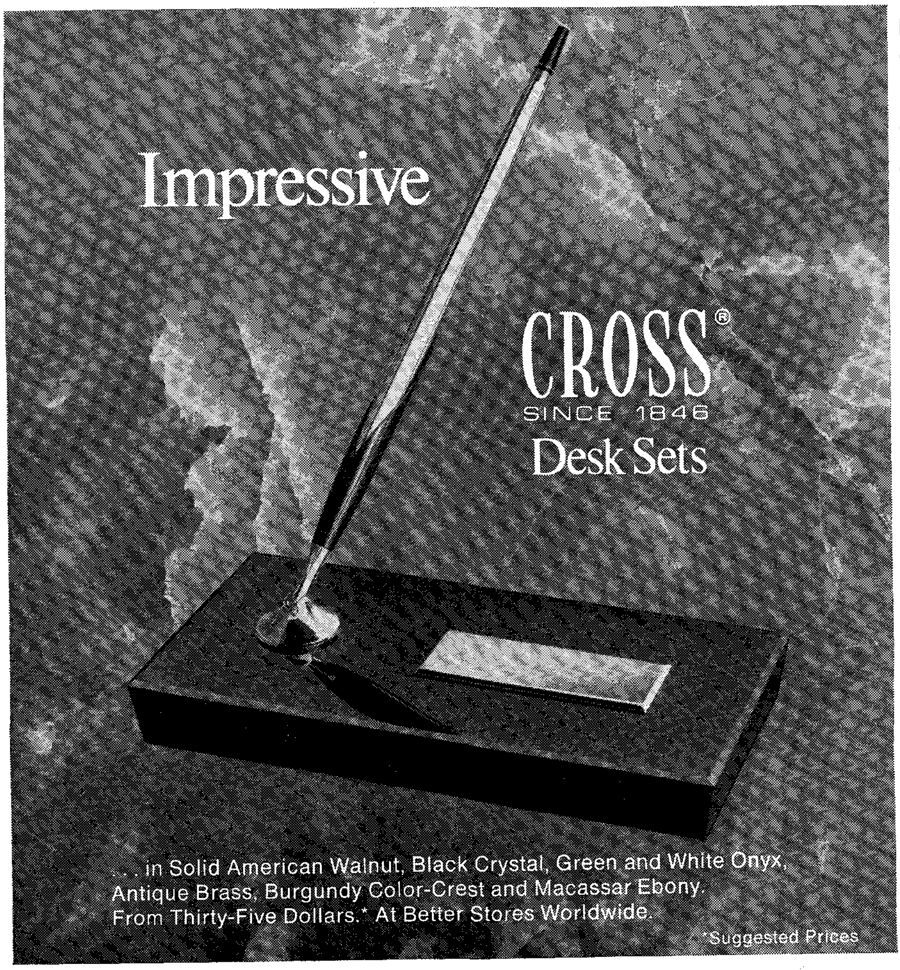
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Pierre Reverdy. Margaret and Jane also met Joyce, of course, who told them that because of constant interruptions the practice of sustained conversation had become impossible for him, adding, "In my books I have my revenge."

The Little Review had published a Brancusi number two years before, and the editors went to dine with Brancusi in his stone studio in the Rue de Vaugirard. Margaret straightened the cigarette in her holder before lighting it.

"Can't you smoke it if it's crooked?" asked Brancusi.

"With less pleasure," said Margaret.

"*C'est une idée comme une autre*," said her host.

They met Erik Satie, and Margaret asked him to write an article about Les Six for *The Little Review*.

"How long?" Satie asked.

"As long as you like," she answered.

"*Ah, non*," said Satie. "*Ce sont les limites que j'adore*."

They visited two earlier American writers who had become Paris fixtures—Ernest Hemingway and Gertrude Stein. *The Little Review* had published two short experimental pieces by the unknown Hemingway, and he now read them a story with the title "Mr. and Mrs. Eliot," which they also took for publication. Margaret's admiration for Gertrude Stein focussed on Gertrude's warm nature and the contagious sound of her extraordinary, abdominal laughter. But in "My Thirty Years' War" she was constructively critical of Miss Stein's writing: "To me, Gertrude Stein's style can be regarded as having two aspects. She has (1) a way of saying things which presents perfectly her special matter; she has (2) a way of repeating those things which detracts from her special manner." Gertrude's use of repetition as a way of underlining the importance of some particular statement was a technique that Margaret perfectly understood but did not condone, since she usually found it boring. Gertrude (and her alter ego, Alice Toklas) liked Jane Heap, it turned out, but cared little for Margaret. One of the things that made Margaret insupportable to other women of spirit was a belief she had developed in her own infallibility, which, of course, made her unbearable. Probably it was inevitable that Gertrude and Margaret would not get along, since both were outstanding egotists. Quite often, they would meet in a country house at Orgeval, outside Paris, invited by a mutual friend for Sunday lunch. In such meetings, it was Gertrude's psychology that dominated. Gertrude

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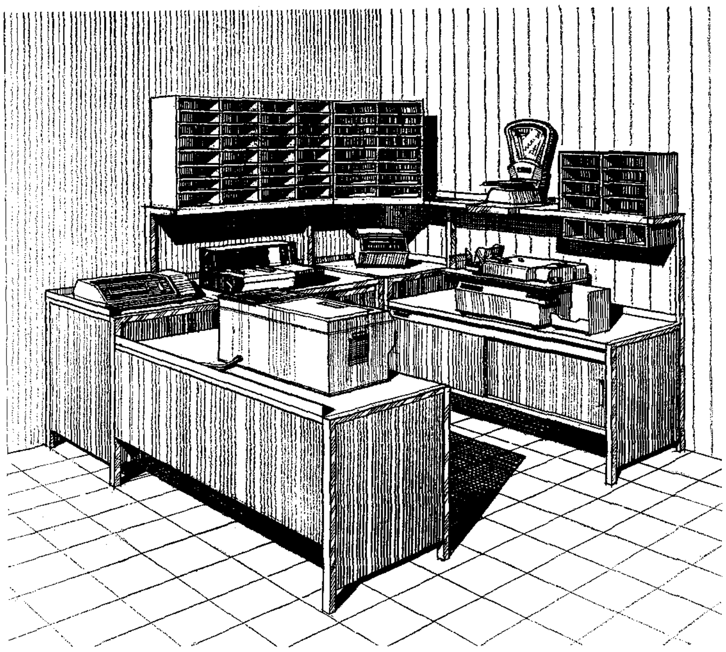

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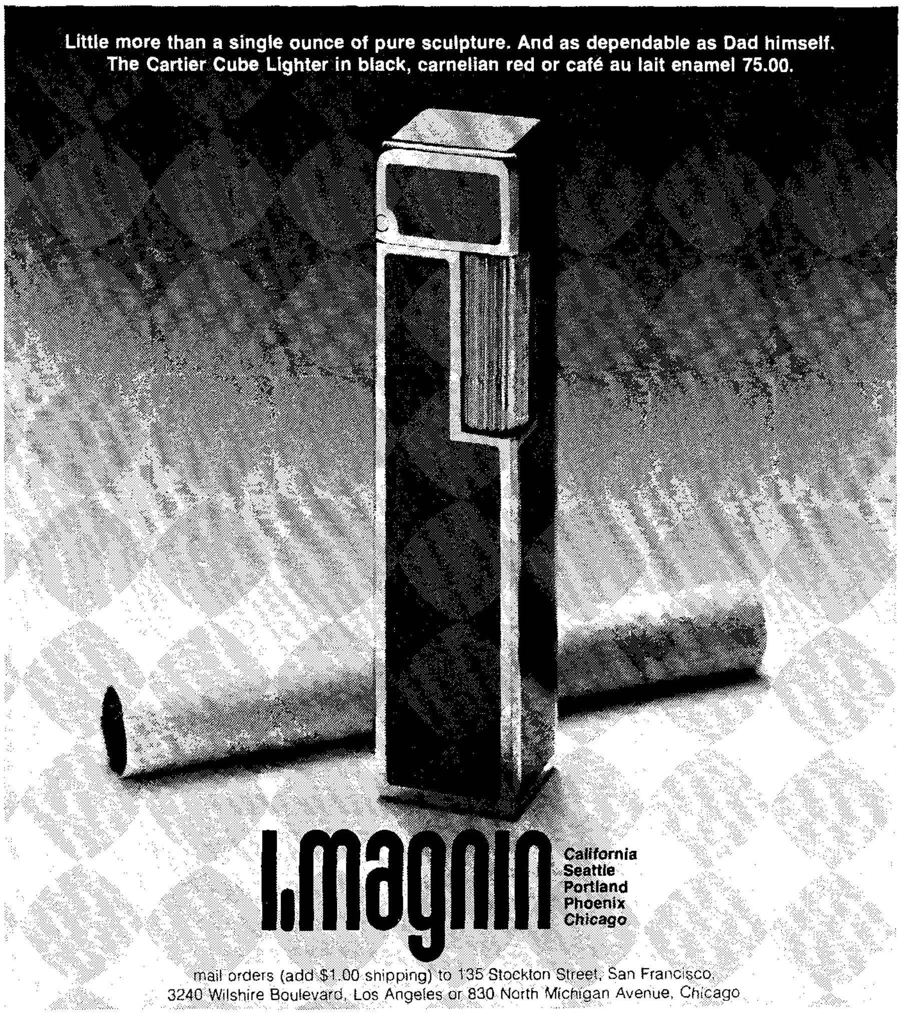

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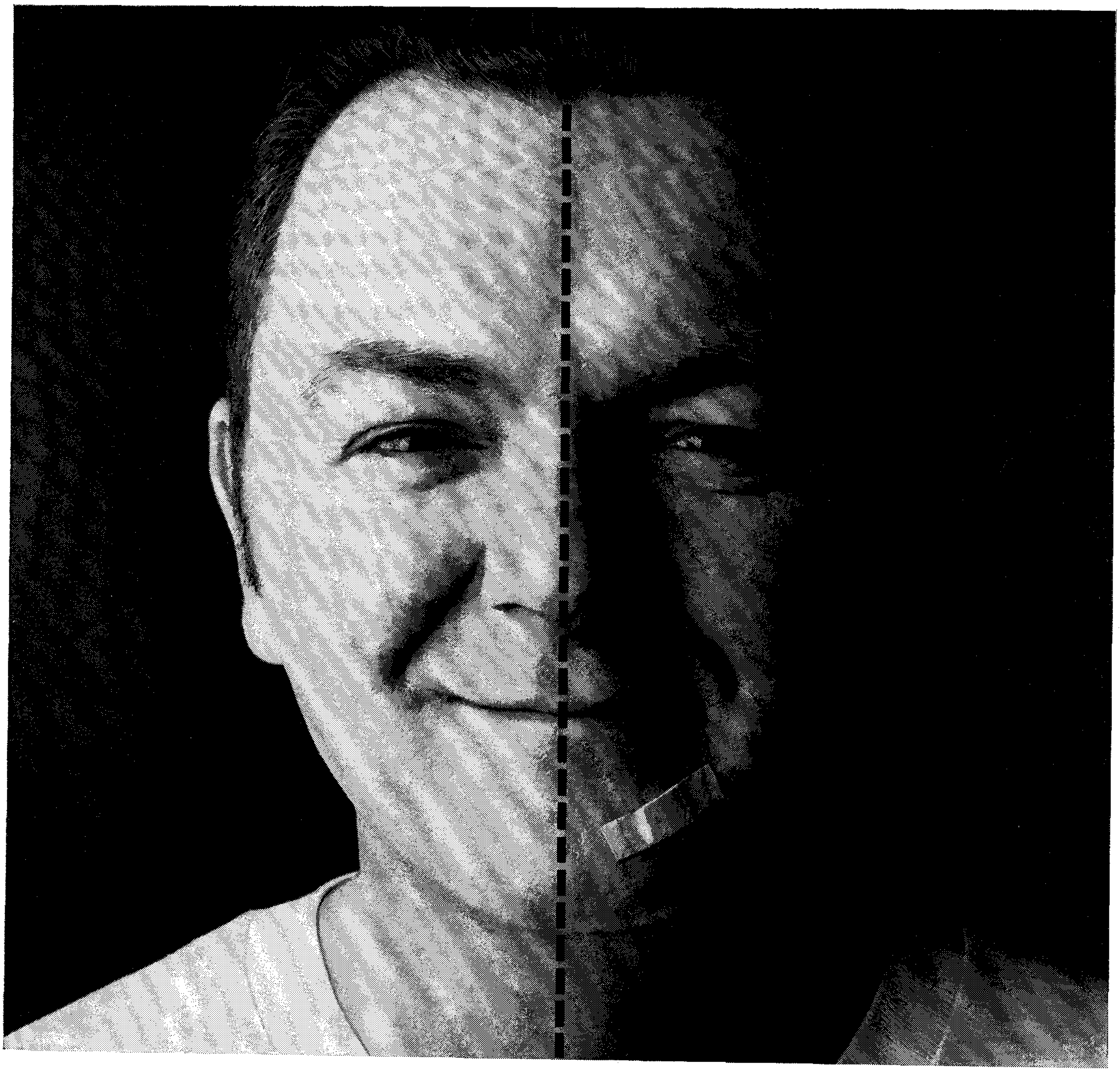
talked only when she had something to say of definite interest—to herself, and thus, by extension, to her listeners, because she was intelligent and a splendid talker. Her nature was so solid that it reduced Margaret to the two opposite elements always uppermost in her own personality—violent agreement and violent disagreement, both accompanied by characteristic spirals of her taunting laughter. She meant to taunt no one, however, as her nature was affectionate, but she had a split mentality, based on her addiction to argument. The Orgeval lunches invariably developed, by the second cups of coffee which ended them, into small verbal wars. These were Margaret's particular delight, and if she was able to say, as she drew on her topcoat to go home, that she'd never had better conversation, it was her way of acknowledging that she had been involved in battles with almost everyone at the table and felt that she had triumphed in most of them.

As it happened, I, too, was at those lunches in Orgeval. I had by then known Margaret for a relatively short time, having first met her soon after she came to Paris. This was rather early in her worshipful friendship with Georgette LeBlanc. Georgette's ethereal nature, her psychological and spiritual perfections, as described by Margaret, gave her the seeming character of an archangel, which in reality she rather resembled. However, these heavenly superiorities could have been explained more rationally as consisting of Georgette's exquisite French manners, full of consideration for and courtesy toward all the people surrounding her. The second volume of Margaret's memoirs, "The Fiery Fountains," published in 1951, is devoted almost entirely to her enveloping life with Georgette. Just before they left New York, a rich friend had promised Georgette an endowment for life, with which she was urged to buy a château in France (to be used as a pied-à-terre, Margaret wrote). Inexplicably, the proffered endowment was suddenly withdrawn, and Margaret found herself in her familiar penniless condition. Georgette's sister was the chatelaine of an eleventh-century château in Normandy—the Château de Tancarville—and, at Margaret's urging, the two descended on the sister and her husband. They were to be, off and on, permanent boarders for the next twenty years.

Living in a château was a realization of Margaret's long-established yearn-



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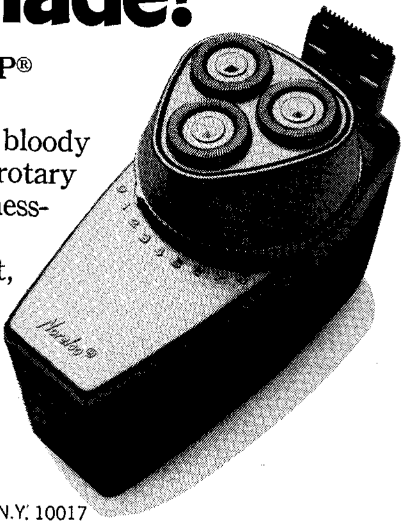

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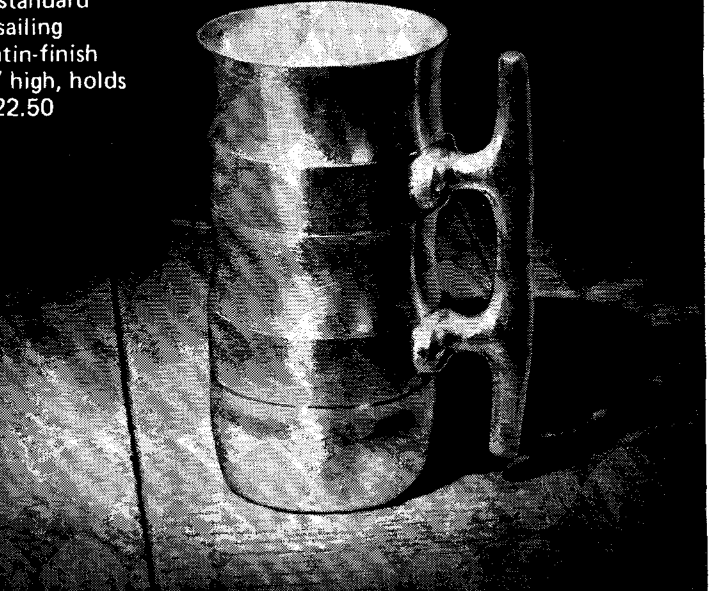

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ing for a romantically framed existence. She was a peculiarly complicated and inflated personality. In *The Little Review*, she had been leading readers onto a superior plane of appreciation of the new, constrictive, detonating, and deflating twentieth-century art, but her psychic self was still housed in an elaborate old-fangled euphoria, embedded in her nature like a mild, incurable malady. By her own statement, she "lived her life on a cloud and was the happiest person she knew." It is a pity that no one ever made an early analysis of her character, untempered by the accumulating devotions of her friends and by the eccentricities that eventually upholstered her personality and performances. "At this time we had less money than anyone in the world (including those who have none at all)," she boasted in "The Fiery Fountains," "but we spent twenty years in five of the more celestial French châteaux." The Château de Tancarville was the first of these. Now *un monument historique*, it is a spectacularly intricate white stone pile, of varied towers and architecture, built above the River Seine on the outskirts of Saint-Romains de Colbus. Its legend declares that it once sheltered Richard the Lion-Hearted and that Queen Elizabeth I of England lived for a summer in its square tower. The windows of its rooms are twenty feet high, and in Margaret's day each bedroom had a canopied bed and an appended dressing room. The château was so enormous that many of the rooms were not even used. This generosity of space was in direct contradiction to the lack of generosity of Georgette's sister and her husband. They were very rich, but they had had avarice preached to them and practiced before them for years. (Of the family's many economies, its practice of sex economy was perhaps the most startling. One branch had three sons and three châteaux; the father engaged one mistress for all three of them, and included himself in the bargain.) The rooms at Tancarville were usually kept in semi-obscurity in order to control the electricity bill. Also to save electricity, the owners would sit in the salon after dinner in complete darkness. Once, when Margaret asked for a brandy for a guest of hers and jokingly handed the servant five francs in payment, the servant returned with the liqueur but without the money, informing her it had been retained by the master, who had measured out exactly five francs' worth. Georgette's sister demanded of them the regular hotel charge—six francs—for each bath they

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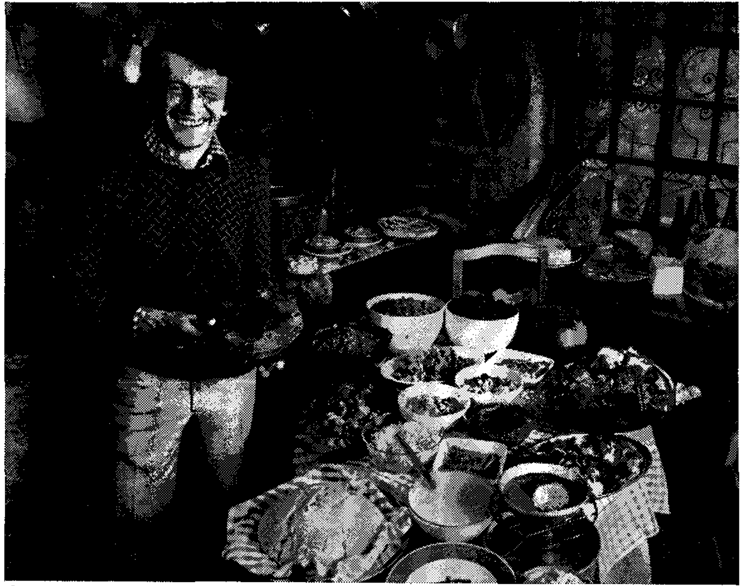

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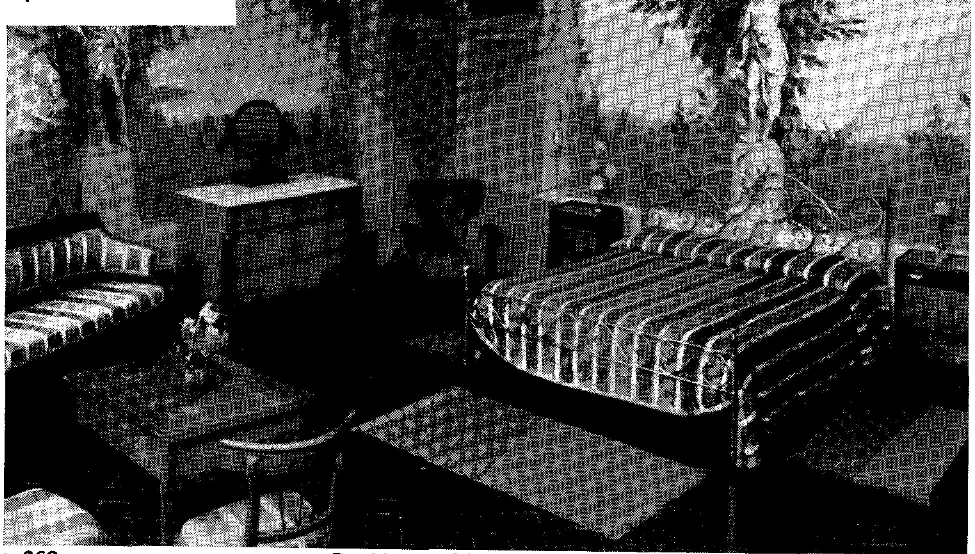

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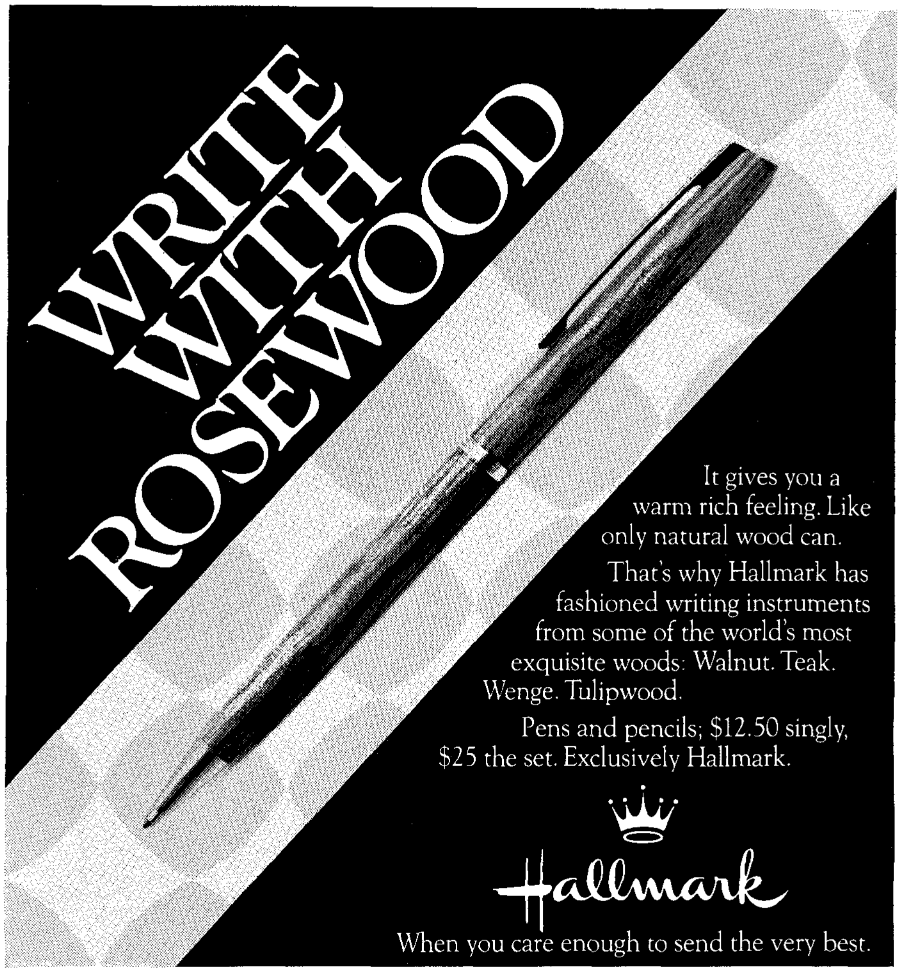
took, and checked their hot-water heater to see that they didn't cheat. Margaret, recalling how she and *The Little Review* had lived on American generosity for years, was appalled by her new intimacy with the brutality of French thrift.

Whenever Georgette and Margaret could afford it, they broke away and found nests, free of niggardly relatives, in small, cheap French hotels. Margaret once shamed Georgette's brother-in-law into parting with fifteen hundred francs—he kept complaining of Margaret's insolence in demanding it while he suspensefully doled it out, a few hundred francs at a time—with which they rented an apartment on the Left Bank of Paris; there they spent eight agreeable months, with Margaret usually going out only at dusk, because her one suit was too worn to be exposed to daylight. Another time, near Tancarville, they found and rented a lighthouse, but winter came, the lighthouse was too cold to live in, and back they went to the relatives' château. In 1930, Margaret, desperate for some money of her own, wrote "My Thirty Years' War," and Georgette, in a similar spurt of diligence—perhaps it was contagious—wrote "Souvenirs," a memoir of her life with Maeterlinck. Margaret's book was a success, Georgette's less so, but with their combined royalties they were able to live in comparative luxury for another period, and Margaret even bought a little car. Of the three autobiographical volumes she eventually wrote, "My Thirty Years' War" is today the most readable and interesting, detailing as it does the events that led to the founding of her inflammatory magazine, which shattered complacent literary customs, aroused curiosity, and became a kind of monthly cult among its devotees. She was not a good writer, but she was an animated memorialist of what had made her life vivid and unforgettable. She was easily moved to rhapsodies and a sense of well-earned triumph when she recalled the trailblazing years. In the second volume, "The Fiery Fountains," she unexpectedly became an invaluable writer on the emotions. She writes on the classifications of love, on the varieties of love, on romantic love, on amity, on perfections of friendship, furnishing an extremely interesting and rare analysis of these states of feeling. In a section subtitled "The Art of Love," she remarks, with aphoristic felicity, "In real love you want the other person's good. In romantic love you want the other person." In her long years of devotion to Georgette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LeBlanc, she combined or separated categories of love with the fluidity of mist or rain or sunshine, like climates of the heart. Georgette was the most important and influential of all Margaret's emotional friendships. The concerts that Georgette gave in Paris on her return from America achieved extraordinary appreciation. When she recited poetry, she literally moved her listeners to tears—tears of pleasure, tears of tenderness. It was, in part, with the skill of an actress that she played upon the susceptibilities of her auditors. After all, this was her professional art—a miracle of aural communication that Margaret, in her book's fervid prose, was able to recommunicate to her own audience.

A section of "The Fiery Fountains" deals with Georges Gurdjiev, the Russo-Greek mystic who, surprisingly, had become an important part of their spiritual lives. They had first heard of him in New York early in the nineteen-twenties, when his disciple and publicist A. R. Orage, former editor of the English philosophical magazine *The New Age*, came to America to spread the Gurdjievan doctrine. In 1924, when they were new in Paris, they learned that Gurdjiev was accepting a small group for special teaching at his Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, as he called a retreat he had established in a château at Fontainebleau-Avon, outside the village of Moret. This, renamed by him the Château du Prieuré (another of Margaret's "celestial châteaux"), had once been inhabited by Mme. de Maintenon, and Margaret and Georgette lived there, at intervals, for several years. Gurdjiev was at this time much discussed in international circles. People from all over the world—female mostly, well-to-do mostly—were living in his Institute in order to learn of what they called his cosmology, which his devotees—among them Katherine Mansfield, who spent her final years there and died there—supposedly practiced as a way of life. Gurdjiev had stated in Margaret's hearing that there existed a super-knowledge and a super-science—phenomena guaranteed to bring her curiosity to the burning point. Life at the Prieuré consisted largely of discussions, which would also have made of Margaret a ready disciple. ("What can Gurdjiev give that the Bible doesn't give? I would say, Everything. The Bible doesn't give it, only shows it. . . .") Beginning as eager converts, Margaret and Georgette soon became proselytizers; indeed, all those involved with the Gurdjiev tenets seem

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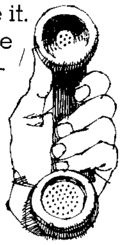

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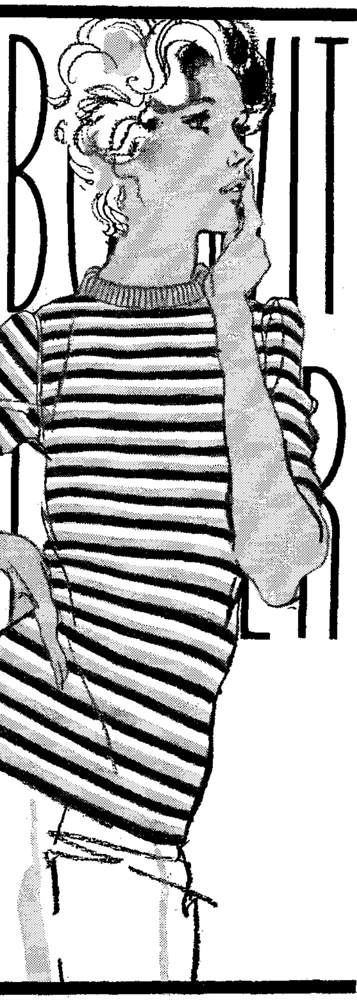

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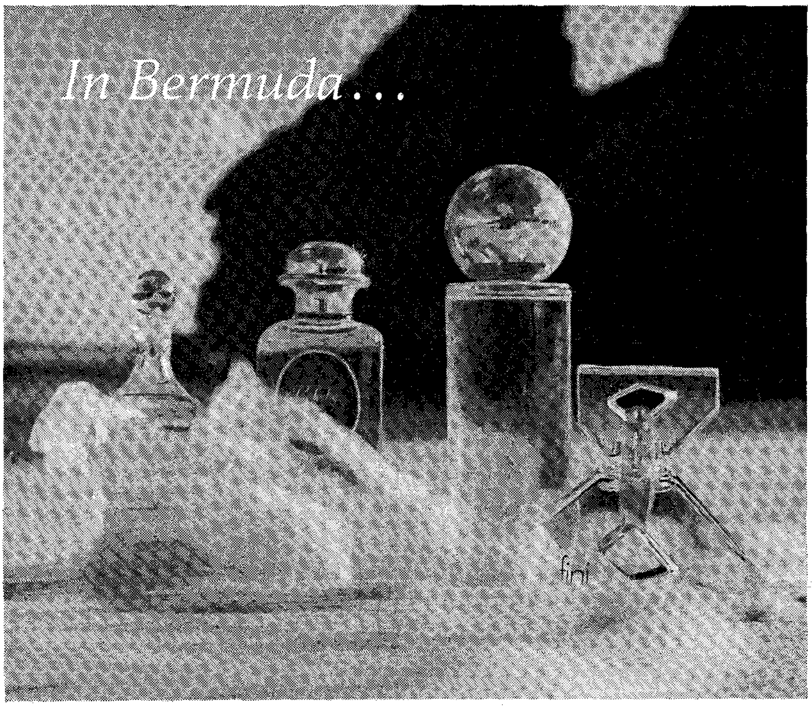

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never to have completely dropped their relation with his systematized thinking. In the touching final pages of "The Fiery Fountains," when Margaret has us live through with her the sudden discovery, on the eve of the outbreak of war in 1939, that Georgette has a cancerous growth, then through Georgette's painful illness and her death from the disease in 1941, Gurdjiev and his precepts keep reappearing like apparitions. Toward the end, Margaret reports, Georgette became obsessed with the idea that the savant was coming to say farewell, and kept inquiring if he had arrived. Finally, a card from Gurdjiev's group was delivered, with the message that Gurdjiev had said that she possessed "*beaucoup de courage*," and Georgette made her last, mysterious statement: "*Alors . . . nous allons mourir sans mourir?*" ("Then we will die without dying?")

Fearing German bombing of Paris after the declaration of war, Margaret and Georgette had moved to the South of France, to the small village of Le Cannet, near Cannes, where they remained during the early days of the Occupation. The United States was urging its nationals to return home, but Georgette, a French citizen, would not go, and Margaret refused to leave without her. After Georgette's death in Le Cannet, Margaret was finally prevailed upon to sail for New York. Her close Paris friend Solita Solano, who was already here, told Ernest Hemingway of Margaret's penniless plight, and he sent four hundred dollars to pay for the trip.

The third and last volume of memoirs, called "The Strange Necessity"—a title she conceded she had borrowed from Rebecca West—is devoted mainly to retrospection and what she calls "ruminations." Its text has an improvisatory quality, as if she were thinking out loud. Although she admits that she no longer remembers facts, only emotions, new additions to her life history of necessity seep through. Her life had been ornamented by strong relationships, and was now about to include one more. In June, 1942, eight months after Georgette's death, Margaret sailed from Lisbon on the Drottingholm, bound for New York. Early in the voyage, Dorothy Caruso, widow of the singer Enrico Caruso, introduced herself, saying, "I hear you published *The Little Review*." By the time the boat docked, they had become friends—"the last great friendship of my life," Margaret wrote—and they were domiciled together until Dorothy Caruso's death, in 1955. Mar-

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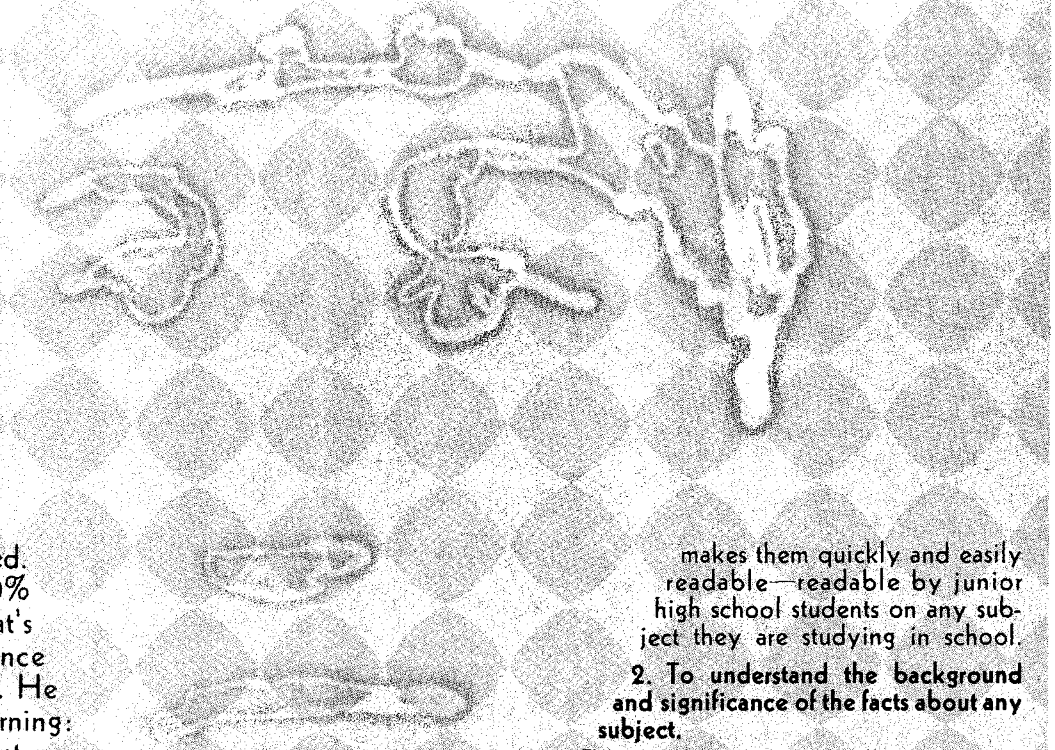

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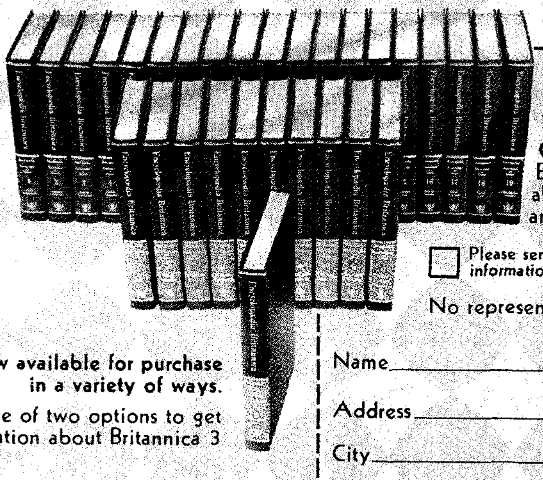

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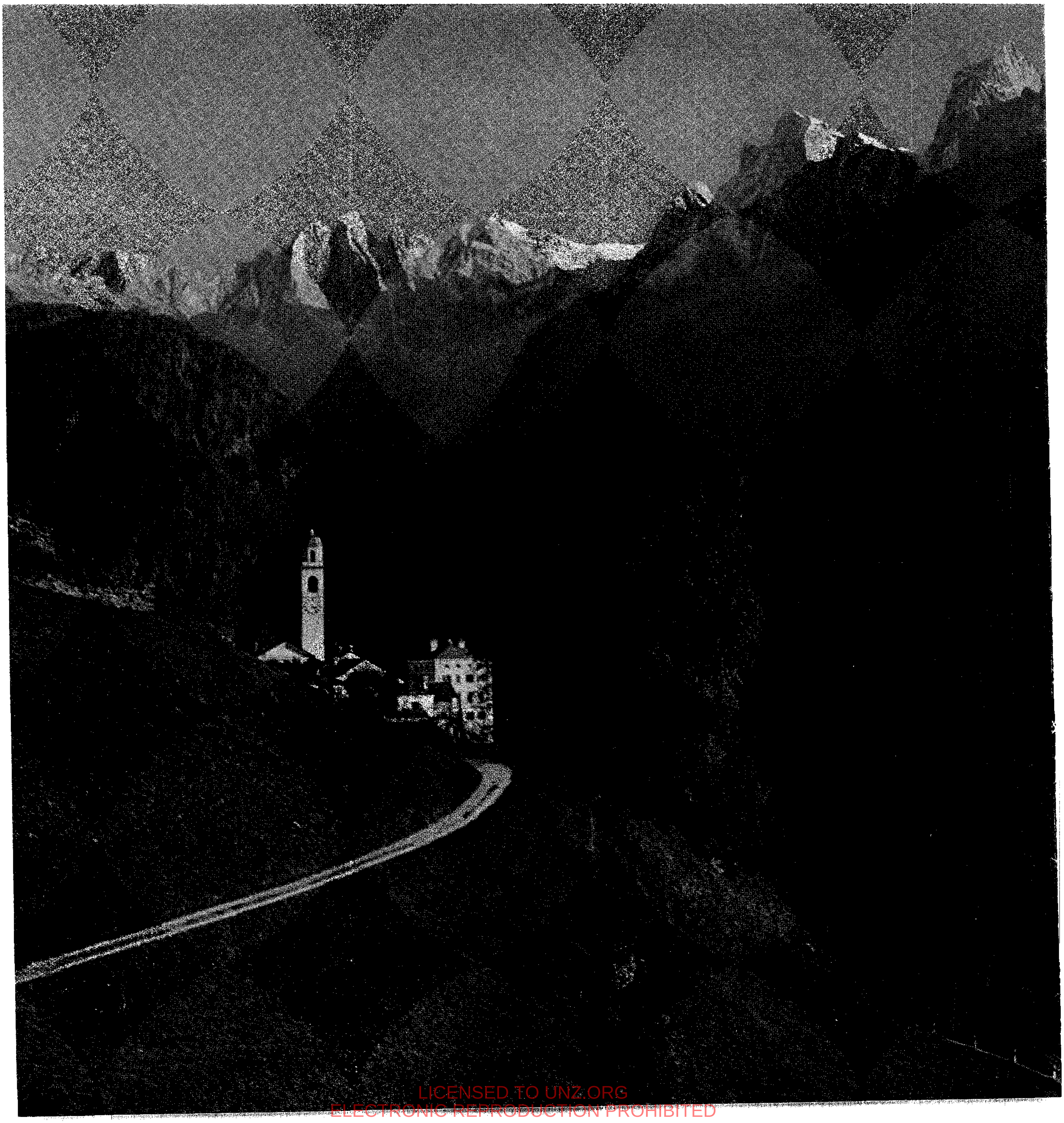

garet left for France the next year, returning to Le Cannet, where she lived as a recluse until her own death, seventeen years later. Those final years she spent mostly listening to her favorite Chopin records and herself playing the music she had loved best. She also continued to write her highly charged feuilletons—passing thoughts arrested on slips of paper—some of which were published in the new American semi-annual *Prose*, a comforting return for her to the familiar little-magazine formula. In the last of these, published posthumously, she wrote, "I am ill, with a bad heart, bad lungs (emphysema), and seven other alarming symptoms, which I ignore. I have been having a three-month attack of shingles, and have just learned that Henry James, at seventy, had them for four months." (Henry James—she must have been pleased to include him!) She then went on, the prey once again of her habitual euphoria, "I am 83 (84?) years old, and I am the happiest person I know," ending, characteristically, "And I am not 83 years old. . . . I have just learned, from a reliable source, that I am 86."

She concluded "The Strange Necessity" with a final summation: "I wonder why I have wanted to write this story of my life. I know it at first hand, but so incompletely that it has little meaning. It has been so happy and so sad, as happy as flowers, as sad as moonlight—a happy life that loves the saddest music. It has been a striving and a failing; a development and a diminution; it has been proud, and egotistic, and modest; aggressive and unassuming; alert and unconscious; hopeful and, I fear, lost. It has overflowed with thankfulness and remorse—a life like any other, but which has seemed to me so different, so special, and so blessed as to be unique. The blessings I wanted were love and music, books and great ideas and beauty of environment. I have had them all, and to a degree beyond my asking, even beyond my imagining."

She died at Le Cannet in the night of October 18, 1973.

—JANET FLANNER

•

Miss Quint, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam L. Quint of Los Angeles, chose a white organza gown with Alencon lace and seed pearls.

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—*Hollywood Los Feliz Advertiser.*

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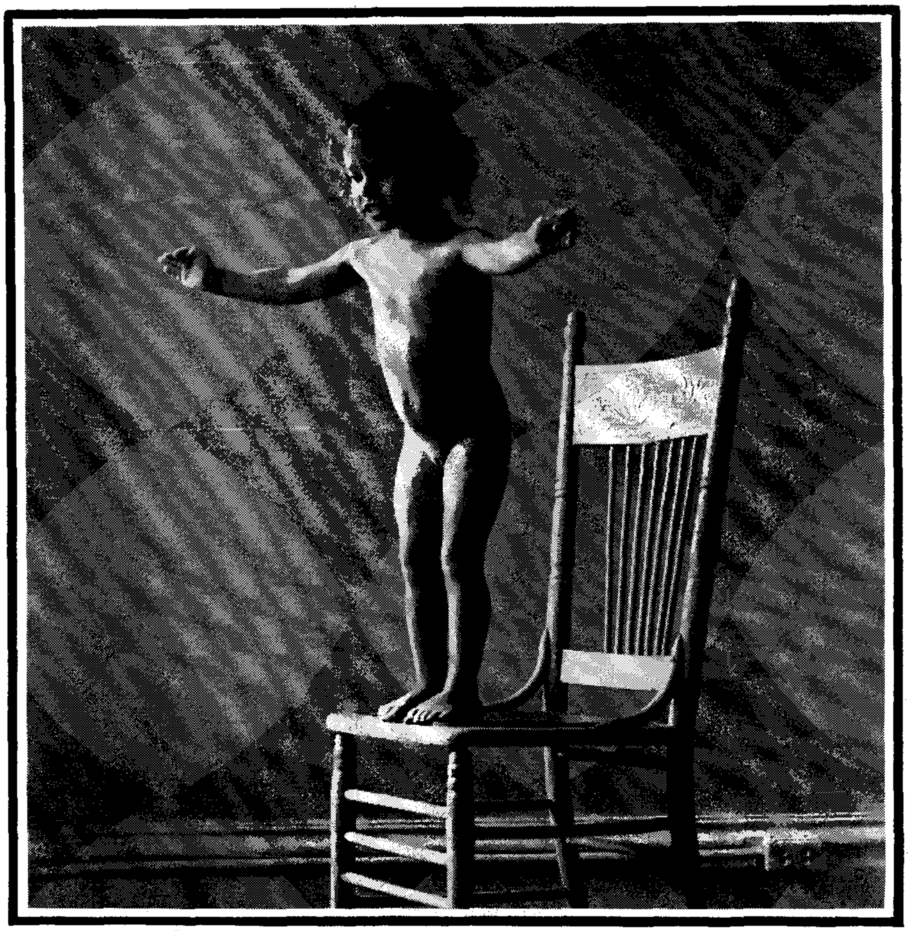

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THE THEATRE

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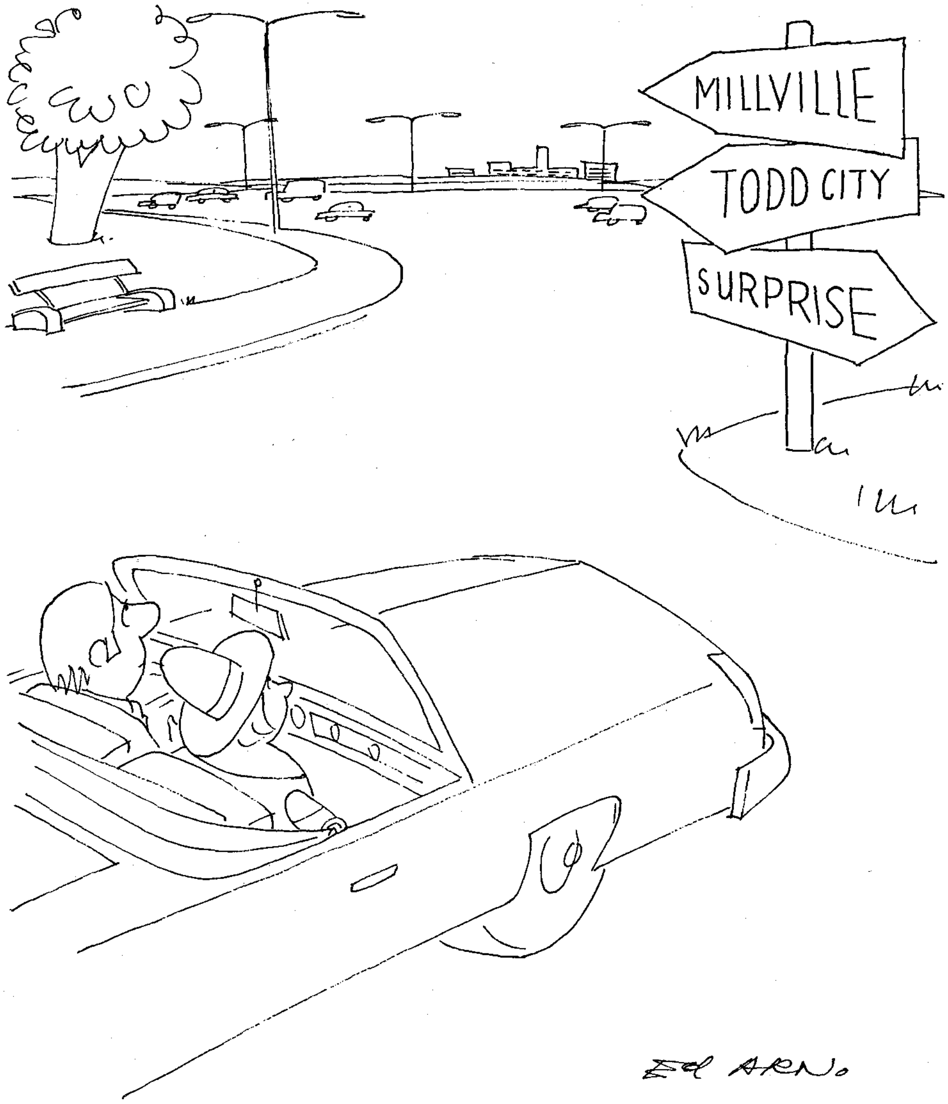
THE New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center (the most cumbersome possible way of spelling the name Joe Papp) has brought to the Vivian Beaumont the production of Miguel Piñero's "Short Eyes" that opened earlier in the season at the Public Theatre and was reviewed in the Off Broadway department here on March 25th. "Short Eyes" recently won the Drama Critics Circle award as the best American play of the season, and it is easy to see why: it is a melodrama of extreme actions, climaxed by a murder, and every harrowing moment of it bears the stamp of passionate feeling and of documentary authenticity. This authenticity is thanks in part to the fact that the author and many of the cast are former convicts and in part to the fact that the play slowly accumulated itself out of a series of improvisations based on real life and worked up into a plot with the assistance of Marvin Felix Camillo, a professional director, who in 1972 established a drama workshop at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, in Westchester. The formidable squalor of the prison life depicted in "Short Eyes" provides an ironic comment on the euphemism "correctional facility." Life behind bars, even in institutions that have done away with visible bars, threatens the sturdiest nature with deformation. "Short Eyes" amounts to an affirmative statement because two of the inmates appear capable of stepping back into the world and finding some means of accommodation there; for the rest there is no hope, nor is there any hope for the venal men who are paid to guard them and who bully them into a semblance of submission.

The grim accuracy of the play is reinforced by the harshness of its setting—the dayroom of a house of detention, which David Mitchell has designed with seemingly genuine tiled walls and floors, a genuine toilet and shower, and iron grilles that clang open and shut upon long passageways leading only to other passageways. The gutter eloquence of the language (not for the first time, we observe how an impoverished vocabulary gains the effect of richness by sheer reiteration) is matched by the ferocious sexual exacerbation of the inmates, who turn from chess and cards and chaffering horseplay to the possible rape of a Puerto Rican boy as they might turn to the refreshment of a glass of beer. There are a few comic moments in the play, and very welcome they are, but mostly we are in the presence of a misery so indurated that it has acquired the authority of fate and should therefore be idle to struggle against. Nevertheless, the struggle proceeds, and on opening night it was interesting to observe the difference in response to the play made by whites and blacks in the audience. The whites seemed bludgeoned into silence by the misfortune of the characters onstage; the blacks, apparently taking the misfortune for granted, shouted with glee at every sign that an individual was fighting back, no matter on what side of a dispute.

The cast of "Short Eyes," which is very good indeed, calls itself The Family, and because it appears to have become a true family, with all that this implies of mingled rivalry and affection, I list its members in full, alphabetically: Hollis Barnes, Chuck Bergansky, Bimbo, Joseph Carberry, William Carden, Eduardo Figueroa, Tito Goya, David Hausman, Ben Jefferson, J. J. Johnson, Chu Chu Malave, Robert Maroff, Rick Reid, Kenny Steward, Felipe Torres, and H. Richard Young. The production has been lighted by Spencer Mosse, and the costumes are by Paul Martino.

—BRENDAN GILL



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The struggling artist, who used to give away posters free in San Francisco, sells oil paintings now, including portraits, for thousands of dollars. Buyers of her works include General Issimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Jerry Lewis, and the late Adlai Stevenson.
—*Phoenix (Ariz.) Arizona Republic.*

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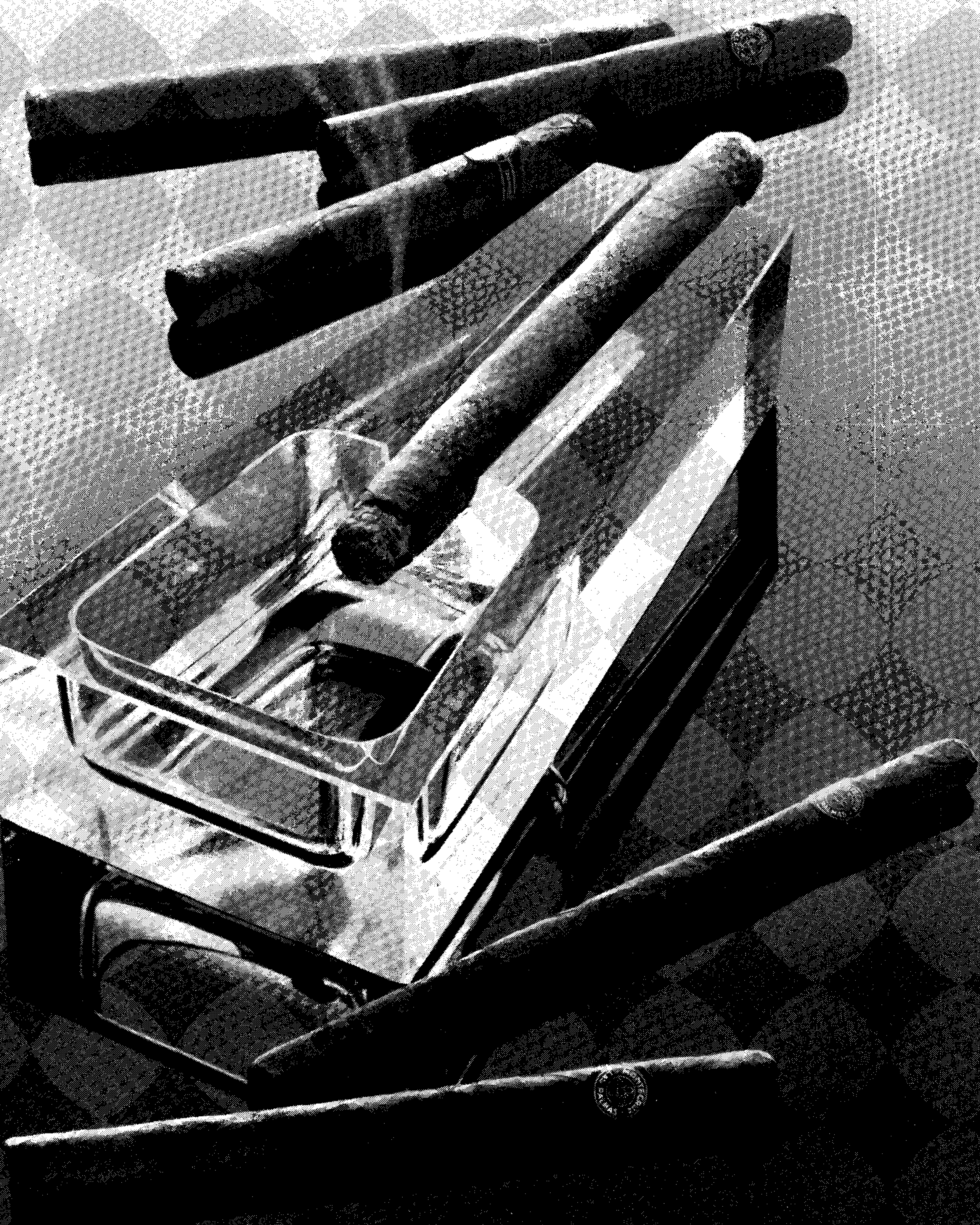

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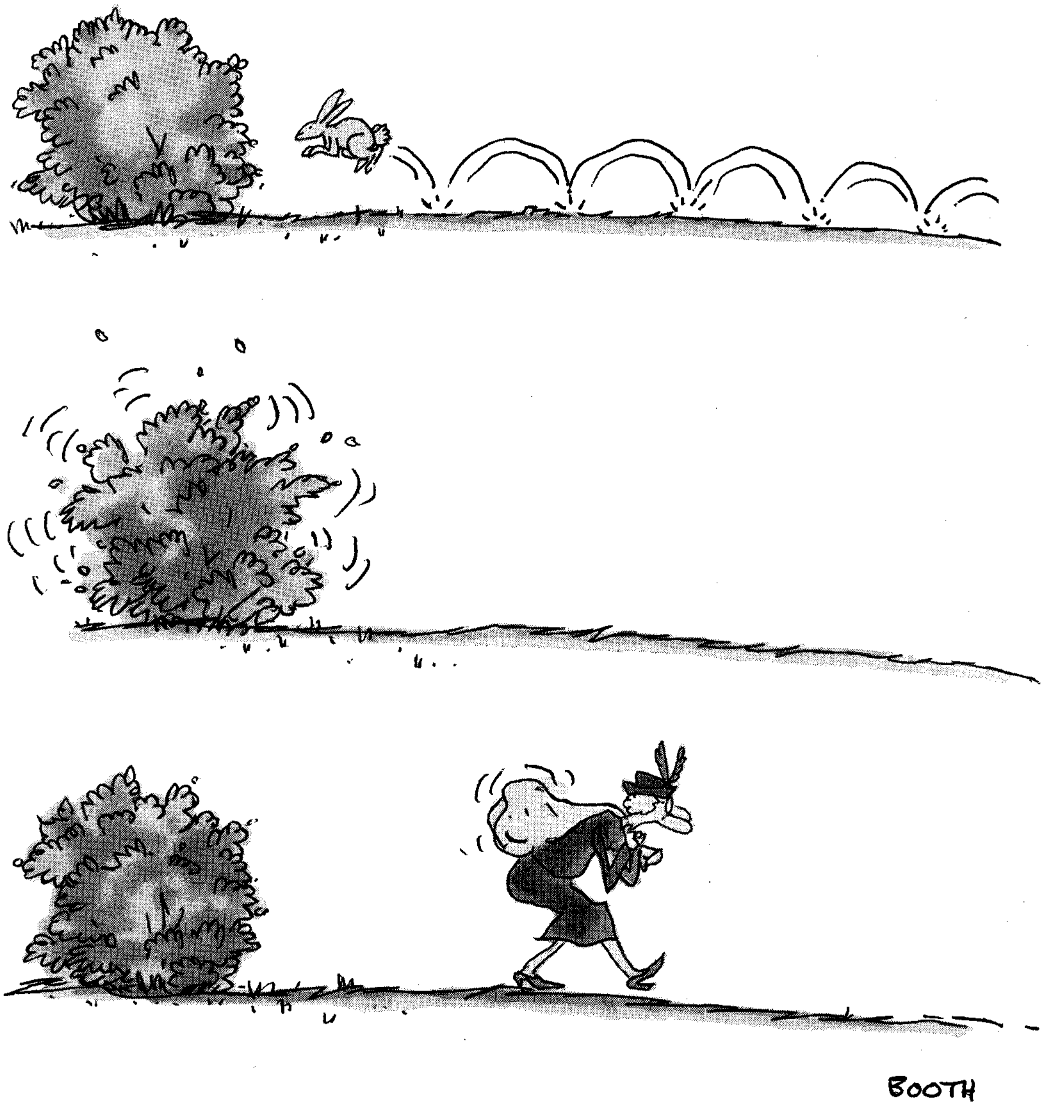
JAZZ

New York Notes

April 6th: A great drummer dances sitting down. A great tap-dancer drums standing up. Both make rhythm three-dimensional. But the only instrument a tap-dancer has is himself, so he is a special—and fragile—breed. Such was Baby Laurence, who died earlier this week in New York, at the age of fifty-three. Laurence was born (in Baltimore, as Laurence Donald Jackson) twenty years too late. Tap-dancing, which evolved in this country over the course of a hundred years from the ring shout, jigs and clogs, the soft-shoe, and the buck-and-wing, reached its apogee in the twenties and thirties, and went out of fashion when vaudeville was overrun by the movies. Laurence nonetheless patched together a career. He started at twelve, as a singer, when such child stars as Buddy Rich and Jackie Coogan were international darlings, but by his late teens he had turned formidably to dancing. He came to the fore on Fifty-second Street, around 1940, with a singing-and-dancing act that sang Jimmy Lunceford arrangements in six-part harmony, and then he went out as a single, hoofing mainly in the Midwest. In the forties and fifties, he danced with Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Woody Herman, and occasionally surfaced at small clubs in Harlem. After a long illness, he materialized again, at the Showplace, on West Fourth Street, in the winter of 1960, and then for a time he seemed to be everywhere. He danced at the small Max Roach-Charlie Mingus rump festival in Newport that summer, and in 1962 he graced an abortive jazz festival sponsored by the government in Washington. A few months later, he appeared with sensational effect at the Newport Jazz Festival, along with such dancers as Pete Nugent, Honi Coles, and Bunny Briggs. (The first time Briggs watched Laurence dance, in the thirties, he paid him the tap-dancer's highest compliment: "I saw a fellow dance," he told his mother, "and his feet never touched the floor." Then he drifted into an oblivion that finally ended in 1969, when word came that he was back in Baltimore, had a day job, and was dancing weekends in a restaurant in a shopping center in Gaithersburg, Maryland. It was a rending gig. Laurence, backed by an excellent trio led by the drummer Eddie Phyfe, who was also, willy-nilly, Laurence's guardian-manager-employer, danced a couple of times a night on a swaying plywood platform set up in the center of a big, dark room. He was in raw shape, and his steps were heavy and uncertain. The stolid Maryland burghers, sawing at their New York Cut sirloins, paid him little heed. But Laurence finished strong: early in 1973 he suddenly reappeared in New York, and during the year he headed up a successful series of Sunday-afternoon tap-dancing sessions at the Jazz Museum, took in students, danced at the Palace with Josephine Baker, did some television, and gave a triumphant performance at the Newport-New York Jazz Festival.

He was a strange little man. His arms and legs were pipes, his face was scarred, and he had hooded eyes. In the wrong light, he looked sinister, and, indeed, orphaned at thirteen and later hemmed in by drugs and alcohol and financial troubles, he tended to be devious and self-pitying. Yet his dancing belied all that. In many ways, he was more a drummer than a dancer. He did little with the top half of his torso; holding his head upright, he either let his arms flap at his sides or crooked them as if he were a begging dog. But his legs and feet were speed and thunder and surprise. Unlike many tap-dancers, who rely on certain changeless patterns, Laurence constantly improvised. His sound was not the serene clickety-tick-tick of Bill Robinson or Chuck Green; it was a succession of explosions, machine-gun rattles, and jarring thumps. There were no frills to his dancing. He seemed, in his fervent way, to try to sculpt out palpable rhythms. He would start a thirty-two-bar chorus with light heel-and-toe figures, drop in a heavy, off-beat heel ac-



cent with one foot and echo it with the other, go up on his toes, and then release a double-time splatter of heel beats, resume the heel-and-toe steps, breaking them frequently with ominous flat-footed offbeats, spin completely around, and start crossing and recrossing his feet, letting off sprays of rapid toe beats each time his feet touched wood. Laurence tended to work in a small area (Briggs often skitters thirty or forty feet across a stage, like a stone skipping over water), but next he might move in a large circle, each toe stuttering alternately on the floor as he moved, and, the circle complete, abruptly sail into violent knee-pumping, followed by toe-to-heel explosions that might last ten seconds before giving way to a terrific double-time burst, a leap into the air, and a deep bow.

APRIL 9TH: Ol' Blue Eyes, enjoying his latest resurgence, gave a concert tonight in the vast, steaming vault of Nassau Coliseum, and it was a stirring event. He is singing better now than he ever has, for he has gradually become, in a startling reversal of the usual jazz-singer-to-popular-singer trek, a first-rate jazz singer. Gone is the crooning blandness he long ago absorbed from Bing Crosby, and gone, too, is the clever, oiled, Bakelite way he used to put rhythm songs together. His voice has deepened and thickened, and he has become fascinated by the rhythmic possibilities Billie Holiday endlessly explored. He will, without blurring his crystal articulation, jam words and syllables together, as she did, or he will stretch his words out behind the beat, achieving the priceless legato quality that is at the heart of swinging. He will bend notes and coat others with light growls, and he will gentle his words, shaping them into hymns and lullabies. Holding all these adventures together are his masterly sense of dynamics, his iron belief that good singing is a very serious matter, and the famous, marvellous voice—a lyrical, open-sided bel-canto instrument that now rests between a low tenor and a modest baritone. There were superb, measured versions tonight of "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Here's That Rainy Day," "When We Were Young," and "Violets for Your Furs." There were dramatic, sombre readings of "Send in the Clowns" and "My Way." And there was a tough, exhilarating rendition of "That's Life," whose semi-autobiographical up-and-at-'em lyrics he obviously relishes. Although Sinatra worked in the round, he remained effortless, spinning in a

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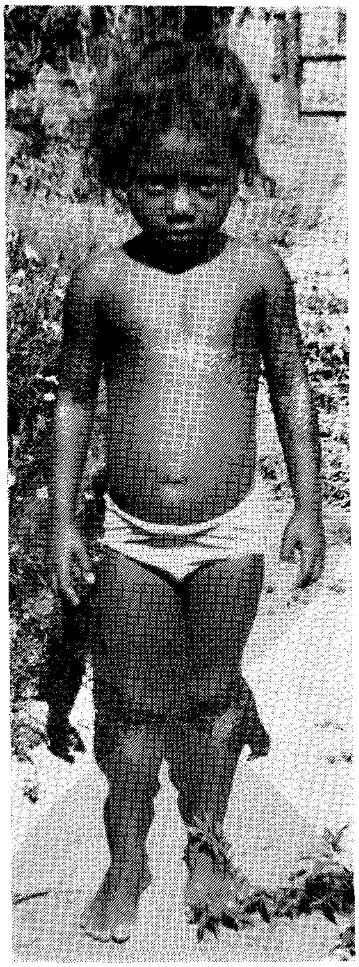
APRIL 29TH: The jazz repertory mills, grinding off and on since January, have got going again, and their subject, not surprisingly, has been Duke Ellington, who is seventy-five today. The first attempt to bottle the Master's music for posterity was made early last week in Washington, at a Smithsonian Jazz Heritage concert given by Gunther Schuller and the New England Conservatory Orchestra, and the second was made a few days ago in Carnegie Hall, by George Wein's New York Jazz Repertory Company. Schuller, who is head of the New England Conservatory, is an Ellington scholar, and he took the puristic approach. The orchestra, made up of sixteen Conservatory kids, played note-for-note transcriptions (solos included) of fourteen Ellington records, some of them well known ("Cottontail," "Jack the Bear," "Koko," "Reminiscing in Tempo"), some less well known ("C-Jam Blues," "Moon Mist"), and some all but forgotten ("Azure," "Subtle Lament," "Blue Light"), and by and large it played them well—particularly the ensemble passages. The lapses were predictable: most of the transcribed solos (Ben Webster's in "Cottontail" excepted) sounded awkward and chunky, and there were persistent rhythmic problems that were accented by drab drumming. The best thing about the group was the way it illumined various aspects of Ellington's ingenuity—his weird, atonal, futuristic piano solo in "Clothed Woman;" his fine hide-and-seek scoring, especially in "Koko," "Dusk," "Subtle Lament" (a lovely clarinet-alto-saxophone-soprano-saxophone voicing), and "Carnegie Blues" (the trombone trio and the baritone saxophone calling back and forth); the grace and deceptive simplicity of almost every piece; and the revelation, in "Reminiscing in Tempo," that he had been listening to George Gershwin. Schuller firmly believes that his is the best way to preserve Ellington (the note-for-note transcriptions were the result of a dismaying discovery on his part: much of the early printed Ellingtoniana has disappeared or been destroyed), but the Ellington *œuvre* contains his melodies, his scoring of them, his piano playing, and his band, and when anyone else plays his music it invariably sounds Xeroxed. All the Ellington notes were there in Washington, but only a few of them had



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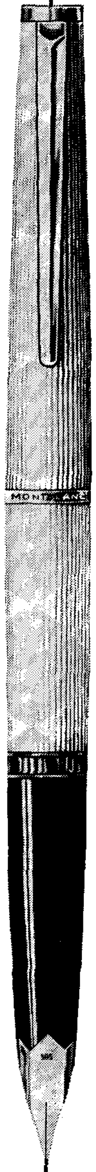

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the right flavor. After Ellington and the scores of musicians who have worked for him are gone, the chief evidence we will have of how he played his music, how he brought it to its unique completion, will be his available recordings, which at best are as fallible as photographs.

The New York Jazz Repertory Company's Ellington celebration was a typical Wein stew—a big, feasting, we-love-ya-Duke show, which went like this: the Billy Taylor trio wandered around through five Ellington numbers; Brooks Kerr, that admirable Ellington anthologist and mimic, resurrected "Bird of Paradise" (1924) and "Soda Fountain Rag" (1913), and was joined by such Ellington graduates as Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, Joya Sherrill, and Ozzie Bailey; Stan Getz and Jimmy Rowles performed intricate duets in "What Am I Here For," "Serenade to Sweden," and "Take the A Train;" Bob Wilber led an eight-piece band that included Pepper Adams, Taft Jordan, and Quentin Jackson through such small-band marvels as "Subtle Slough," "Echoes of Harlem," "Love in My Heart," and "Junior Hop," and the group summoned up with aplomb the timbres and accents of Cootie Williams, Johnny Hodges, and Tricky Sam Nanton; the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet ruminated eloquently in "Just Squeeze Me" (the final version of "Subtle Slough") and "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing;" and a big band, led by Sy Oliver, played nine Ellington numbers, among them "Birmingham Breakdown," "Boy Meets Horn," "Ring Dem Bells," and the insuperable "Main Stem." Some of it was Schuller-pure Ellington and some of it—particularly rhythmically—was Sy Oliver-Jimmy Lunceford Ellington.

APRIL 30TH: Buddy Rich, wearing his Superman costume, has come to town. He has dumped his big band, opened a club, Buddy's Place, at Second Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, decorated it with pictures of himself, and stocked it with a seven-piece group made up of Sonny Fortune and Sal Nistico on reeds, Kenny Barron on piano, Jack Wilkins on guitar, a fender bassist, a conga drummer, and himself. The band is sleek, musicianly, driving, and, apparently at Rich's behest, very loud. It is a pile driver, a rock-crusher, a blithering explosion. Four or five numbers tonight put one wistfully in mind of some angelic minutes that took place during a concert Rich gave seven

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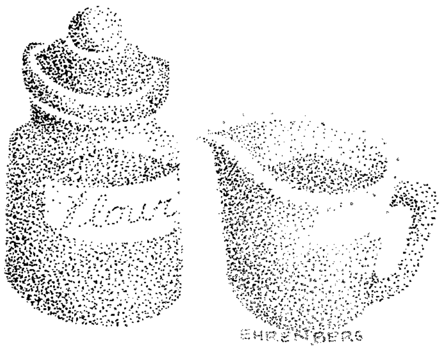
or eight years ago on Riker's Island; feeling that he wasn't reaching his audience, he picked up his wire brushes and did a funny, delicate, dancing duet in "Green Dolphin Street" with his pianist, John Bunch. That whispering, joyous performance brought the house down.

MAY 2ND: There is an obsessive quality in much of the experimental jazz of the sixties and seventies—the music once called "the new thing" and now generally called "free jazz." It is in the work of Ornette Coleman and the late Eric Dolphy, of Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and Cecil Taylor, and it is in much of the material the Jazz Composer's Orchestra plays. This hectoring strain is new in jazz. Before the sixties, most good jazz had a pleasant, show-off quality, a casual, look-no-hands lyricism. Its practitioners enjoyed doing sensational things—Louis Armstrong's 1933 flights and Coleman Hawkins' 1939 "Body and Soul" and Charlie Parker's 1947 "Embraceable You"—and they didn't care whether the listener understood it all, as long as he cheered. But free jazz, whether out of the unsureness that dogs experimentation or out of deep racial bitterness (free jazz is the blackest jazz there is) or sheer messianic drive, tends to bully the listener. At least, that is what the pianist McCoy Tyner, now thirty-five, has been up to in the past several years. Tyner spent five years as a sideman baking in John Coltrane's oven, and by the time he left Coltrane most of the ingredients now rampant in his work—in particular in his newest album, "McCoy Tyner: Enlightenment" (Milestone M55001)—had risen: the continually shifting modal patterns, the racing, almost glissando arpeggios, and the hammering, enfolding chords. The album, recorded by Tyner at last year's Montreux Jazz Festival in company with the tenor and soprano saxophonist Azar Lawrence, the bassist Joony Booth, and the drummer Alphonse Mouzon, contains two L.P.s, on which there



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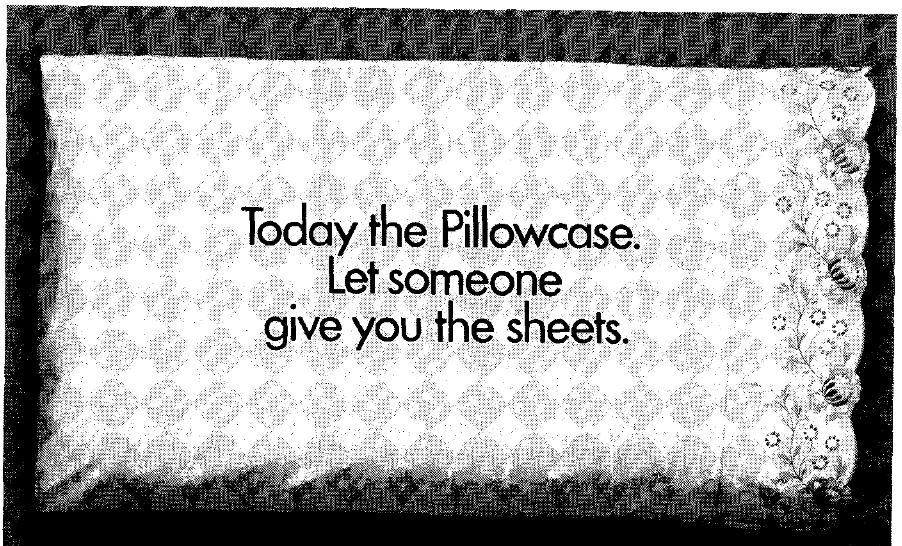

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are just four numbers—the three-part "Enlightenment Suite" (twenty-six minutes), "Presence" (ten and a half minutes), "Nebula" (eight and a half minutes), and "Walk Spirit, Talk Spirit" (twenty-five minutes). Despite its fervor and density, the music is fairly conventional in form. The melodies are simple (part of "Enlightenment" has a strong "Summertime" flavor), there are opening and closing ensembles, and the rhythmic patterns are clean and clear. Lawrence resembles Gato Barbieri: he holds the few notes he uses a long time and he has a sumptuous vibrato. Mouzon is a busy, splashy drummer in the current mode, and the equally fashionable Booth favors notes that whine along just below pitch. One hears Art Tatum and Bud Powell and the less cluttered side of Cecil Taylor in Tyner's playing, but the exact center of his style goes ceaselessly in and out of focus: keys shift like light on whirring spokes, his rhythms move ecstatically from set time to double time to triple time, his arpeggios and single-note lines seem vertical rather than horizontal, and he constantly returns to his stockpile of massive, loud-pedal chords. His playing is agitated, absolutely sure, and quite new. Cecil Taylor is an avalanche, but Tyner is a hypnotist, and it is hard to turn away from his brilliant baths of sound.

MAY 5TH: George Gershwin—celebrated during his life, hurrahed in countless books since, and cheered widely last year on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth—has long been regarded as the premier American musical whiz kid of the twenties and early thirties. Even that ivied rococo snob Sir Osbert Sitwell was impressed:

> In these years, too, William [Walton] became friends with George Gershwin, the Jazz Phoenix. Though Gershwin was not an intimate friend of mine, I knew him and liked him, and he would usually come to have luncheon with us when he visited London. He possessed a fine racial appearance: nobody could have mistaken him for anyone but a Jew. Tall and vigorous, his clearly cut face with its handsome ram's head, the features prominent, but, as it were, streamlined, indicated will power, character, and talent. I have always understood that he was the son of immigrants from Russia or Germany, and was brought up in the poorest quarter of New York: but his manners were notably excellent, his voice was pleasant, and though the force of his personality was plain in his whole air, he was modest in bearing, and I never noticed in him a trace of the arrogance with which he has been credited.

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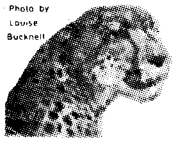
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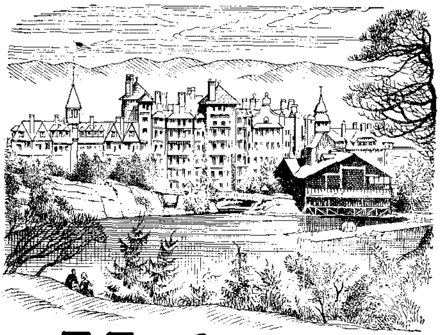

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of four unique American musicians at that time, the rest being Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Bix Beiderbecke. Of the four, Beiderbecke has been the least understood, and for good reasons. Gershwin, Armstrong, and Ellington each realized the American dream, but Beiderbecke insulted it. He died a penniless alcoholic, at the age of twenty-eight, in 1931. He was, save among musicians, who revered him, virtually unknown during his life, having been praised just twice in print. He rebelled against his German-American heritage, and was felt by his sanctimonious family to have betrayed them. And despite his recordings, few of which accurately capture his playing, his fragile beauties vanished with him. All that has been left of Beiderbecke is a semi-mythical figure, cut down in bloom and canonized by a murmuring cult.

Two new books should at last put him in perspective. The first, "Remembering Bix" (Harper & Row), is a remarkable, unashamedly idolatrous memoir by the painter and writer Ralph Berton, and the second, "Bix: Man and Legend" (Arlington House), by Richard M. Sudhalter and Philip R. Evans, is a huge, slow-breathing, almost daily record of Beiderbecke's life which has been in preparation for seventeen years. Berton's book, like all zealous works, is highly uneven. The prose sometimes comes unglued:

> Soon [the new society] would level the enchanted tower in which [Beiderbecke] still remained stuck like a fly in amber, becalmed in the void of his middle-class mudflat.

The first hundred pages are a plodding and largely superfluous account of his life and times. And Berton's argument that Beiderbecke, who was awe-struck by Stravinsky and Ravel and Debussy, was single-handedly struggling toward a new and unimagined American music seems silly. Beiderbecke, like George Gershwin, who was heading in the same compositional direction from the opposite side of the tracks (listen to the similarities between Beiderbecke's piano piece "In a Mist" and Gershwin's Piano Preludes), was simply ahead of his time; there are countless musicians now who work both the jazz and the formal sides of music. But the rest of the book is acute and affecting. It is, in the main, a reconstruction of the months in 1924 when Berton, a precocious thirteen-year-old, was hanging around Beiderbecke, whom he had met through his brother, the drummer Vic Berton. Beiderbecke emerges as a clas-

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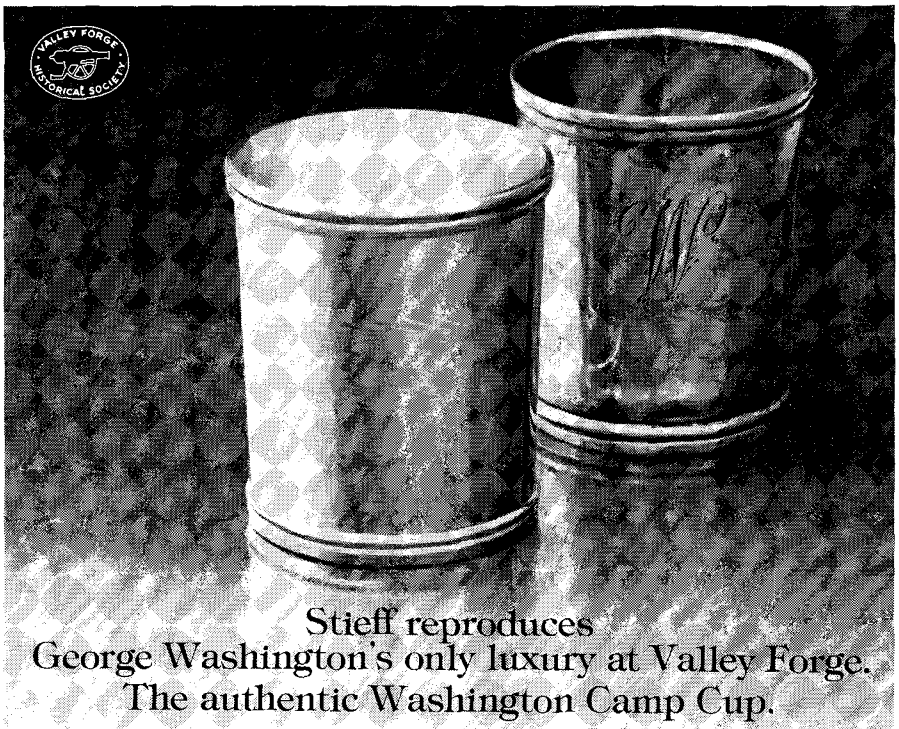

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sic American bucolic (he was from Davenport, Iowa) who happened to be possessed by music. He rarely bathed or changed his clothes; he was absent-minded; he was a fine natural athlete; he had, like many other diffident people, a laconic sense of humor; he had little will power, and already drank an alarming amount; he loved the possibly unique American pastime of horsing around; and he was wowed by learning and sophistication. But there was no foolishness in the musician. His ear was sharp and retentive, his tone summoned up bells and harvest moons, his improvisations were daring and unique, he was unfailingly inventive, and he was a brutal self-critic. The Sudhalter-Evans book fills out Beiderbecke's misshapen life by chronicling almost every day of his highly productive stay with Paul Whiteman in the late twenties (long thought by the mythmakers to have been a frustrating period for Beiderbecke); his nervous relations with his family (he discovered late in his life that all the recordings he had made with Whiteman and others and mailed proudly home *had* been stored unopened on a closet shelf); his unfailing kindness to lesser musicians; his restless relations with women; his admiration for Louis Armstrong; and his miserable, needless death. Neither book explains why such a frail vessel contained so much lyricism, originality, and imagination. But some questions have no answer.

MAY 7TH: Beiderbecke would have been seventy-one this year, which is the age, give or take a few years, of the master violinist Joe Venuti, who opened tonight at Michael's Pub with Chuck Folds on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Joe Corsello on drums. Indeed, Venuti, a great, squat, square, bustling haystack of a man with a trombone voice and a huge Roman head, appeared in the last ten or so numbers Beiderbecke recorded. (Venuti was ubiquitous in the twenties. He was also in the Whiteman band that gave the première performance of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," at Aeolian Hall, fifty years ago.) For all that, he is an ageless man, who continues to play with a ferocity, swing, and freshness that few jazz musicians of any age have matched. His style is plunging and reckless and totally assured. He fashions frequent and enormous intervals, voluptuous bent notes, and roaring double stops. His tone can be sweet and gypsylike or rough and hurrying, and his sense of dynamics is a marvel.

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He loves to double the tempo and play at hat-losing speeds. He is in constant motion onstage, tucking his tiny violin under his massive chin, gazing paternally around the room, tapping his accompanists on the shoulder to tell them when to solo, and rocking from side to side when he gets off a beauty. He seems to know every tune ever written. Tonight we heard jubilant versions of "Honeysuckle Rose," "C-Jam Blues," "Get Happy," "Muskrat Ramble," "I Found a New Baby," and a "Sweet Georgia Brown" that went by so fast his accompanists disappeared in the dust; tongue-in-cheek musings on Liszt, "Jalousie," and "Sleepy Lagoon;" and rockaby renditions of "Laura," "Autumn Leaves," "I Could Have Danced All Night," and "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face." They don't make Venutis anymore.

MAY 22ND: Following Blossom Dearie has become an art. During the past year, she has settled bravely and briefly at Three and in the Gallery at The Sign of the Dove, and now she is giving her special early-evening mini-concerts Wednesday through Saturday in the heavily shadowed but acoustically perfect Paradise Room at Reno Sweeney, on West Thirteenth Street. Such Dearie anthems as "I Like You, You're Nice," "Hey John," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" moved like fireflies through the circling dusk.

MAY 24TH: The Ellington repertory concerts reviewed above had an eerie, too-soon quality, for at the time Ellington had already been in a hospital for some weeks with a "respiratory ailment." The ailment turned out to be terminal cancer, and he died early this morning. The first radio reports described him as a great jazz musician and bandleader, and later ones were amended to "a great American composer;" he would have appreciated that, for he disliked the confining word "jazz," and, indeed, he spent his life creating a new American music—a music that George Gershwin, among others, first dreamed of fifty years ago. One's initial reaction to his death is not despairing. He lived as complete a life as any man of his century, and he fashioned an entire self-sustaining musical world. It is a cheerful, ingenious, unique world, and he gave it freely to us, and we shall have it as long as music lasts. This magazine goes to press today, but further thoughts on this glorious and extraordinary man will appear next week.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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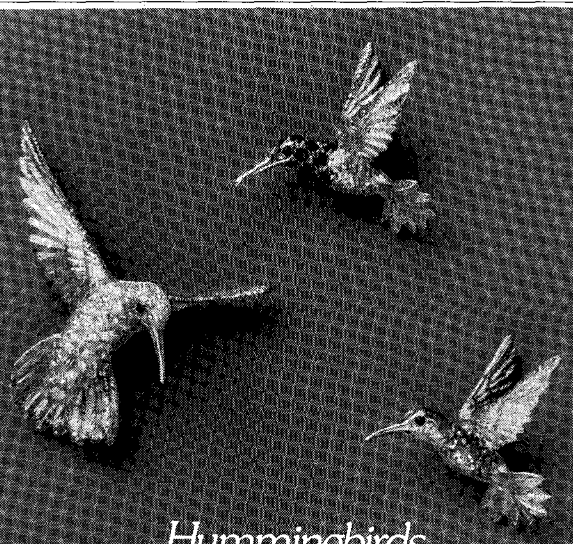

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THE PARKWAY RESTAURANT—DRAMATIS PERSONAE

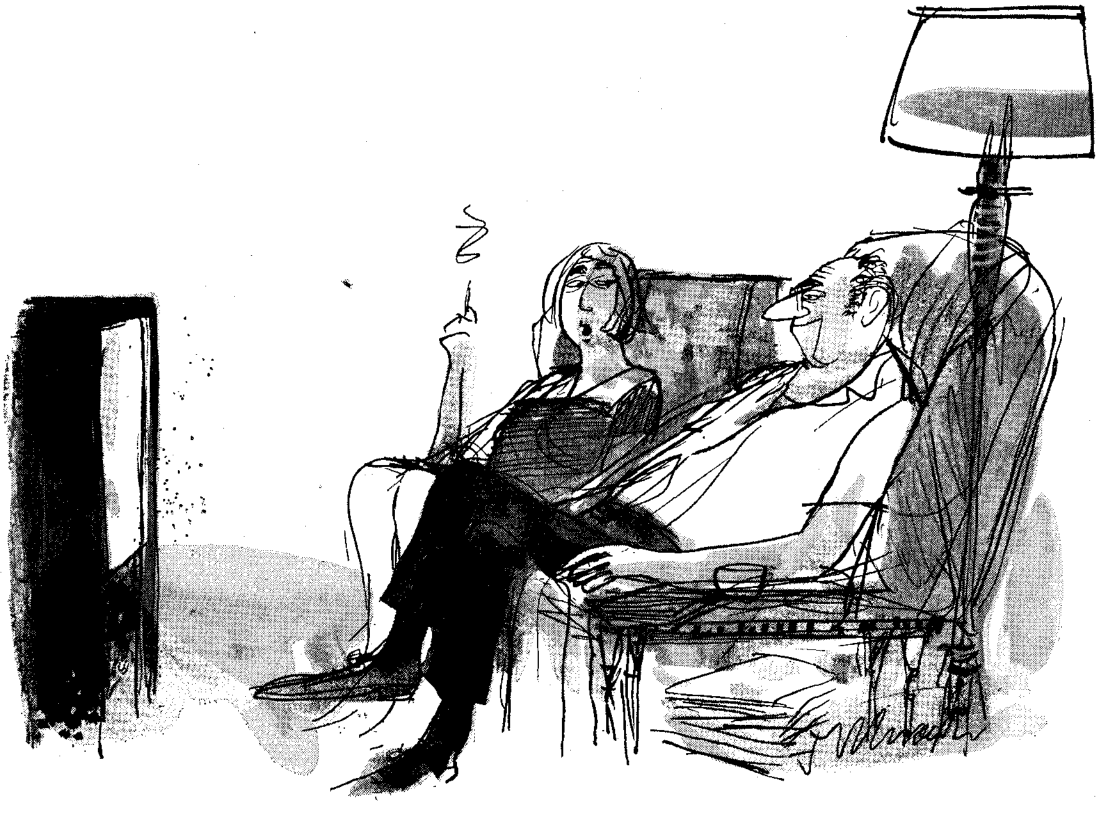
Karl Oberwager, Proprietor

Karl Oberwager has lived in Rumania, but that is coincidental to his being the proprietor of a Rumanian restaurant. He thinks of himself as being from Vienna, and he looks it. He has silver-gray hair, slicked back, and he dresses in a style that suggests detached collars even when his collars are not detachable. Standing at the rear of the Parkway, he looks like the proprietor of a restaurant where waltzes are played on a violin; when his wife, a handsome woman from Berlin, is standing with him, they look like a couple waiting for a table in a restaurant where Liszt is played by a string ensemble. The Parkway, which is on Allen Street, on the lower East Side, does have music on Saturday evenings, but it is provided by a singing accordionist, who is often singing songs from "Fiddler on the Roof." The patrons sometimes join in with the accordionist. When the accordionist plays "Hava Nagilah," they invariably clap in time. Occasionally, a couple of them will get up and dance in between the tables. If they have a birthday to celebrate, they are not shy about singing "Happy Birthday." Even on a warmish Saturday night, there are likely to be a few fur coats in the Parkway checkroom, but if a customer who is attacking a roast duck believes the task might be accomplished more comfortably with his jacket off, he takes his jacket off. If a diner thinks the mashed potatoes might be improved by a bit of schmalz—liquid chicken fat—he pours some out of a dispenser that the Parkway provides on each table. At the Parkway, nobody picks at his food. Karl Oberwager, at first glance, appears to be a man who might disapprove of his own restaurant—like the middle-class filmmakers Pauline Kael once mentioned who "love peasants but consider it repulsive when middle-class people show the gusto of peasants." But, at second glance, he can be seen to have a slight smile on his face. He likes to see the customers enjoying themselves. On a recent Saturday night, he did ask a young woman to refrain from dancing on the table, but only because he was concerned about the liability if she fell and injured herself.

It once appeared that Oberwager might be too distinguished-looking to find a job. That was when he first came to the United States, in 1956, and was trying to find work through an agency that aids Jewish refugees. In Vienna, he had been in the carpet business with a cousin. When Hitler occupied Austria, in 1938, Oberwager fled to the region of his birth—an area called the Bukovina, which had once been Austrian but was then controlled by Rumania. Because of the German occupation of Austria, Oberwager's passport was changed from Austrian to German; because of the breakdown of the Hitler-Stalin pact, the part of the Bukovina he was living in was occupied by the Russians. When Germany invaded Russia, the Russians arrested Oberwager as an enemy alien. He did, after all, have a German passport, even though the "J" in it marked him as one of the people the Germans were attempting to exterminate. He was sent to mine coal in a Siberian labor camp. He was there through the war and then for an additional two years—to make up for all of the damage the German soldiers had done to Russia. When, after stops in Bucharest and Vienna and Paris, he finally came to New York, the agency seemed hesitant about sending a man of his appearance and background to the menial jobs available to someone who spoke little English. He finally insisted. The job in question was as a busboy in a Rumanian restaurant on the lower East Side.

It was actually a Rumanian-Jewish restaurant. At the time, there were a number of Rumanian-Jewish restaurants in the city. The best known was probably Moskowitz and Lupowitz, on Second Avenue. There was also Gluckstern's, and a place called Molly's, on Rivington Street, and the Old Roumanian, which was known as "the Copacabana of the East Side." After a couple of years, the proprietors of the restaurant Oberwager was working in retired, and the business was taken over by three employees—a waiter, the chef, and, as president of the new corporation, the busboy, Karl Oberwager. There was a retirement and an expansion and a split and when it was all over, a year or so ago, Karl Oberwager, from Vienna, found himself the proprietor of just about the last of the old Rumanian-Jewish restaurants in New York.

Part of the Parkway's business is based on the simple fact that it has sur-



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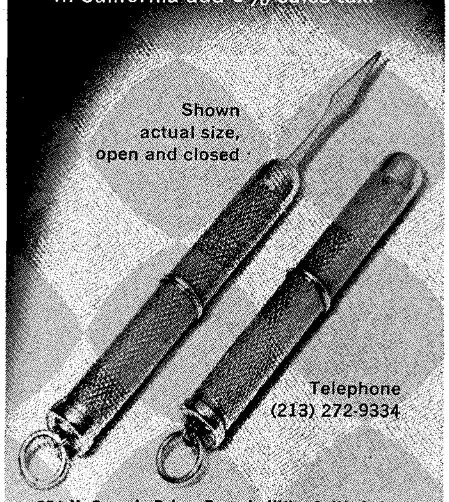

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vived. People who now live in Brooklyn or Long Island like to come back to the lower East Side on a Saturday night and eat a Rumanian steak or some chicken livers with unborn eggs and listen to a strolling musician sing "My Yiddishe Momme." The Parkway isn't open for lunch, and during the week the dinner crowd is sparse. There are practically no customers left in the neighborhood, which is now mostly Puerto Rican. Some old-time customers of Rumanian-Jewish restaurants who have moved from the lower East Side do not eat at the Parkway because what the neighborhood conjures up for them is danger rather than nostalgia. Some people have suggested that Oberwager move the Parkway uptown, but uptown rents would necessitate serving lunch as well as dinner, and Oberwager would just as soon avoid the added pressure. Once, a man from Dallas who ate at the Parkway was so overwhelmed by the food that he pressed Oberwager to move to Dallas, where, he insisted, the Parkway would have a monopoly on the weddings and bar mitzvahs and celebratory meals of the entire Jewish community. Oberwager doesn't feel like working sixteen hours a day catering bar mitzvahs, and he doesn't feel like moving to Dallas. "I'll stay here," he says. "There have already been too many changes in my lifetime."

Murray Kaye, Maître d'Hôtel and Waiter

Until recently, Murray Kaye was one of two Parkway waiters who occasionally broke into song. Then the other one, Teddy Southard, quit. Southard was known to some Parkway regulars as "the goyishe waiter," being so resolutely Gentile that he seemed more out of place in the Parkway than even a distinguished-looking Viennese. Southard's ambition was always to work on the Broadway stage or in the opera rather than on the serving floor of the Parkway. As an actor, he would have undoubtedly been typecast as a sophisticate. He always spoke to Parkway customers in an accent that sounded like the product of a dozen years of diction coaching. Southard would set the mashed potatoes on the table, hold the schmalz above them in one hand and the *greeven* (cracklings from rendered chicken fat) in the other, and say, in the tone George Sanders might have used while holding a cognac bottle above the empty glass of a dinner guest, "May I?" On Saturday night, Southard would sometimes stop in his tracks, still holding

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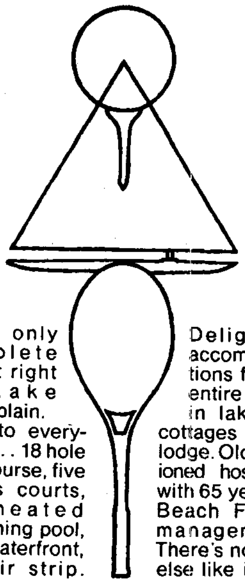

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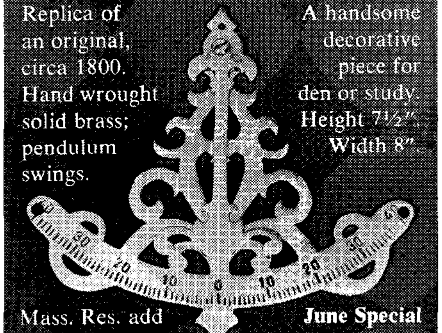

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some dishes he had cleared from the table, and sing a song like "If I Loved You" or "Yours Is My Heart Alone." Murray Kaye, whose repertoire runs more to tunes like "Melancholy Baby" and "Cabaret," never starts a song while he's holding dishes; he needs both hands to sing.

The Parkway is not likely to find another waiter with diction like Southard's, but Kaye says that nobody is indispensable. To that, Oberwager adds, "Caruso, Toscanini, and Einstein could not be replaced. Otherwise, everybody can be replaced." Kaye himself seems close to indispensable at the Parkway. A quick-moving man with thin hair and thick glasses, he appears to be constantly in motion—arranging bottles in the Parkway's bar, ordering supplies, arranging table settings, whisking away dishes, singing Jolson songs. He says he learned the restaurant business by observing it closely while entertaining in restaurants. "I figured if I didn't make it in show business, I could go into this business," he says. That's what happened.

Kaye's fling at show business started one summer in the thirties, when, after a few uninteresting years working as a clerk in the garment center, he joined the social staff of a hotel in the Borscht Belt. Then he started working in Florida in the winters. "I was a host-entertainer," he says. "I would greet the people, seat them, and then entertain them." He entertained them as either the m.c. of the show or the singer ("I've always done the standards, but Jolson was my forte") or both. After eight years of trying to make it as an entertainer, Kaye became a busboy. "Show business is my heart and soul," he said recently. "But I had no money. I had no financial backing. I worked with small agents and they gave me small jobs. I had to get out."

Kaye no longer talks about the possibility of getting a show-business break. He is in his early sixties, although he doesn't look it. He does enjoy talking about show business. The Parkway has always had some customers from show business, and Kaye often discusses the careers of the regulars—Zero Mostel, for instance, or Beverly Sills. He is proud of the fact that all the jobs he has had as a waiter have eventually included singing a few songs as well. Kaye now has a following among Saturday-night regulars at the Parkway, and he gets song requests—often for Jolson songs. He bends his knees and extends his arms and belts them out. Thinking about his singing style, he says, "I guess you could

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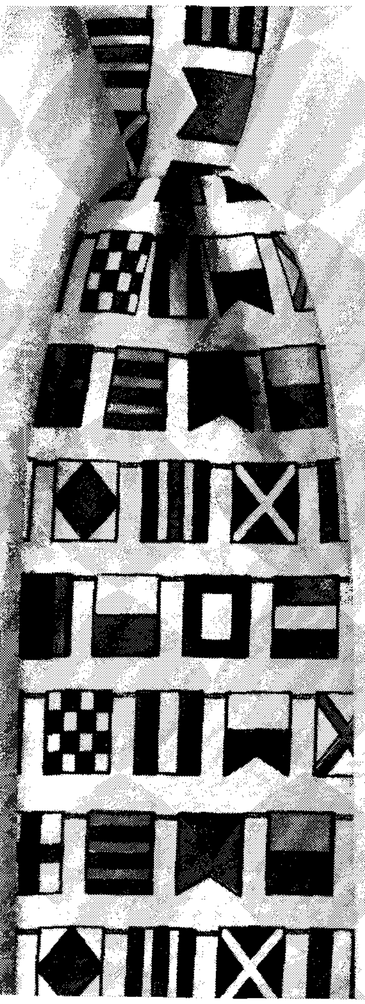

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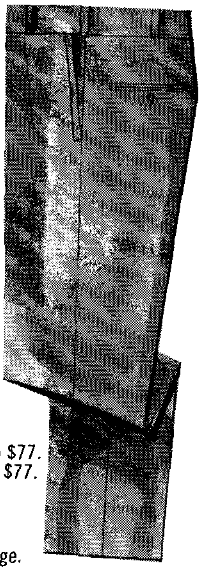

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FLORENTINO SALAS, CHEF

FLORENTINO SALAS does not see anything particularly unusual about a Puerto Rican being the chef in a Rumanian-Jewish restaurant. "I learned from a colored fella who was here," he says. "I was just watching what he was doing. It's not hard." Rumanian-Jewish cooking, as it has been interpreted in New York, is dominated by the Rumanian love of garlic and the Jewish love of schmalz. Rumanian-Jewish restaurants have tended to serve garlicky steaks, called Rumanian broilings, and roast duck and chopped chicken liver and sweetbreads and *kasha varnishke* and gefilte fish. Rumanian-Jewish cooking is heavy. At the Parkway, the chopped liver is served with an accompanying dish of chopped onions and chopped radish, a dish of *greeven*, and, of course, the schmalz that is already on the table. Assorted vegetables is sometimes interpreted to mean two kinds of potatoes. The water pitchers on Parkway tables hold seltzer water, and some patrons consider it a necessary aid to digestion. The standard line used by Zero Mostel about Rumanian-Jewish cooking is that "it has killed more Jews than Hitler." Mostel eats regularly at the Parkway anyway. So do a lot of people who do not eat with Mostel's special, well, gusto. Some of them consider the Parkway's roast duck better than that available anywhere else in New York, including those upper-East Side restaurants at which a gentleman would never be seen without a jacket, unless he happened to be a rock star.

Florentino Salas, the man who makes the duck, looks less like a chef than like a welterweight. When he first came to the Parkway, a dozen years ago, he already had some experience working in kitchens, but the person who hired him—one of Oberwager's former partners—apparently didn't know it. Salas says he just happened to be walking by when there was a desperate need for a weekend dishwasher. At the time, he was working in a factory, painting faces on dolls. His kitchen experience had been in Florida. Having had trouble finding work in Puerto Rico, Salas had gone to Florida in the late fifties when a brother-in-law who was a waiter in a Miami Beach hotel found him a job as a dishwasher. One day, the man who cut the meat didn't show up, and Salas began cutting the meat—more or less the way he later progressed

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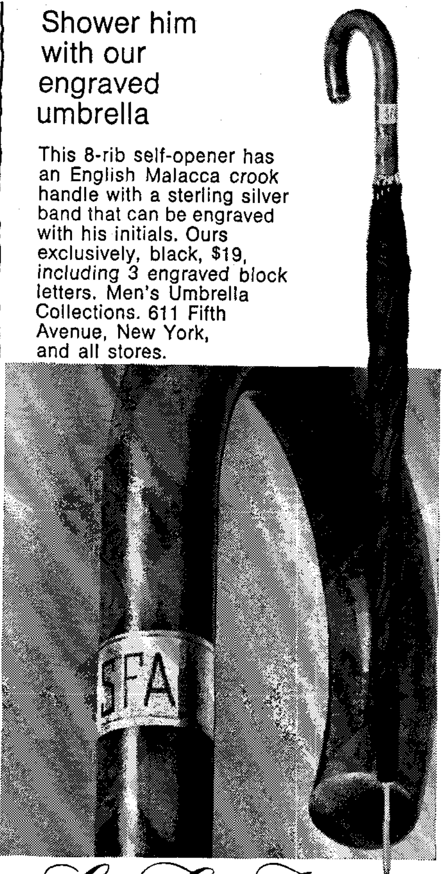

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from dishwasher to chef at the Parkway. Salas seems to be the kind of man who would be known in the theatre as a "quick study." He doesn't consider any skill mysterious. "I'm a plumber, too," he says. "I'll do anything."

Salas does not feel out of place at the Parkway. Unlike most chefs, he even knows a number of his customers, since some of them are in the habit of coming back to the kitchen to make their own potato pancakes. On warm afternoons, he can sit outside the Parkway and chat with passersby. Allen Street, is, of course, a Puerto Rican rather than a Rumanian-Jewish neighborhood. In fact, Salas lives right upstairs from the Parkway. He is also the building's super.

IRVING SCHLEIN, MUSICIAN

IRVING SCHLEIN has just completed an opera. It took him eight years. It is based on Gustave Flaubert's novel "Salammbô." Schlein is not optimistic about getting it produced, the finances of opera companies being what they are these days. On the other hand, he expresses a lot of optimism about an Off Broadway production for his musical, "Blue Grass," which is based on the life of Daniel Boone. He is less optimistic about securing paperback publication of his book on the slave songs of the United States. He sees to all of these matters on Wednesdays—Wednesday being a short day for him at Andries Hudde Junior High School, in Brooklyn, where he teaches music. A short day at school does not mean he has nothing else to do but talk to publishers and producers in Manhattan. He also composes chamber and orchestral and choral works. He has to spend a few minutes at the piano every day keeping up with the new songs that he might be asked to play on the accordion and sing at the Parkway or at a party. "I divide my life into projects," he says when asked how he manages to do so much. "Each project has to be completed. I have completed every project that I started, good or bad."

Schlein has always played a variety of music. When he was studying at City College, he played the piano for silent movies and vaudeville. He has conducted the pit band for Cole Porter musicals. He has been an accompanist for Jan Peerce. "My philosophy throughout has been that a musician should experience every aspect of music," he says. "No area of it can you sully. I try to emulate Bach—the prototype of the true great musician who does every phase of music. I hate to compare myself to a man like Bach, but

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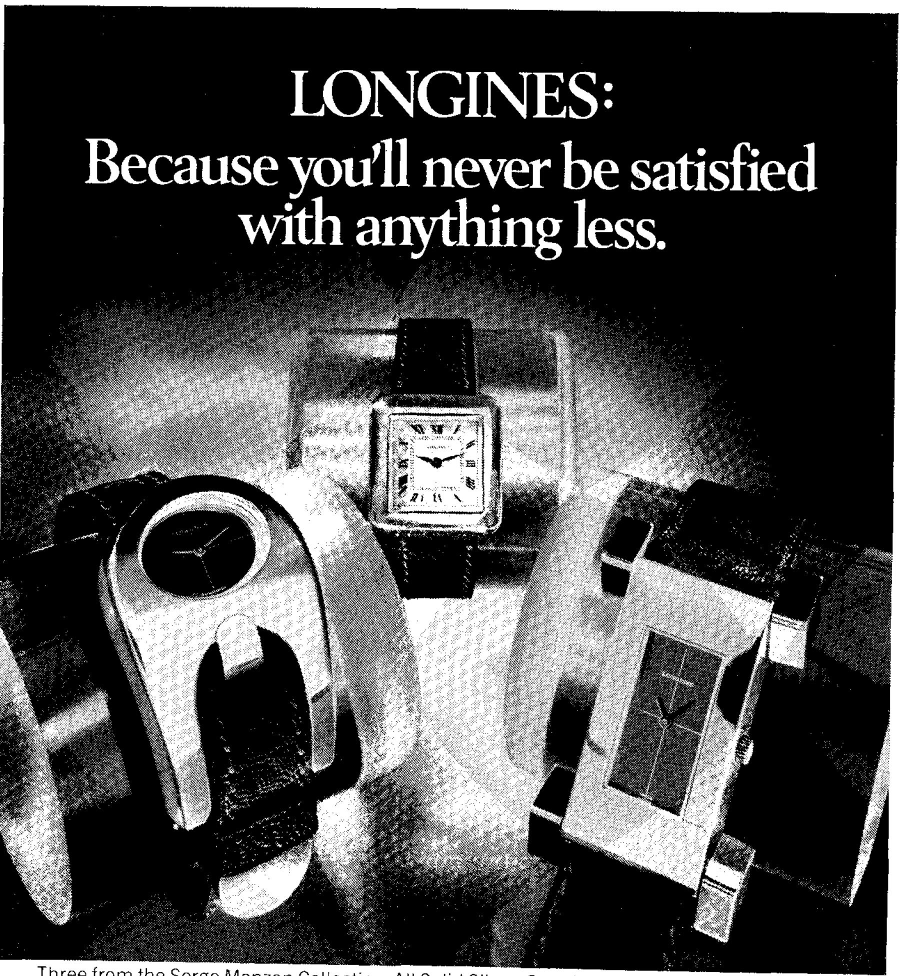

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I think I know how he functioned. It's the only way to do it."

Schlein and Leonard Bernstein studied under Aaron Copland at the same time. "I guess I slipped up somewhere along the way," Schlein says when he mentions it. Schlein's compositions have not been played widely, but they have been played. His "Sonatina for Viola d'Amore and Harpsichord" has been performed several times. His choral works are often performed. He is planning to retire from Hudde Junior High School next year and devote more time to composition. The youngest of his four sons is now through college, and the others are established on their own—a physicist in Geneva, a psychologist in Massachusetts, a newspaper deskman in New York. He has no plans to give up entertaining completely. At the Parkway, Schlein, a short man, with steel-gray hair and a quick smile, always seems to be enjoying himself. "I love people and I love to play for them," he says. "It's not that I need the money, but it pleases me that I'm still paid to play."

The Parkway once had music almost every night, but now there is music only on Saturdays, and Schlein does not play every week. Sometimes the accordionist is Max Hamlisch—who, like Oberwager, is a distinguished-looking man from Vienna and, like Schlein, has musical knowledge and experience considerably broader than accordion playing. The show-business talk at the Parkway recently has been about Hamlisch, because his son, Marvin, won three Academy Awards this year for music. Having children provide pride and pleasure—what Parkway regulars are likely to call *naches*—is, of course, a familiar experience for Schlein also. Just recently, in fact, he received a letter from Geneva that particularly pleased him. His eight-year-old grandson appeared in a piano recital in Geneva and played three pieces. For his final piece, closing the entire recital, he had chosen "Themes and Variations" by Irving Schlein.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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DANCING

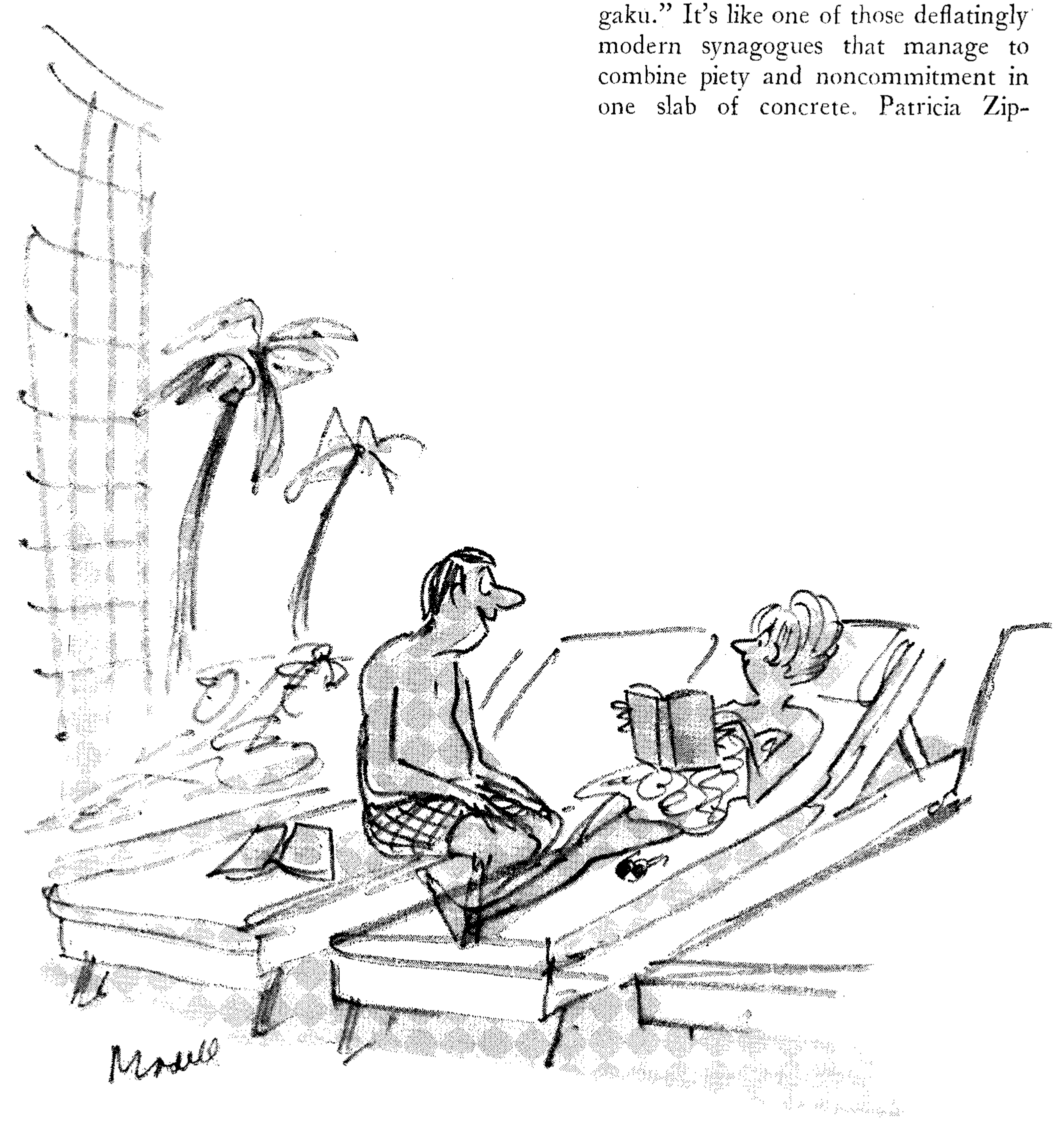
Body and Soul

"DYBBUK," the new Jerome Robbins-Leonard Bernstein ballet, is the color—white with burnt ochre—of a meringue, and it has that kind of aerated texture, too. Its impact, bit by bit, is immediately nullifying, and after you've eaten it all—the piece lasts fifty minutes—you feel you haven't swallowed a thing. It's incredible that so sketchy and aimless a work could have resulted, if news reports are to be believed, from a long-standing project that was first discussed more than thirty years ago. All I can suppose is that by the time Robbins and Bernstein got around to doing "Dybbuk" for the New York City Ballet, they had forgotten why they wanted to do it. A comparison arises with the Balanchine-Nabokov "Don Quixote" (Bernstein's music actually forces the comparison), which was some twenty years in the planning. "Don Quixote" was never a great ballet, even with Suzanne Farrell as Dulcinea, and probably it never could have been one, but, as the culminating point of several key Balanchine themes, it remains an important ballet. Although it no longer makes a very satisfying evening in the theatre, you can still sense in it the obsession that pushed it down the years; you can guess why it was made. "Dybbuk" has no such compulsion behind it. It reveals no sign of a personal involvement with the material, and its response to the material's intrinsic theatricality is far less than what one would have expected from two such professional craftsmen as Robbins and Bernstein. They don't even seem to have wanted to put on a good show.

"Dybbuk" is a blur of quasi-dramatic, semi-abstract, crypto-religious suggestions; its ambiguities are of the sort that test the patience rather than stimulate the imagination. Unable to gain depth of penetration, Robbins and Bernstein have settled for lateral sweep. They've left in every one of their confusions, dodges, blocks, and feints, as if by not cleaning up the mess it's in they could make the ballet mean all things at once—the great universal riddle. The approach is basically snobbish as well as technically immature. Everything is so bitsy and piecey that "Dybbuk" never finds a central image, and I think that Robbins and Bernstein aren't really looking for one, that all their equivocating is a way of trying to rise above the explosive, archaic passions of their subject.

From the look of the action, it's not easy to tell whether Robbins is trying to adapt S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk" or not. Parts of the old play are on the stage and parts of it are to be found only in the printed program, which tells us that the play is a "point of departure" for the ballet. Yet Robbins isn't going anywhere in particular. He gives us some of Ansky's story only to use it as a springboard for acrobats in white tights. His best dances are a set of solos for Bart Cook, Victor Castelli, Tracy Bennett, and Hermes Conde, and although this scene can with strain be related to the play—I think it's supposed to be a Talmudic seminar—it certainly doesn't convey a scrap of an idea, and it might be part of almost any Robbins ballet. As the head of the seminar, Helgi Tomasson is lifted and carried about by the others like the juvenile lead in a musical. When he dabbles in the Cabala, he kneels and taps restlessly on the floor. (It was at this point that I knew that the ballet was impossible: that soul would never leave that body.)

Robbins has given us his Chassidic group dances before—in "Fiddler on the Roof" and, with remarkably few modifications, in "Les Noces"—but this time he's unable to make them carry any dramatic weight. There's an interestingly shuttered mental atmosphere in his opening dance, but the atmosphere disappears when the dance ends; it doesn't become part of the ballet. As for ethnic atmosphere, "Dybbuk" is about as Chassidic as "Bugaku." It's like one of those deflatingly modern synagogues that manage to combine piety and noncommitment in one slab of concrete. Patricia Zip-



"That's funny. I came down here to get away by myself, too."

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prodt's costumes and Rouben Ter-Arutunian's scenery collaborate all too eagerly in the misty, oblique style of the piece; if there is such a decorative tone as off-Jewish, they've captured it.

In the whole ballet there is one moment of power—Patricia McBride's, as she snatches aside her bridal veil and conveys with two or three maniacally precise movements that she is possessed. It really isn't a peak moment, and the movements themselves—echoing what Tomasson does earlier—are paltry, but it is better than anything in the possession pas de deux, in which McBride and Tomasson grope each other in nighties. The choreography, alternating between misspent brute force and feckless good taste, never develops a convincing dance equivalent for the play's big scenes of primitive terror—when the soul of the lovelorn seminarian passes into the girl's body and she speaks in his voice, and when the dybbuk is exorcised. In the play, these were already halfway to being dance scenes. Robbins doesn't heighten them; he merely completes the translation in mime form, so they become little scenes in the ballet—little and pale and weak. Is this what he's been waiting thirty years to do—to cut the guts out of a great old Russian-Yiddish primitive beast?

—Arlene Croce

•

Milwaukee (AP)—The tireless Boston Celtics, sparked by 28 points each by Dave Cowens and John Havlicek, wore down Milwaukee with ceaseless pressure Tuesday to win, 96–87, and gain a 3–2 lead in the National Basketball Association championship playoffs.

The Celtics broke the game open by outscoring the Bucks 22–5 during a third-quarter surge, and can clinch the best-of-seven series by winning in Boston Friday.

A Trail Blazers official did not say where it was located. "It's a place bigger than a lot, but smaller than a ranch," he said.—*Houston Post.*

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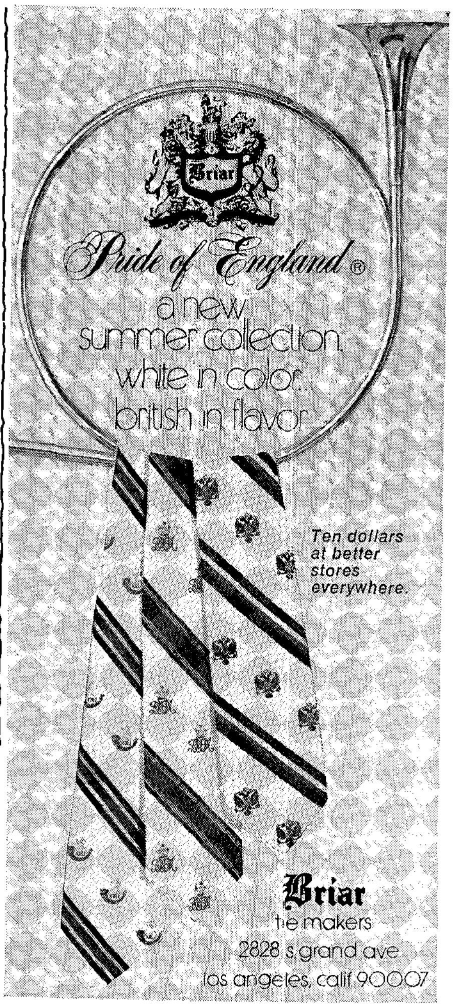
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THE STREET

EVERY night when I'm unable to sleep, when scrolls of words and formulas unfurl in my mind and faces of those I love, both living and dead, rise from the dark, accusing me of apathy, ambition, self-indulgence, neglect—all of their accusations just—and there is no hope of rest, I try again to retrace the street. It's an unpaved street, narrow and rutted and one block long. It's the main street of the village in North Dakota where I was born. I lived in Hyatt until I was six and returned there only once, at the age of thirteen.

Every night I approach the street in the same way, from the east, beside a long building that shields it from my view. The building, once the storage shed and repair shop of a John Deere implement dealer, is covered with tin die-pressed to simulate stone, and I notice how the sheets of tin have been fitted together so imperfectly (because of haste? volunteer labor?) that the rows of stone at each seam dip down or slant up or are mismatched, and I reach out, as I always do, and run my fingers along the tin. This is the Town Hall. It is the polling place, the meeting place, the gymnasium, the theatre, the movie house, the civic and cultural center; and every Thursday evening during the winter, when a man from Fessenden wheels a wooden crate mounted on rollers into the building and seats himself on a stool like the stool used by shoe salesmen and begins strapping on skates, the Town Hall is a roller rink.

I come to the end of the building and turn south on Main Street. At the far end of the block, I can see the raised roadbed and the shining rails of the Soo Line, and just beyond the rails, flanking the road and towering high above the buildings of Main Street, are two grain elevators, one a faded barn-red with a green roof, the other dove-gray. Halfway down the gray elevator, in black letters which must be ten feet tall, I read N. J. LUDVIG CO., and when the period at the end of CO. starts falling, I know it's only a pigeon diving after spilled grain.

I begin down the street, on a sidewalk fractured and crumbling from severe freezes, and pass the front of the Town Hall. Next, a vacant lot overgrown with weeds, which is flooded in the winter for skating and hockey, and then Schoenbeck's Meat Market, where stout Mr. Schoenbeck, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles and a white towel around his waist, mixes up in washtubs with his bare hands an incomparable brand of pork sausage. And after Schoenbeck's comes . . .

I can't remember. I can't remember the building, the business carried on in the building, or the family that owned it, and this adds to my sleeplessness, this is an ominous sign, and I turn on my side and try to work around to the building in another way. Mr. Schoenbeck has powerful arms. He works with his sleeves rolled up, and the cords in his forearms stand out and the muscles bulge beneath his shirt. His face and his cheeks are round and flushed, and his steel-rimmed spectacles are often fogged. In the winter, he wears a cap with the earflaps turned down and a denim farmhand's jacket buttoned tight at his throat.

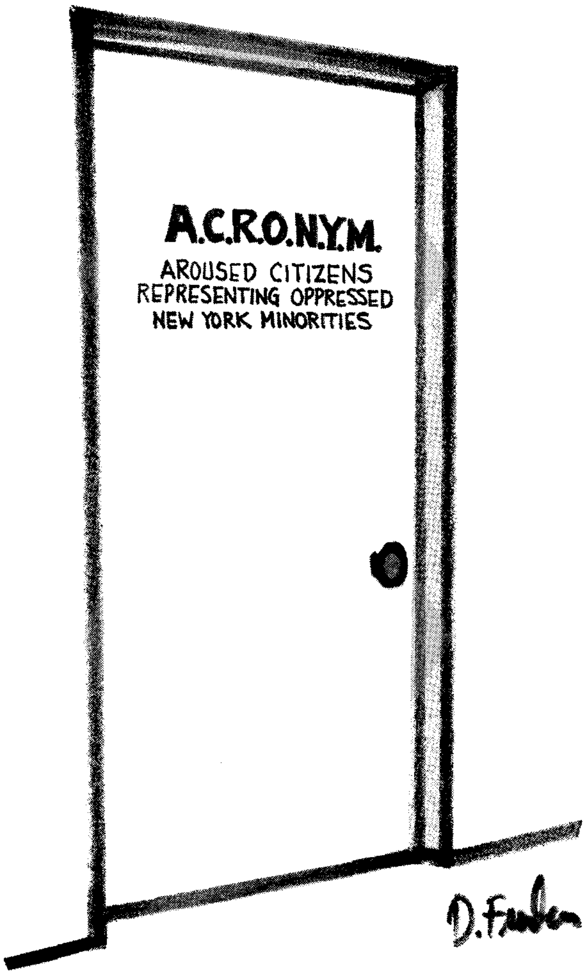
Besides being the butcher, he is the custodian at the public school, where my father teaches, and I can see Mr. Schoenbeck in the boiler room there, a bulky silhouette against the glow of the open furnace he's stoking with coal. And on mornings when the bell in the church a block away rings especially loud, summoning to weekday Mass nearly the entire village, which is ninety-per-cent Catholic, I know that the usual bell ringer, Marvin Russell, a sickly man but the progenitor of twelve children, is ill in bed again, and the bell rope is being pulled by the powerful arms of Mr. Schoenbeck. Schoenbeck's Meat Market is tan and its trim is chocolate brown. Next to Schoenbeck's Meat Market is . . .

I see a fluted lintel painted beige, a pair of plate-glass windows on either side of a door, but the rest is a blank, there is blankness behind the plate glass, and no matter how much I coax and prod, nothing further will appear, I only become more restless, so I move on reluctantly to the Red Owl Supermarket—which, for all the importance it has to me, could as well be forgotten (why do I remember it and not the blank building?), because our family never shopped here.

Next comes the alley, two-thirds of the way down the block instead of at its center, and then comes a vacant store, lime-colored, which was a barbershop at one time. And then Eichelburger's Tavern, covered with white siding, stretches the rest of the way to the end of the block. The tavern is so long there must be a dance hall inside, but it's impossible to know for sure (other than by entering, which I've never done), because there are no doors or windows along this side, and its entrance and its front windows, which face the tracks of the Soo Line, are covered with white curtains. The long, blank wall of the building is like the aura around the Eichelburgers themselves, who, though they live just across the hedge from us, are nearly inaccessible to me, and are avoided by everybody else in the village; he is not Catholic, his wife smokes cigarettes, and his daughter, at the remarkable age of five, has begun to exhibit herself to boys. I was the first to see.

I cross to the other side of the street.

Here on the corner is a brown building with its entrance at an angle to the street. At one time it was the post office, among other things, but the former postmaster, Bud McCoy, tall and thin, with thinning orange hair, is a colorful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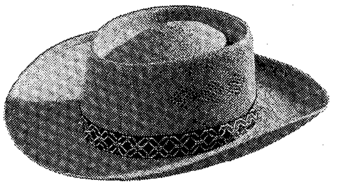

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and outspoken Republican, and when Roosevelt became President the post office moved up the street. Now Bud McCoy carries on the businesses that ran concurrently in the building while it was a post office. He is the village barber (his competitor across the street lasted only a few years) and the local insurance agent. He and his wife live in the rear of the building and Mrs. McCoy is a beautician, so it is not uncommon for a woman to be receiving a permanent in one barber chair while a man is shaved in the other; nor is it uncommon to smell dinner cooking, or to see it served, in the midst of a haircut.

Next, moving up this side of the street, is Fumento's Locker, where a miniature of winter, smelling of ozone, is preserved year round, and where, in warmer weather, patrons are thoughtfully provided with an overcoat and a pair of gloves that keep their moist hands from adhering to the metal locker drawers. And next, an eyesore, a big storage shed with double rolling doors like barn doors—a graying, empty, unused building owned by N. J. Ludvig, the richest man in town.

The alley again.

Sill's Café, a façade of counterfeit brick (orange shingle material) that has been lounged against so much that the bricks are rubbing away in spots to reveal asphalt. Sill's is the only place to come to when it's cold. There are marble-topped tables and metal ice-cream chairs, a counter with swivel stools, a row of comfortable booths along one wall, and a glass display case that contains everything from wristwatches to licorice, from homemade cakes to cap guns and jawbreakers. You can sit in Sill's all day without being disturbed and never spend a cent. Large, wooden-bladed fans, suspended on long pipes from the ceiling of stamped tin, spin above you all summer.

Next to Sill's, like a warning of the penalty to be paid for overindulgence there, is a frame building less than seventeen feet across that accommodates the chair, the cabinet of tools, and the drilling apparatus of K. W. Koenig, D.D.S.

Beside Dr. Koenig's, and overshadowing it, is the only building on Main Street made of real brick, and the only one that even hints at opulence. Flat stone pillars flank its entrance. Four wide steps of stone lead to a pair of doors so heavy they're hard to push open, and beyond them is a heated foyer. Here I had my first glimpse of mortality; I remember a gray mail sack, wafers of snow melting on the floor, a crushed hat in one corner, too

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many men standing in the foyer, and somebody whispering to my father, "It was a stroke," a word I associate with luck, and then I see, past the pairs of adult legs, a man lying on the floor with blue lips and a face the color of paper. N. J. Ludvig. But that's all I'm permitted to see, because my father hurries me past.

Now I walk through the foyer when it is empty. The floor inside is made of small white and green hexagonal tiles laid in such a way as to form larger white hexagons outlined in green. There is a wainscoting of marble around the walls. Before the Great Depression, when the area was more prosperous, this was a bank. Now it is the post office, and in the spring its plaster-and-marble walls echo with cheeping as hundreds of baby chickens arrive in cardboard mailing cartons for outlying farmers. Their overwhelming noise never alters the dignified expression of the postmaster and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Klocke, a prim-lipped couple in their late sixties. Bud McCoy will not enter the building. His wife picks up the mail.

Beyond the post office, shadow. An overhang, supported by four round pillars, extends to the edge of the sidewalk. This is the portico in front of Reister's Tavern. At the third pillar, a concrete platform projects from the curb into the street and a tin-covered structure about the size of a deep freeze sits on the platform. Near one end of the structure, which houses a motor and a big flywheel, is a hand pump converted to power with a wooden yoke. On the third pillar of the portico there's an electrical switch. Every family in the village has to come here nearly every day, regardless of the weather. Mary Liffert, the widow, arrives with a small cylindrical pail equipped with a fitted cover; Dr. Koenig, on wintry days, comes slipping down the icy street in a fur coat and fur cap, pulling a red wagon loaded with a five-gallon cream can; the Budke boys, too poor to own a wagon or a sled, pair up on a large open bucket, and many times in winter there are slivers of ice in their drinking water by the time they reach home.

This is the town well, the only place in the village to get potable water. The water tower, visible above the trees at the end of the next block, is for fire protection only. My brother once climbed it.

Between Reister's and the next building, Dittenfaus' Hardware, there is a narrow alleyway that's excellent to go whooping down before returning home with the water pail. And in the alley-

The chrome rock

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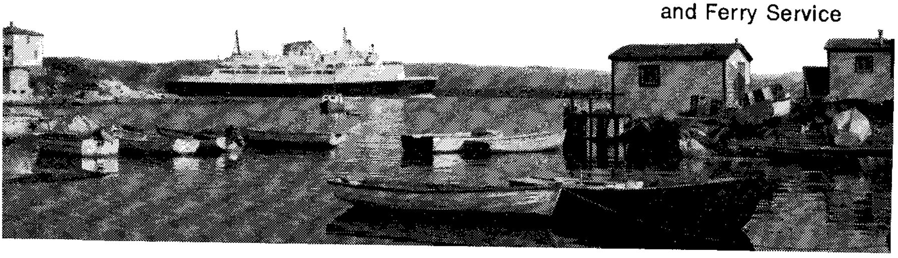

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way a set of steps leads to the roof of the portico, a decklike area with a guardrail around it, and from here snowballs can be dropped on passersby.

Beyond Dittenfaus' Hardware is Rimsky's store, where Mr. Rimsky, a broad, big-headed Russian with a peevish voice (used only when addressing one of his eleven children), takes the grocery list you've brought from home and checks off each item as he carries it to the counter, while you trail along behind and try to persuade him to give you another slice of halvah from the big brick he keeps cold in the produce case. Rimsky's is the last building on this side of the street. A vacant lot, where a travelling carnival once pitched its tents, stretches from Rimsky's to the end of the block.

Across the way is the Town Hall.

A fluted lintel painted beige, a pair of plate-glass windows. Except for that blank building—there, between Schoenbeck's and the Red Owl—the street is completely retraced, or as completely as it can be for now, and if that building were in place perhaps sleep would come. What business was carried on in the building? Who owned it? At one time it could have been a shoe-repair shop. I seem to remember standing on that side of the street, watching a man pump a treadle that turned a long axle on which was mounted a series of buffers and grinding wheels. But wasn't there, also, a creamery on that side of the street? I see cream cans moving on metal rollers toward a cooling tank, a centrifuge spinning two opposed test tubes in a tight circle.

A shoe-repair shop? The man couldn't have been in town more than six months or a year—I can't even remember his name—and I'm positive he occupied the vacant building, the former barbershop, next to Eichelburger's Tavern. Or was the barbershop actually located in the blank building? Then where was the creamery? I see a barber reflected in a mirror (who? Henry Mueller?), his scissors snipping around my head, a leg pumping a treadle, the axle turning, a centrifuge spinning, the toe of my shoe (held in someone's hands) being pressed into the bristles of a buffer.

And then as I turn in sleeplessness, or as my mind turns, the aspect of the street is changed. Cars are parked in the vacant lot next to Rimsky's store and several of them are flying miniature American flags from their aerials. The portico of Reister's Tavern is decorated with bunting, and lights have been strung from poles mounted on its decklike roof, where a band is setting up to play the foxtrots and schottisches

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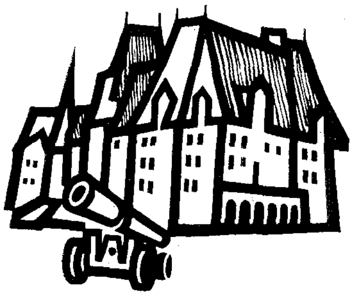

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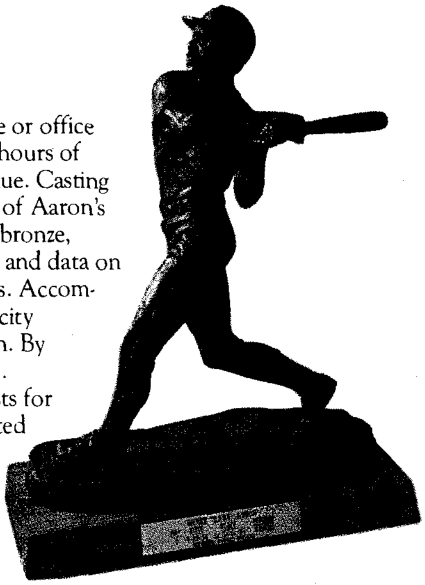

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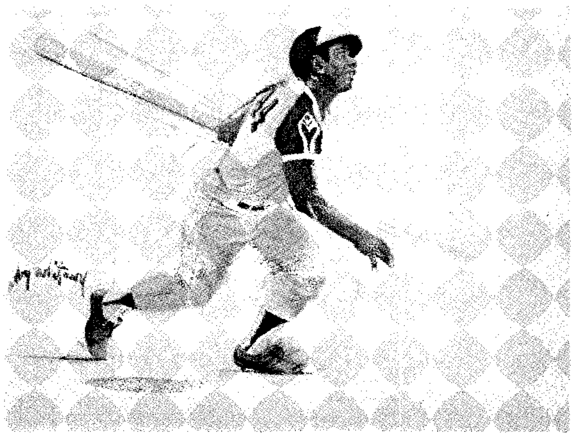

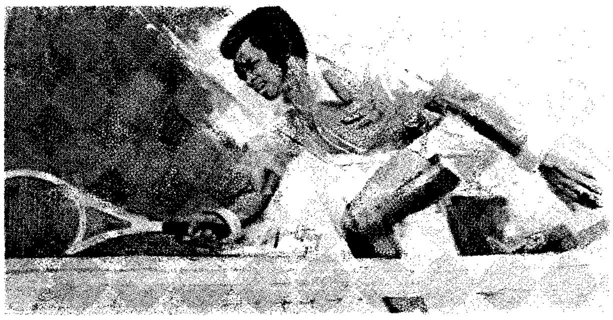

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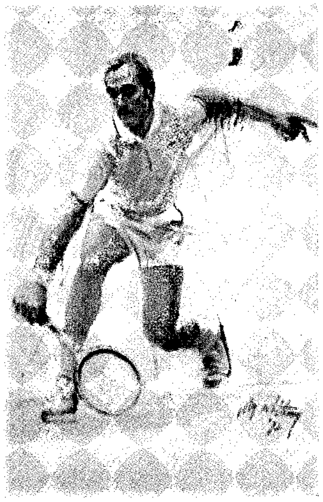

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that will be danced on the roof this evening. Every farmer in the area must be in town with his family, because the street is lined with people—a sight I've never seen. In all directions, firecrackers of all sizes are going off.

It is the Fourth of July, 1950. I am six. The winter before, I was ill with a bad case of rheumatic fever. I've fallen behind the children my age, and those even younger, in physical development. They've grown taller and stronger, while I seem to have shrunk, and they're more graceful and well coördinated. Since my illness, I haven't been allowed to participate in sports, I'm often short-winded, I'm sickly and frail—my legs are bony, my ribs protrude—and as if to remind me of my condition my mother has dressed me in shorts. I've been forbidden to compete in the Fourth of July footraces.

I watch Dr. Koenig confer with two other men in the open doors of the Town Hall, where a patriotic ceremony has just taken place, and then cup his hands to his mouth and shout out that the first race, for boys between the ages of five and nine, is ready to start. The message travels up and down the crowded sidewalk. Dr. Koenig draws a mark across the dirt street with the heel of his shoe, and all of my brother's classmates and friends—Donald Voller, the Rimsky brothers, Barry Budke, Duane Reister—begin lining up. Earlier, I worked free from my mother and lost her in the crowd at the other end of the street, near Bud McCoy's, and now I take off my shoes, take off my shirt, and trot out to the center of the line. I step between two other runners, where I'm somewhat hidden if my parents happen to be near. I've taken the wrong slot. Beside me is my brother Charles. He is my superior by almost three years, and he looks me over and says, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Running."

"You better not. You know what—"

Dr. Koenig, with his usual flourishes and attempts at conviviality, is walking up and down the line, saying, "Get in your stances now, boys—any stance you want. I see some of you have got yourselves holes dug and that's just fine. Hey there, young Rimsky, you want to take off your shoes? Oh, you got on *tennis* shoes. Fine, fine. O.K., boys, you all know how I call it, 'On your marks, get set, go,' and you're off. I'm rootin' for you all, I wish you all could win, but whoever comes in first gets five silver dollars, compliments of the merchants. All of us."

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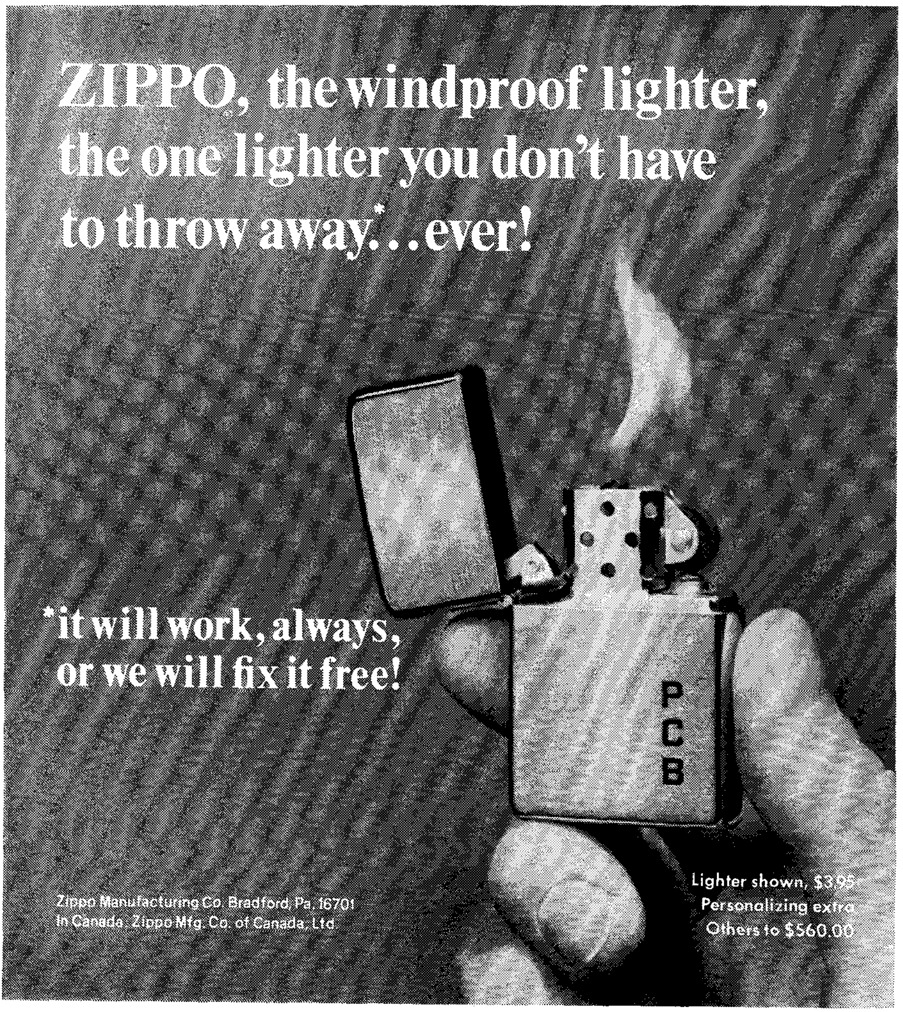
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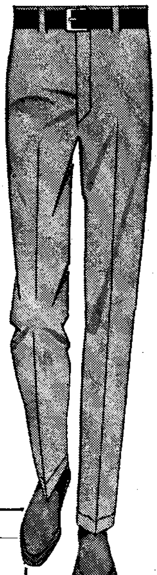

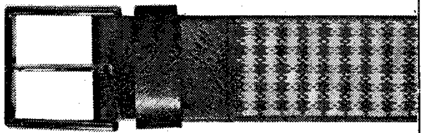

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and somebody at the far end of the street waves a white handkerchief. A child is pulled up on the sidewalk.

My brother, getting into his crouch, whispers, "I'd hate to be you when Mom finds out."

"On your marks!"

Somebody sets off a string of firecrackers, and I nearly bolt.

"Get set!"

Frightened, my adrenalin building, I spring forward at the same instant Dr. Koenig shouts, "Go!"

A cheer rises from the crowd.

I hear bare feet pounding on dirt and hard breathing. We pass the vacant lot beyond the Town Hall, and it occurs to me that I'm staring at only three backs instead of a dozen, and one of them belongs to Richard Bierdeman, the tallest boy in the lower grades.

Past Dittenfaus'.

Past the town pump, breath coming faster.

Past the post office.

Dr. Koenig's, Sill's Café.

Then I hear my mother scream my name and I begin sprinting like a pursued beast, mad and half blind, imagining her at my back. There is a pain in my heart and then it blossoms through my chest, crowding my lungs, and the crown of my head seems to detach itself and swing upward above the noise of the crowd, light as a balloon, leaving the only living part of me, the soles of my feet, travelling over the earth.

Then the string.

A ribbon and five silver dollars are pressed into my hand.

My brother and the Rimsky boys say I should be disqualified. I'm pigeon-toed, and they say that the sight of my churning legs, which are somewhat bowed, made them laugh so hard it was impossible to run. And I ran cockeyed, they say, like a dog. But the race is mine, the prize money is mine, and I am so light-headed from the exertion and the triumph that when somebody grabs me by the hips, roughly and without warning, and lifts me high above the crowd, it seems that the street before me is also mine, a deserved possession, that the cheering people, the—

But by now I am asleep.

—L. WOIWODE

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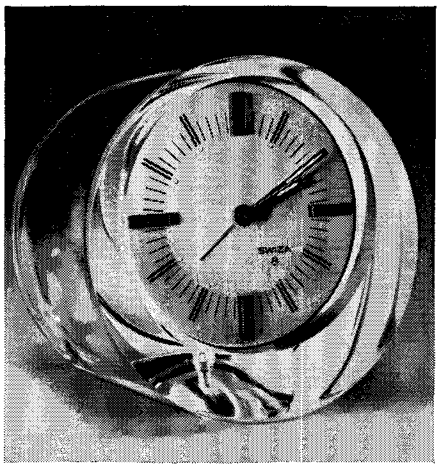

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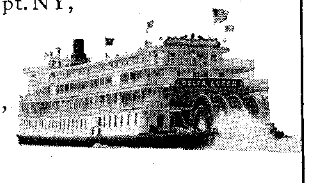

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Chabrol

CLAUDE CHABROL often relishes a very Gallic attempt to find something classical in the squalid. It is a formidable world of reference to invoke. In "Les Bonnes Femmes," he sought accidie in the boredom of shopgirls. In his new film, "Wedding in Blood" (written as well as directed by Chabrol; photographed by Jean Rabier), he begins with an exchange between Orestes and Minerva about innocence and guilt. Orestes, standing for a character in the film, wants to know if he is guilty. What mortal, answers Minerva, would dare to pass judgment? Then Chabrol gets Aeschylus to say "The Eumenides." But no wings of doom flutter here, or darken a portal.

We are in a small town in France. Sunshine; barely any traffic; twitched curtains; the flaked pale-blue and pure-white paint of shutters and doors in rural France. Michel Piccoli plays the local deputy mayor, whose exhaustedness with his perpetually sickly wife and her endless chicken broth would be hard to disguise even in a large town. Here, in a tight-knit and jealous little society, it is made all the more obvious by the office he holds. He exercises license with surprising torpor. Inertia pervades everything he does. It extends to his locally notorious fleeting interest in work and girls; the idly ambitious Don Juan turns out to be predominantly practical, and his presiding ideal seems to be to sidle out of everything. In him, eroticism is extinguished by buckets of common sense. Sloth reigns. So does caution. Clothes are grabbed for in a panic that humorlessly wrecks carefully planned romantic circumstances; risks are stingily taken, if at all.

The deputy mayor has an affair, of incredible peril in such a garrulous place, with a drawn-cheeked young beauty called Lucienne (Stéphane Audran), who is married to the mayor, an ambitious civic bore in a pin-striped suit (Claude Pieplu). Her lover's flameless pragmatism includes a considerable drive that he has in common with her husband, and a murderous ingenuity that allows him to poison the wife he hates with an air of nothing more incriminating than irritability about dining off cold chicken night after night. The pitiful wife has retreated into dressing gowns and into making herself look a frump.

As one watches the film, the statuesque critical pose that Chabrol's amorality amounts to the great Greek questions begins to seem more and more foolhardy. How can there be any serious question here of who is guilty? Surely a man who drives a woman to hypochondria and miserable spinsterishness and then turns round and kills her for being no fun is guiltier than anyone else in Chabrol's four-sided predicament. There is no puzzle in this plot. The genesis of guilt is not with the treacherous other wife, married to M. Pinstripe. She is between the devil and the deep, and seems less concerned about herself than about the insights of her swiftly cognizant teen-age daughter, whom she hates deceiving. But the deep sea of her past offers an option as poor as any future with her frivolous and preening lover. Her husband is sunk in petty ambition; he might be a character in Gogol. His self-interest, not unlike her lover's, is too enclosing for him to notice that his wife keeps the key to another house under a clock, or that she slips out of their home at odd hours of the night, though in a mood of repressed and dour emotion that belongs less to assignations than to occasions of mourning. Once again, as so often before, Chabrol has deprived the loving and the sensual of lenity.

The fact that this film happens to present without protest an infamous example of women robbed of rights would be beside the point if it were gentle-humored toward any of its characters. Ophelia, on the face of it, is monstrously treated by Hamlet; so is Cordelia by Lear, and by Regan and Goneril, her two brothers in women's clothing. But no snatched-at authority from large-scale tragedy is capable of making this crass and unkind film worthy. Its characters have ignoble goals, its plot is a sorry mixture of the shocking and the facetious, and its author seems to have mislaid most of his sense of small-town drama in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness and boulevard melodrama. It is true that you have to be serious to be funny; but Chabrol has it the wrong way round, and thinks that you have to be frivolous to be in earnest. He has made films with a more exact measure, and I hope he finds his way back. It will be his own way, and is likely to be good.

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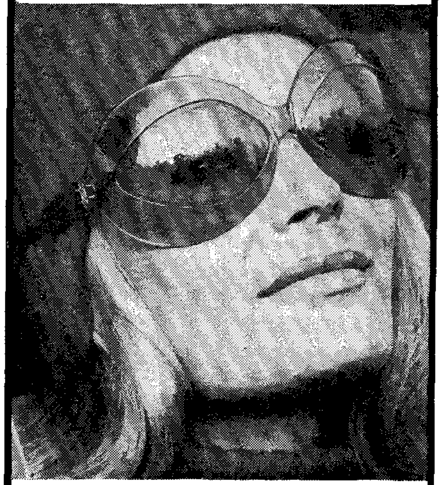

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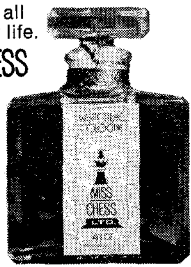

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Egleton's "Seven Days to a Killing," specializes in double-crosses that may be quadruple. Michael Caine, the dubious and super-cool hero of the story, is working for what overlord? He is separated from his wife (Janet Suzman, the fine Royal Shakespeare Company actress who was the mother in "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg"). Separated by his job, perhaps. He stands for male stoicism and getting on with it. She stands for domesticity and hysterical maternalism, and that is fair enough, maybe, in a story about prototypes. Their child has been kidnapped. There are hints of gunrunning to Ireland by the villains. Conferences of amazing poshness are held in the house of Sir Edward Julyan (Joseph O'Conor), who apologizes to the members of General Purposes Intelligence for "dragging you out all this way." He adds, "It's the damned flu," as he looks round his palace of a house with sniffly and quite unfair resentment, considering its comfort and luxe. One of the Intelligence people is Donald Pleasence as Cedric Harper, a disgusted-looking man suffering from a less lofty perpetual cold—or maybe from a germ he suspects life itself to be secreting—who folds up pieces of Kleenex as if they were expensive dinner napkins, and then shreds the evidence with an automatic reflex to destroy all relics of himself.

There are moments when the film seems to be out-Bonding 007 in gadgetry. For instance, much use is made of an attaché case with an enormous detonating power; it could well make one nervous about possible triggers in the handles of doctors' bags. There is even a mischievous reference to Sean Connery ("Sean Kelly, I mean"). The film is full of set pieces that are nearly up to 007 at his groomed best, except that Michael Caine—an actor with the face of an Indian brave, who could play a Buster Keatonish Senecan comedian if he wanted to—is no mere gamesman at showing off. He makes peril seem real. There is a terrific scene in France when he nearly drowns in a gush from exploded barrels of raw red wine. The unthinkable pursued by the undrinkable. The Mr. Harper of Donald Pleasence, absorbed by sneezing and by folding his paper tissues, begins to assume the crushing obsequiousness of a headwaiter who doesn't approve of your order. Like all the other members of General Purposes Intelligence, he actually works for the Department of Subversive Warfare. His familiars are the paraphernalia of hijacking, telephone-tapping, the bugging of committee rooms.

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"Let's talk in the garden," says Sir Edward Julyan socially to the Pleasence character, as if what he wanted to talk about were the qualities of his rhododendrons. The unloved and unlovable Cedric Harper's most personal dreams must be not of rhododendrons but of explosive briefcases, hidden tape recorders, and the dreaded burglary of a locked drawer in his office, which is above an auction room. He shrinks from Sir Edward's outdoor stroll and obviously thinks enviously of his own indoor plants, which he sprays in the presence of smokers, because, he says reprovingly, like a New York cabdriver, they have an allergy to tobacco. Of intimacy with anything but killing, runny noses, plant spraying, and the intricacies of subterfuge he knows nothing. He is a chilling creation, acted with potent brilliance. Soul and trust have been drained from him. The residue is controlled panic, a will to small-scale power, and paltry sources of impatience. His handmaiden is a vicarage-spirited, downtrodden middle-aged secretary (Joyce Carey), who looks as if she had been given a Getty fortune when he lets her have an extra hour for lunch.

The sound effects of the film are very good—the burble of well-bred auctioneering going on below Pleasence's tetchy hellhole of an office, for instance—and so is the use of locations and of the general unhectic kindliness of English men and women doing dusty jobs. The high-up officials are goons. The parvenu Michael Caine character—hellbent on hunting killers who use a Polaroid, and a planted seducer (Delphine Seyrig), and a recorded scream of a kidnapped boy—is himself hunted by Scotland Yard, Paris police, and members of M.I.5 fed up with doing "M.I.6's dirty work." As it should in this sort of carefully made nullity of a film, even the benevolence of ordinary bystanders begins to look like a cover, and the most innocent people going about their jobs start to have the aura of gunrunners or of people in the employ of some unidentified and sinister Other. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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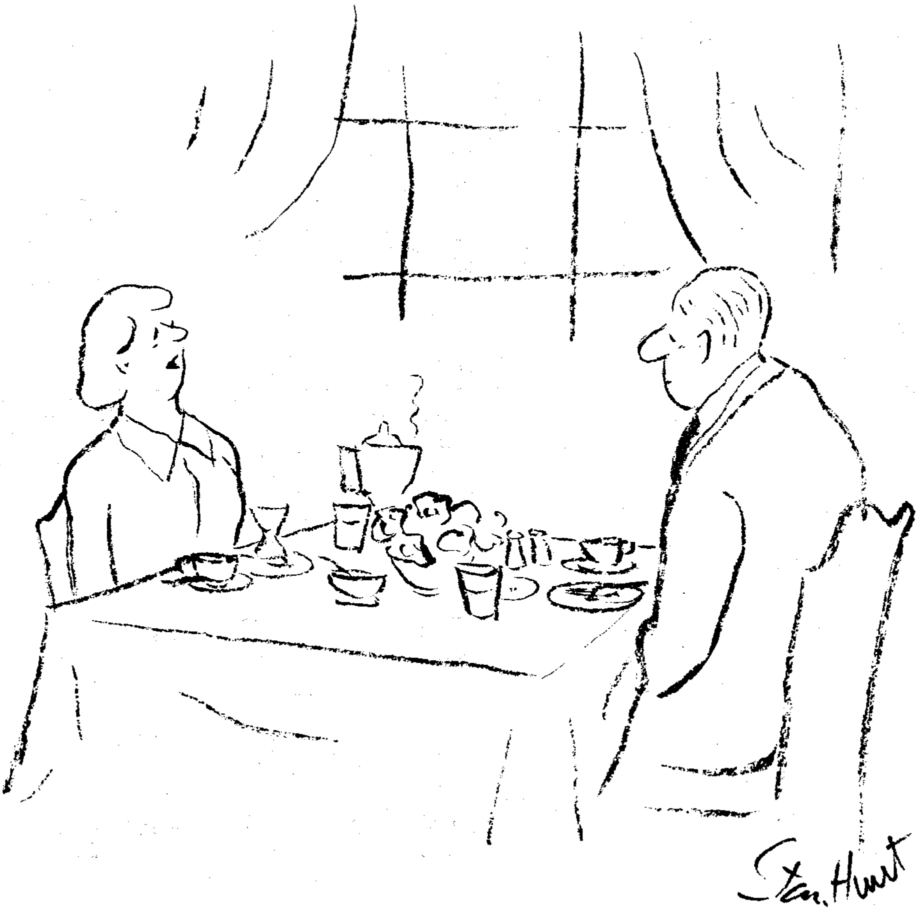
BOOKS

The Lost Garden

CERTAIN sentences in the book were right from the outset objects of legend and of parody. There was the opening, astounding in a work of anthropology and Amazonian travel: "*Je haïs les voyages et les explorateurs*" ("I hate travelling and explorers"). There was the coda—a leviathan of a sentence, clause piling on ornate clause, a baroque *sforzando* quavering to rest in the image, at once ludicrous and magical, of "the brief glance, heavy with patience, serenity, and mutual forgiveness, that, through some involuntary understanding, one can sometimes exchange with a cat" (a good stab at translation, yet one that misses both the pathos of "*alourdi de patience*" and the hint of almost theological grace in "*pardon réciproque qu'une entente involontaire permet parfois*"). "Tristes Tropiques" is now almost twenty years old. In the intervening period, Claude Lévi-Strauss has largely accomplished that revolution in anthropology, that renovation in the vocabulary, in the directions of argument proper to "the study of man" which "Tristes Tropiques" called for. He is, so far as the general climate of literacy goes, not only the most celebrated of living anthropologist-ethnographers but a writer whose apparently specialized technical treatises have penetrated sensibility at large. Lévi-Strauss's "structuralism," a term more fashionable than clearly defined, seems somehow pivotal to the current enterprise in linguistics and psychology, in social studies and aesthetics. But Lévi-Strauss's fame, the influence he exercises on the tone of our culture and our high gossip (the suave, nerveless sheen that the mass media reflect back on the life of the mind), has a paradoxical form. It has grown inversely to his standing with his own professional peers. From the point of view of fellow-anthropologists and ethnographers, the curve goes something like this: Though his field work in Brazil in the nineteen-thirties was brief and his methodology perhaps controversial, Lévi-Strauss later produced a classic study of kinship relations—"Les Structures Elémentaires de la Parenté," published in 1949. Together with a number of technical papers written during his years in America and shortly thereafter, this opus constitutes a fundamental development of the understanding of kinship and of primitive society initiated by Marcel Mauss, Émile Durkheim, and the British school of anthropology. In the early nineteen-fifties, in collaboration with Roman Jakobson, Lévi-Strauss began arguing for seminal analogies, for reciprocities of method and conception, between linguistics and anthropology. This again was a stimulating move. There is clearly a good deal to be learned from the possible concordance between the formal structure of a language and the social structures it organizes and mirrors (Lévi-Strauss's observation that a society cannot prohibit that which it cannot name and classify, and that recognitions of allowed or forbidden kinship depend on a corresponding exactness of linguistic designation, is of obvious depth and value). But such parallels, where they can be shown to exist, must be handled with extreme caution. To leap from the monographic scale to a universal model of how the human mind operates, to erect a vast theory of mind and evolution on so fragile a base, is to abandon the ideals of science. This, say the anthropologists, is what Lévi-Strauss has done with, and since, "Tristes Tropiques." He may be a writer of genius, a shaper of modern myths, a philosopher of sorts, but he is no longer an anthropologist—responsible to the opaque boredom of detail, to "that which is the case." A famous precedent lies at hand. To poets and dramatists, to the general public, Sir James Frazer was the prince of anthropologists; to his professional colleagues and immediate successors, he was a word-spinner trapped in a purple haze of his own making. Thus "Mythologiques," the four-volume "mythology of myths," which has occupied Lévi-Strauss over the past fifteen years, will—when the translation is complete—be our "Golden Bough."

This is a kind of constellation we recognize: a specialist transcends his own technical discipline and achieves great renown; the colleagues he has



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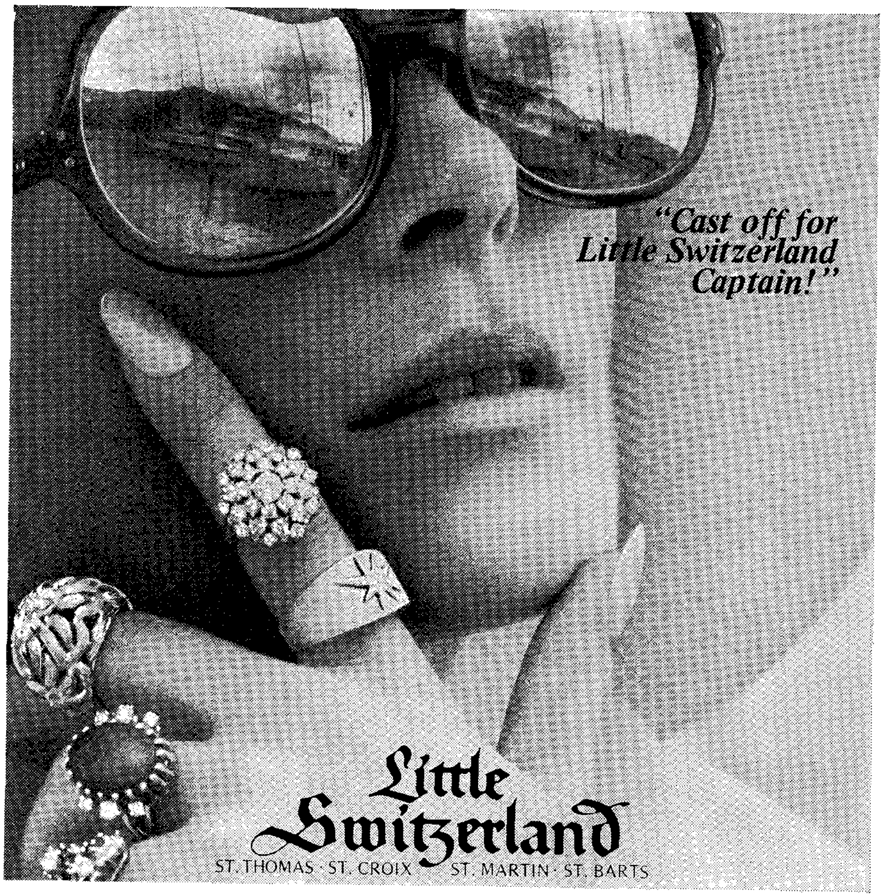
left behind close ranks in fastidious dismissal. It is the story of Marx and the academic economists, of Freud and the contemporary psychologists, of Toynbee and the historians. Matters are not sweetened when the new "star" expresses his impatience at the pettiness, at the guild-parochialism, of his sometime peers. (Lévi-Strauss happens to be a virtuoso of disdain.) After a spell—so say intellectual history and hagiography—the work of the great outsider is seen to have altered the whole of the field from which it broke away, and the detractors survive as acid footnotes in the Master's memoirs.

To this the answer must be a troubled yes and no. Whether or not Marx's analyses of social conflict are in any way "scientific," whether or not his predictions have had any verifiable force remain vexed questions. No one would doubt the stature of Freud's achievement, the shaping powers of his philosophic-literary vision on the prevailing climate of Western feeling. But the therapeutic model he sought to universalize, and the neurophysiological foundations he strove to establish for it, are proving increasingly elusive. The "hard-edged" currents in recent studies of the mind and of human behavior are not Freudian. The picture is not one, or not unambiguously one, of individual genius, jealous rejection by lesser colleagues, and subsequent apotheosis. What seems to happen is a development within one sensitive area of a traditional field. This development, which at first observes the conventions and professional idiom of the field, soon becomes too large, too problematic, to be located within established categories. It breaks away, pulling part of the field after it. New orderings emerge: "anthropological linguistics," "semiotics" (which is the systematic investigation of signs and symbols) have emerged from the crisis in classical anthropology, and from Lévi-Strauss's "gravitational pull" toward a combined view of language and biological-social structure. The quarrel between the great man and his pragmatic colleagues is often a symptom of transition and readjustment. There is a sense in which Lévi-Strauss's relation to anthropology was from the beginning as ambivalent, as inherently subversive as, say, was Marx's to classical economic and monetary theory. This "duplicity," this provocation, make for the opaqueness and importance of "Tristes Tropiques."

Its new edition and translation (Atheneum) supersedes the version of 1961. For reasons that have never been entirely clear, several chapters were



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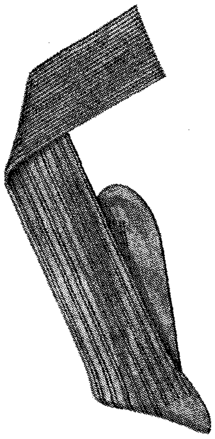

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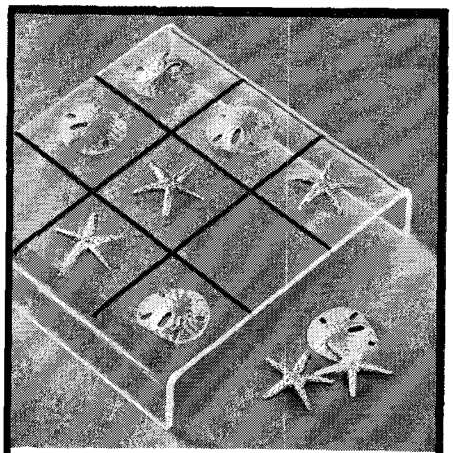
omitted from the original English-language edition; these are now restored. Alterations made by Lévi-Strauss in the 1968 French edition are incorporated. To translate Lévi-Strauss is not only an arduous task but one performed under the exacting, censorious shadow of the begetter. Though their method is now and again somewhat ponderous and inflationary, precisely because it aims to clarify, to dissect the sinuous rhetoric of the original, John and Doreen Weightman have done an admirable job. One finds oneself reverting from Lévi-Strauss's language to their own when particular difficulties obtrude. And, being the translators of "Mythologiques," the Weightmans have an unrivalled sharpness in rendering the genesis of Lévi-Strauss's vocabulary, in seeing how and where some of his characteristic attitudes began.

At one level, "Tristes Tropiques" is an intellectual autobiography, ironically perceptive of the distortions, of the self-dramatizations, complacent or condemnatory, that inevitably inflect a self-portrait. But Lévi-Strauss's recollections of his academic career, at once brilliant and innerly void, lead to a passage that comes as near as any to giving the key to his lifework. Around the age of sixteen, he became acquainted with Freud's theories and the crucial writings of Marx. He saw in both a kind of *geology*, a promise of understanding in depth, a strategy of penetration below the crust of the apparent in man and in social history:

> At a different level of reality, Marxism seemed to me to proceed in the same manner as geology and psychoanalysis (taking the latter in the sense given it by its founder). All three demonstrate that understanding consists in reducing one type of reality to another; that the true reality is never the most obvious; and that the nature of truth is already indicated by the care it takes to remain elusive. For all cases, the same problem arises, the problem of the relationship between feeling and reason, and the aim is the same: to achieve a kind of *super-rationalism*, which will integrate the first with the second, without sacrificing any of its properties.

Difficult as it is, the passage affords an unmistakable clue. Combining Marx and Freud (toward both of whom Lévi-Strauss has a somewhat egalitarian attitude), using the paradigm of geology, with its sense of surface and underlying, formative strata—a paradigm already suggestive of modern linguistics—we must develop a kind of organic, unifying understanding of how "things mean." At this earlier stage in his thinking, Lévi-Strauss called this comprehension of structure a



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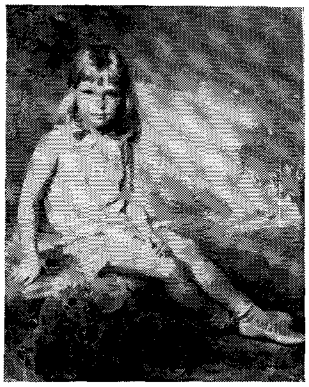

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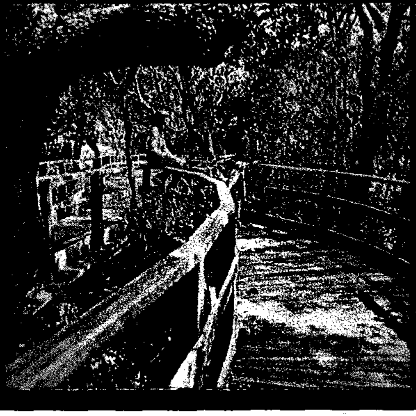

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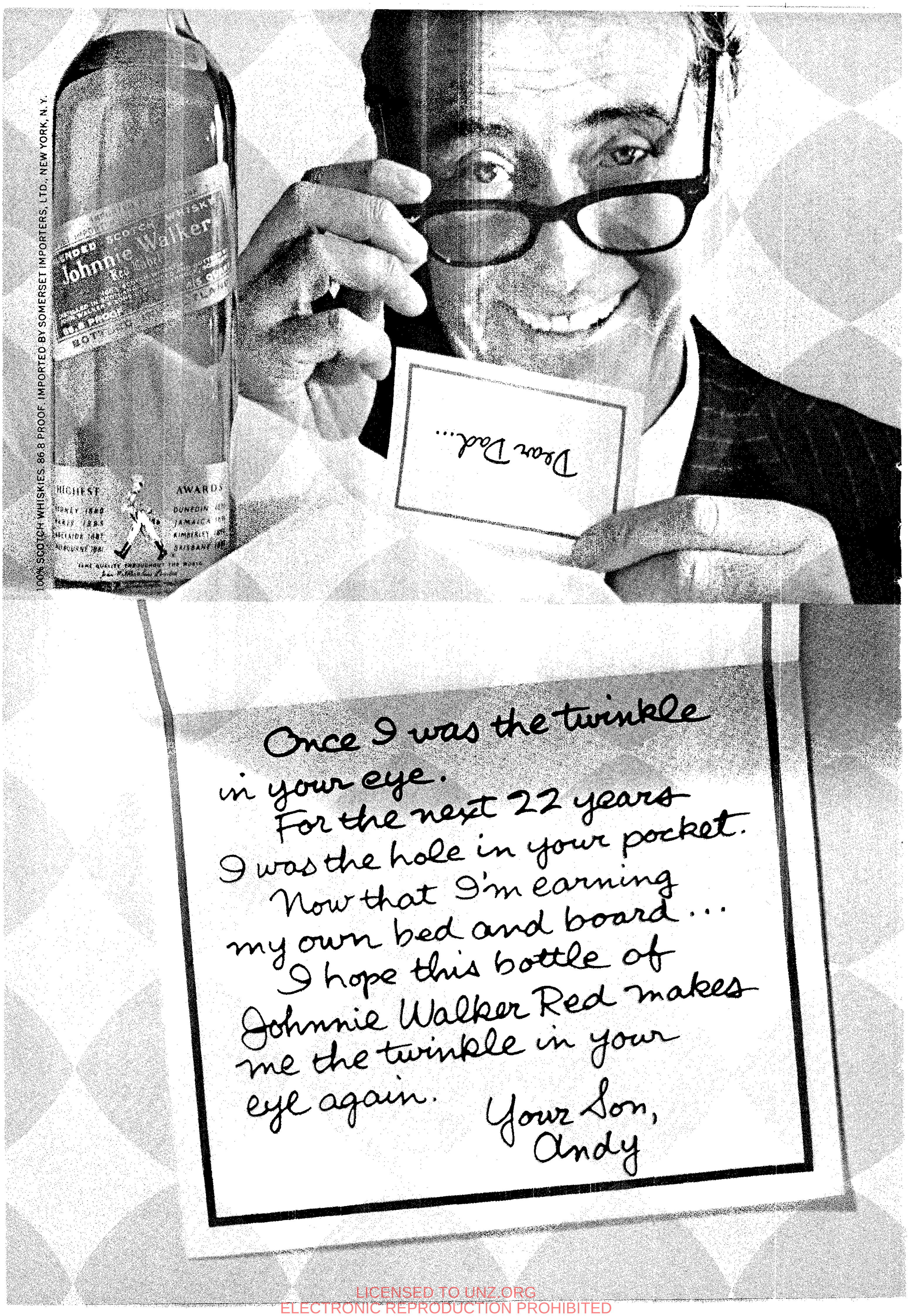
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"superrationalism," which is not a helpful term. Today he might call it a "*mythologique*," a rational logic of the ways ("myths") in which man pictures, articulates, and masters his biological, psychic, social condition. Only such comprehension (a word that entails "completeness"), only such understanding (a word that implies "going deep, going beneath") could justify the proud name "anthropology," *study of man*. To be an anthropologist in this total sense was to fulfill and conjoin the social-economic analyses of Marxism with Freud's reading of consciousness. For this, the young Lévi-Strauss was prepared to abandon philosophy and to head for a minor teaching post in São Paulo.

The conflict between *this* vision and that of the normal fieldworker and ethnologist is all too obvious. Lévi-Strauss went on far-reaching, physically taxing expeditions into the interior of Brazil. "Tristes Tropiques" contains a detailed record of his life with several groups of Indians. In one case, this may well have been the first contact with a white man made since chance encounters in the sixteenth century. His notations of native diet, sexual mores, artifacts were copious and disciplined. He ate verminous food, was parched on the great plateaus, and stumbled through untouched forest. But the focus, the framework of diagnosis, was never that of the traditional anthropologist: confronting the elaborate facial designs traced by the Caduveo women, no "scientific" fieldworker would conclude that these women "trace the outlines of the collective dream with their makeup; their patterns are hieroglyphics describing an inaccessible golden age, which they extol in their ornamentation, since they have no code in which to express it, and whose mysteries they disclose as they reveal their nudity." No behavioral psychologist observing the isolated hamlets in the Brazilian interior would confidently affirm that these clusters of inhabitants "developed different forms of madness" in order to cope with rain, malnutrition, and desolation. As Lévi-Strauss traverses the lunar wastes of the interior, moreover, it is not so much the ethnography of the Nambikwara party with whom he is travelling that fascinates him: it is the relation to the Amerindian world of the telegraph line that threads, half abandoned, the barren wastes before them. "Completely virgin landscapes have a monotony which deprives their wildness of any significant value. They withhold themselves from man; instead of challenging him, they disintegrate under his

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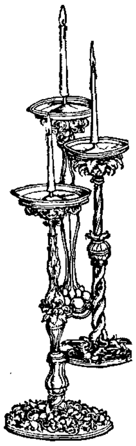

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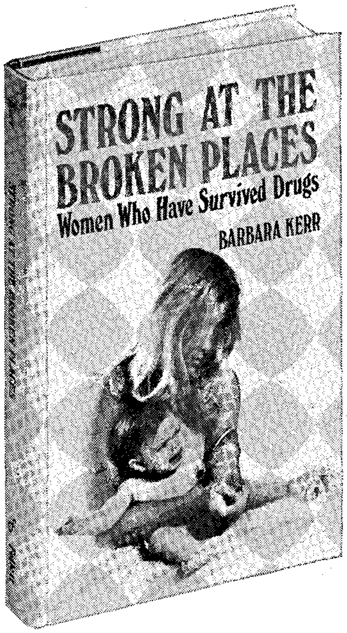

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gaze. But in this scrubland, which stretches endlessly into the distance, the incision of the *picada*, the contorted silhouettes of the poles and the arcs of wire linking them one to another seem like incongruous objects floating in space, such as can be seen in Yves Tanguy's paintings."

The symbolism is crucial. Like Joseph Conrad's famous image of a gunboat plopping absurd shells into a shoreline of impenetrable African forest, Lévi-Strauss's evocation of the telegraph line across the Mato Grosso states a fundamental doubt. It speaks of the rapacious illusions of the white man and of technology in their relation to the primitive world. But the rapacity and the illusions extend to, are perhaps most ironically manifest in, the very business of anthropology. Lévi-Strauss's obsessive insight at this point is, as he himself emphasizes, a rediscovery; the dubious nature of the anthropological approach, of the rational study of man as the West has developed it, was already apparent to Rousseau, Lévi-Strauss's true master. Only Western man—beginning as far back as Herodotus—has generated a systematic curiosity about other races and cultures; he alone has gone out to explore the remotest corners of the earth in quest of classification, of a comparative and contrastive definition of his own preëminence. This quest, so often disinterested and sacrificial, has, however, brought conquest and destruction with it. Analytic thought has in it a strange violence. To know analytically is to reduce the object of knowledge, however complex, however vital it may be, to just this: an object. It is to dismember. More than any other "knower," the anthropologist carries destruction with him. No primitive culture survives his visitation intact. Even the gifts he brings—medical, material, intellectual—are fatal to the life forms as he found them. The Western hunt for knowledge is, in a tragic sense, the final exploitation.

It is this fatality that gives to "Tristes Tropiques" its valedictory, even apocalyptic register. "A proliferating and overexcited civilization has broken the silence of the seas once and for all." Wherever the white traveller goes he finds the desolation, the cruel vestiges of the plundering and disease brought by his previous conquests. The Indian tribes, the landscapes the young Lévi-Strauss encountered were not Edenic, not "primitive" in the pure sense. They embodied a long chronicle of infection, ecological waste, and forced dislocation. It was not so much geographical isola-

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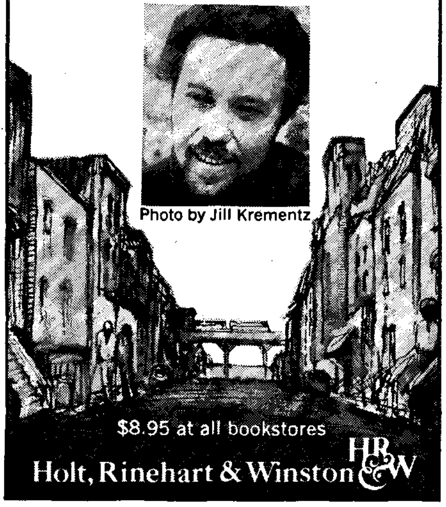

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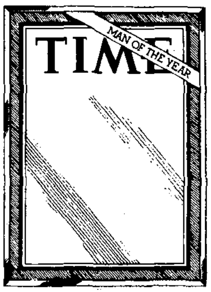

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tion or the difficult terrain that made the forest people inaccessible. It was the brutal fact that complex linguistic-ethnic groups, once at home in a large territory, had now been reduced to a handful. "As far as I know, no one has seen the Mundé again since my visit, apart from a woman missionary who encountered one or two of them just before 1950 along the Upper Guaporé, where three families had taken refuge." Decimation has been the white man's irreparable guilt. But not entirely. Lévi-Strauss is too subtle, too ironic an observer not to suggest that there is in the ruin of primitive cultures a more secret mechanism of limitation, of destined inadequacy. The first explorers to reach Brazil and Central America found civilizations that had "reached the full development and perfection of which their natures were capable." The qualification is obscure but charged with an almost Calvinist edge of fatalism.

This "Calvinism" (Lévi-Strauss himself would prefer to call it a "Schopenhauerian pessimism") generates its own punitive allegory. What the ethnographer found in his Amazonian forays was not paradise lost but a parody and a willful destruction of the last groves in the Garden of Eden. It was as if man, having been expelled from the Garden because he grasped the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge—a seizure that defines his eminence and solitude in the organic world—had turned back in rage and set out to uproot whatever traces there were in his landscape of the lost Eden. Lévi-Strauss senses in the ecological catastrophe, in our murderous yet also suicidal treatment of the environment, far more than mere greed or stupidity. Man is possessed of some obscure fury against his own remembrance of Eden. Wherever he comes on landscapes or communities that seem to resemble his own image of lost innocence he lashes out and lays waste.

If "Tristes Tropiques" is, therefore, among the first classics of the current ecological anguish, it is also much more, being, in the final analysis, a moral-metaphysical allegory of human failure. It looks forward with haughty melancholy to the image of the globe—cooling, emptied of man, cleansed of his garbage—that appears in the coda of "Mythologiques." There is melodrama in this anticipation and a touch of pomp (it is beautifully right that the chair Lévi-Strauss will in a few weeks occupy at the French Academy should be that of Montherlant). But there is also a profound, authentic sorrow. "Anthropology," says Lévi-Strauss in con-

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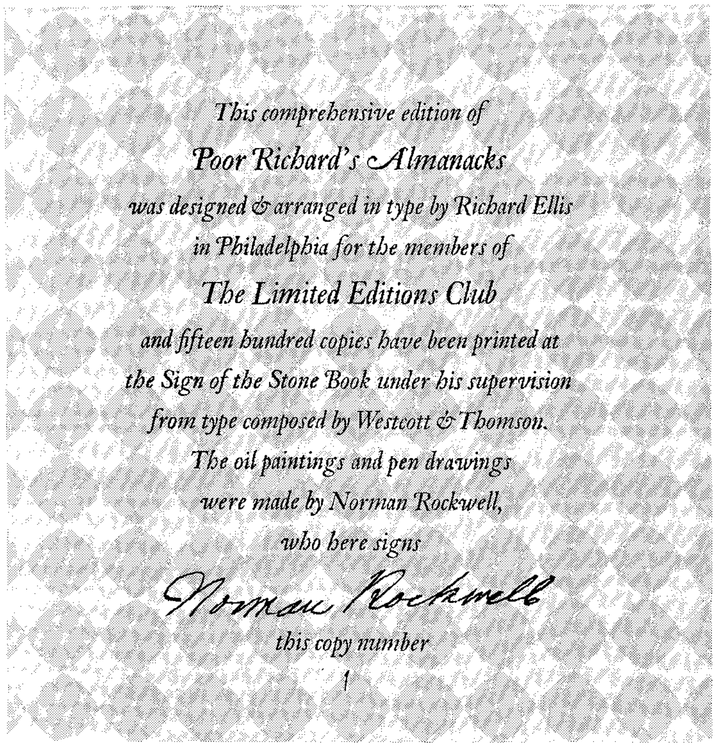

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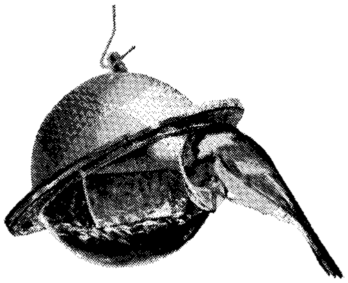

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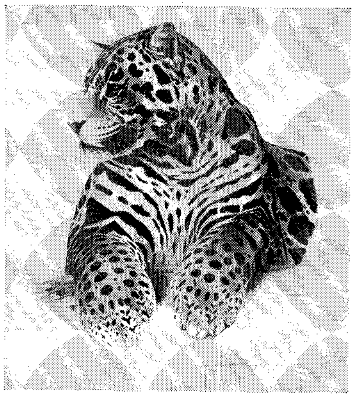
cluding "Tristes Tropiques," can now be seen as "entropology": the study of man has become the study of disintegration and certain extinction. There is no darker pun in modern literature. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT, by Rachel MacKenzie (Viking). This modest, lucid, old-fashioned novel, the author's first, begins in the late nineteen-twenties. It recounts the story of two well-to-do spinster sisters, Martha and Esther Henderson, leading citizens of a small upstate-New York town, who both fall in love shortly after their powerful, severe mother dies. Martha, the elder and meeker, falls in love with the town's priggish young minister. Esther, the headstrong one and (as this book might put it) the more fanciful of the two, gets them both ostracized by developing an irresistible attraction to an undistinguished but kindhearted married neighbor—a fellow she has known all her life and sings duets with in the church choir. The best thing about the book is the author's sharp and touching evocation of the once fiercely binding conventions of American small towns: a tightly knit community life that revolved around the church, a strict social structure that everybody in a small town was aware of, and lives that, for all their tragic or comic moments, were deeply ritualized by the obligations (for women) of housekeeping, baking, mending, and generally keeping up appearances, and (for men) of wage earning. The time and place described here seem light-years away from us, and the way of life seems even remoter. But the two proud, mothlike sisters are very real indeed, and their story is told with grace and charm.

MUNDOME, by A. G. Mojtabai (Simon & Schuster). A first novel of extraordinary originality and purity which beautifully, if often obscurely, portrays a world of tenuous human connections and lost meanings. On the surface, it is about a man, Richard Henken, a nine-to-five archivist at a large New York library (his specialty is "ephemera and fugitive material"), who spends all his free time caring for his mentally disturbed sister. Meg, the sister, has just returned from twelve years in an institution, and her brother cherishes the hope that, despite all ap-



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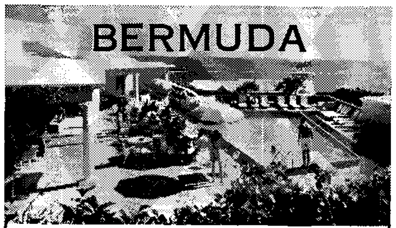

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pearances, he can nurse her back to health. A cliché-barking nurse is also on hand—indispensable and heartless. In the course of the book, most of what Richard thinks is exposed as illusion; his distinctions between healthy and unhealthy, good and bad, and even sane and insane are constantly mocked or deflated by his sister's childlike responses to the world. As the book progresses, we see that, in fact, he shares many of her perceptions. More than that, he admires them, and longs to leave the "real" world and enter hers. In the hopeless, damaged relationship of the sister and brother, the author creates not only a kind of schizophrenic cosmology but a brilliant, challenging fictional form. Not even the smallest life-affirming crumb is offered to the reader. Richard's obsessive affection falls on deaf ears; love withers; wisdom fails; duty becomes meaningless; trust is mocked. Hope, above all, is blasted by Meg's (and eventually Richard's) remoteness from the world. Mrs. Mojtabai's language is stark, playful. The terrain is something like Nabokov's, something like Beckett's, but without Nabokov's sensuality and without Beckett's lyricism. One misses both qualities. The book's single failing is that it mirrors dysfunction and disaffection somewhat too exactly. One feels pressed into a black, glittering cave that offers almost no air or light—nothing but darkness.

THE CRYSTAL GARDEN, by Elaine Feinstein (Dutton). A chatty English novel about some dégagé research biochemists and their families who float fitfully through the thin atmosphere of a research institute in Basel. Miss Feinstein (this is her third novel, and her first to be published in this country) introduces the reader to the people in her book as though she were a distracted hostess at a large party. Here is Brigid, big, batty, generous, a middle-aged dropout wrapped in rumpled peasant skirts; and here is Lotte, her daughter, gawky and overattached to Mum; and her son, Sol, idealistic and sulky; and Matthew, her husband, precise and irritable. And here is Ladislaw, ironic and kind; and Stephan, who was briefly Brigid's lover, then Lotte's, and once Ladislaw's. The dialogue is literate and the writing is professional, but though the author is constantly thrusting her characters into the most "dramatic" situations imaginable, they all seem stiff and unreal

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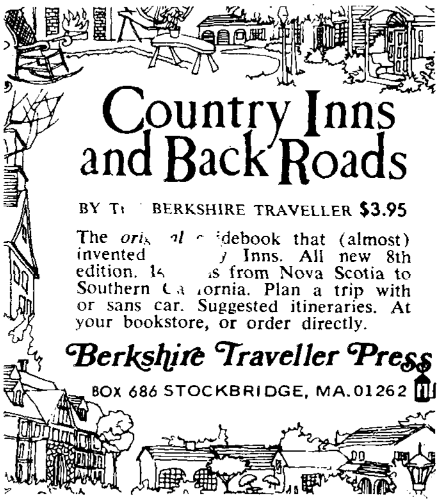

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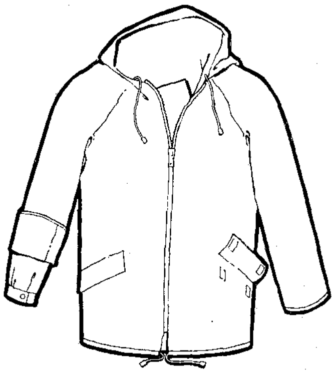

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GENERAL

A HEARTBEAT AWAY: THE INVESTIGATION AND RESIGNATION OF VICE-PRESIDENT SPIRO T. AGNEW, by Richard M. Cohen and Jules Witcover (Viking). A detailed and intelligent book that is emotionally as well as intellectually persuasive. The two authors, reporters for the Washington *Post*, tell the whole story: the Baltimore federal prosecuting team's probing of Maryland graft; their discovery that a national figure, the Vice-President, was deeply involved; their combination of shock and dismay (and, it must be added, courage); the difficult decisions faced by the Justice Department, including the then Attorney General, Elliot Richardson, and the head of its criminal division, Henry Petersen. The fact that the dénouement—the Vice-President's resignation—is known does not detract from the work's suspense. The authors make the minutiae of legal procedures a background to heighten the reader's awareness of the strain under which the prosecution worked—a moral pressure, in essence, as the men concerned pondered what action would be right and in the national interest and just to all citizens. The leading characters are comprehensible individuals—all except, perhaps, Mr. Agnew, who appears incredibly brazen, beyond the bounds of our understanding. The authors do what they can by way of explanation—they point out that public salaries, as well as political ethics, have always been low in Maryland—but there remains something unaccountable in the fact that a Vice-President, sitting in an office in the White House, took a cash bribe.

CRISIS 1918, by Joseph Gies (Norton). A close look at the last year of the Great War on the Western Front. The book is fascinating and painful, for Mr. Gies, after careful scrutiny of all the peace feelers that were a counterpoint to the battles, decides that one man—von Hindenburg's chief of staff, Erich Ludendorff—was responsible for the prolongation of Europe's agony. An undoubted military genius—Gies's description of Ludendorff's battle plans makes that clear—Ludendorff was also a preview of Adolf Hitler. He calculated that, with Russia out of the war

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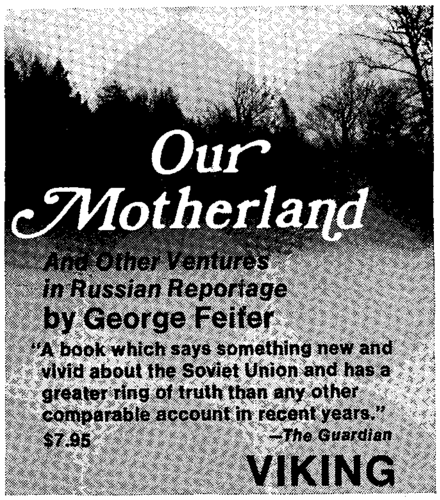

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and United States forces not yet in the field, Germany had time to take everything, and take it for keeps—Belgium, Holland, plenty of Poland, and a few other bits. Ludendorff's ascendancy over civilians, from the Kaiser on down, was such that no matter what any of them thought, none dared dispute him. His military opponents included no one of his calibre, though Pétain appears by far the best of the lot. The question is: Why did Ludendorff lose? Gies's answers: The Germans were not, as Ludendorff believed, a master race; as soldiers, they got as tired as the soldiers of any other people. Secondly—what Germans did not understand in two wars—civilian leadership in parliamentary democracy makes a difference. Clemenceau and Lloyd George, despite—and because of—their squabbles with their respective legislatures, could rally their nations as the German Chancellor von Hertling and the unrepresentative, passive Reichstag could not.

Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth, by Raoul Berger (Harvard). A legal study whose footnote-dotted difficulties yield to the urgency of its subject. The author, a fellow in American legal history at Harvard Law School, does not believe that the Constitution permits the President, or any member of the executive branch of the government, to withhold information on public business if the Congress seeks it. Should an argument develop about a document or a file, Mr. Berger thinks, a federal court has the power to decide it. He refers to the English precedents and practices that were known to the Founding Fathers; to early debates on and explications of the Constitution; to incidents in American history; and to particular judicial rulings. He believes that "executive privilege" seemed plausible because President Eisenhower claimed it to protect Army officers from Joe McCarthy, a senator whose methods were so outrageous that they obscured the fact that an inquiry by the legislature into the Army (or into any other federal department or agency) was wholly legitimate. Most of the precedents the author finds emphasize that the President must operate in the open, be accountable to Congress, and be amenable to the courts. Mr. Berger's careful review of the Burr treason trial demonstrates that, whatever Jefferson may have felt about the personalities in the case, he thought

Plate 10

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he had to produce the document that the federal judge demanded, and he was ready to produce it.

CULTS OF UNREASON, by Christopher Evans (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The author, a British experimental psychologist, describes a variety of new substitute religions, or perhaps religions-in-embryo—particularly those that begin from a "scientific" premise, such as the notion that superior beings from elsewhere in the universe are guiding mankind, or that electrical circuits packaged in boxes with an assortment of dials outside can produce therapeutic, diagnostic, or other valuable effects. Many such cults have followings all over the world, and the author finds that, besides affording a living (sometimes a fortune) to their founders, these faiths offer their followers a sense of salvation—that is, a combination of understanding the universe and of feeling better, too—along with fellowship. Dr. Evans is a witty writer, but he is not out to deride so much as to explore harmless, if eccentric, ways in which some people find spiritual satisfaction.

INSTANT LIVES, by Howard Moss, with drawings by Edward Gorey (Saturday Review/Dutton). This unique hilarity devotes a page or two to each of thirty-four subjects drawn from arts and letters (Gauguin, say, and T. E. Lawrence). Some are approached by parodies of their styles, others by parodies of works about them, and still others by what seems, but clearly is not, a process of surreal or dada free association. Every "Life" is the definitive joke about its subject. Mr. Gorey's illustrations seem just right—but then they always do.

ALAN DUNN

ALAN DUNN died last week, of a heart attack, at the age of seventy-three. He sold his first drawing to the magazine in 1926, the year after it was founded, and since then the astonishing total of nineteen hundred and six drawings by his hand have appeared in these pages—an average of close to a drawing in every issue for forty-eight years. He was by far the most topical of our artists: often it seemed but a matter of minutes, and rarely was it more than a matter of hours, between the time Dunn read of an event in the newspapers and the time he turned in an acute pictorial comment on it. This close scrutiny of his fellow-citizens was a function not of a continuous immersion in the world but of a withdrawal from it; Dunn suffered the burden of several phobias, the most intense of which was a fear of fire. On a few occasions when he planned to visit a friend in an apartment building new to him, he went so far as to secure copies of the blueprints of the building and ascertain the position of its fire escapes. During the past ten or twelve years, he enjoyed many happy times in a club in midtown that had, for him, the cardinal advantage of possessing a broad flight of stairs leading down to the street. At monthly meetings, he would stroll about sipping a Martini and chatting animatedly with friends, at the same time keeping an eye on the front door.

Though Dunn's phobias limited his activities, they increased his alertness to change, and his drawings can be read as a history of the transformations, both physical and psychological, of much of twentieth-century New York. H avocation was architecture, and lovingly—or, sometimes, sharply—r corded the many alterations in arch tectural style that the city underwe in his lifetime. He was funny abo them, and he was also bitter; o didn't doubt that behind his courteo demeanor passionate feelings were b ing held in check.

Dunn was a slender, dapper ma with a tiny mustache, which he m have hoped made him look like a da gerous riverboat gambler. In reality, was the least dangerous man alive, a one of the gentlest. He and Mar Petty, his wife and fellow-artist, wer cherished by their friends like prize that had been won in some incomparable secret lottery; none of these friend wanted to risk making the Dunn known to the world at large, and th Dunns were content within their smal circle and with the satisfactions of thei work. In the mysterious fashion o nearly all artists above a certain rank Dunn's talent flowered with age though his drawings remained as vigorous as ever, they grew lyrical and, i terms of their aesthetic intentions, too greater and greater chances. Right u to his last hours, he never stopped working and learning, and teaching us wh we were. To die quickly in one's eight decade at the very top of one's power is an enviable end, and not an occasion for mourning.

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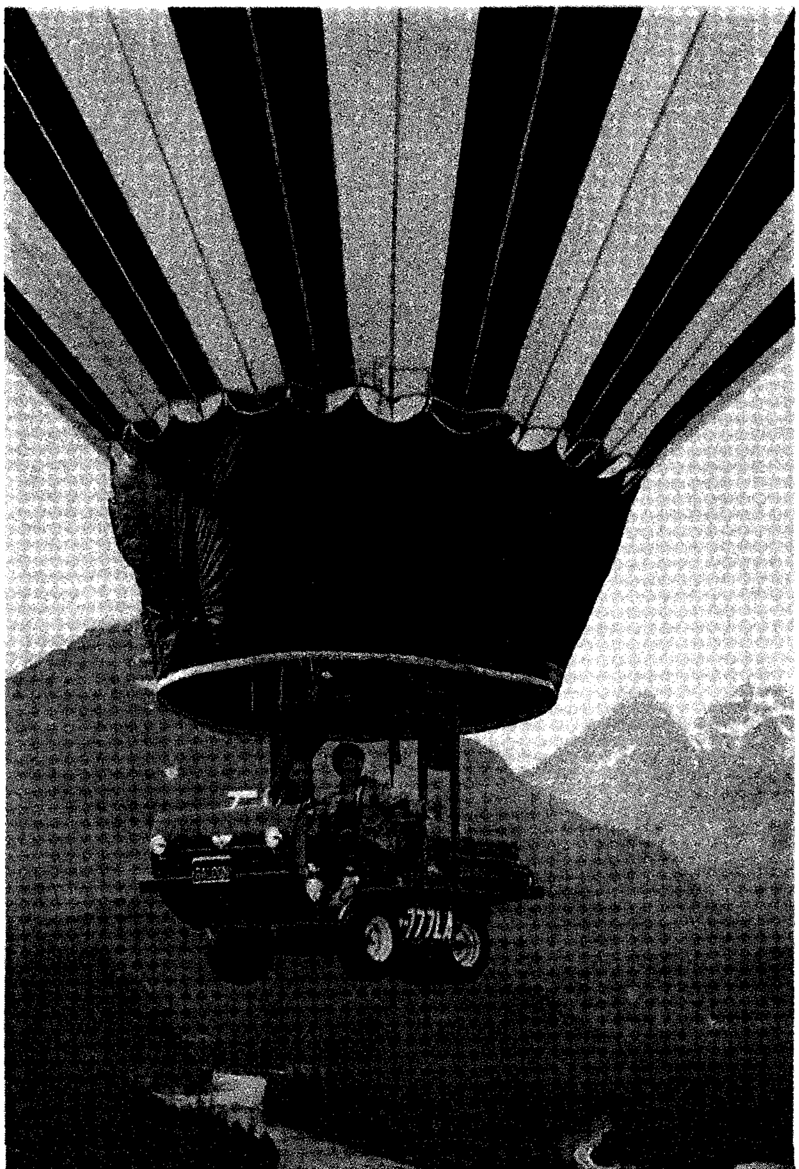

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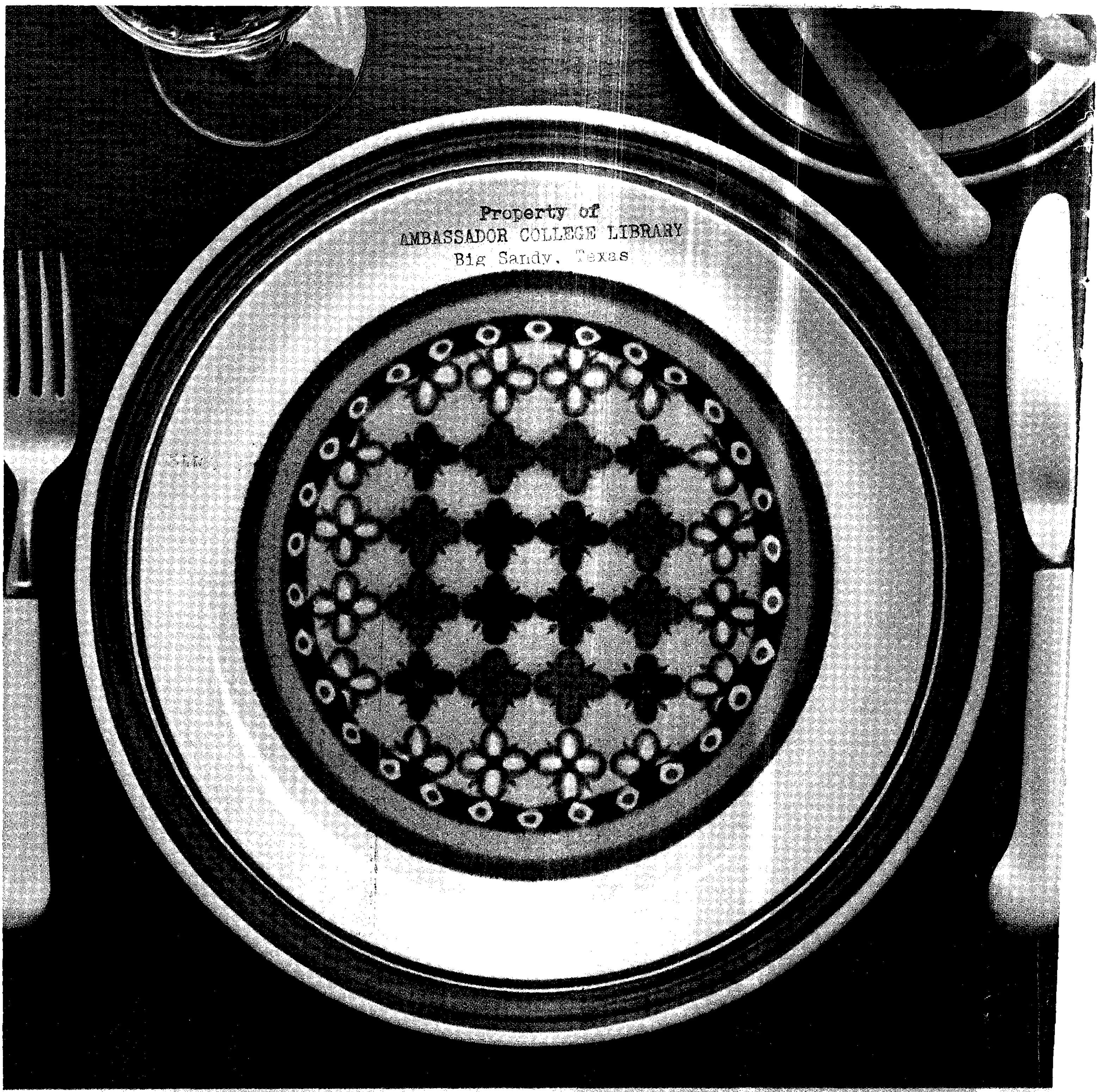

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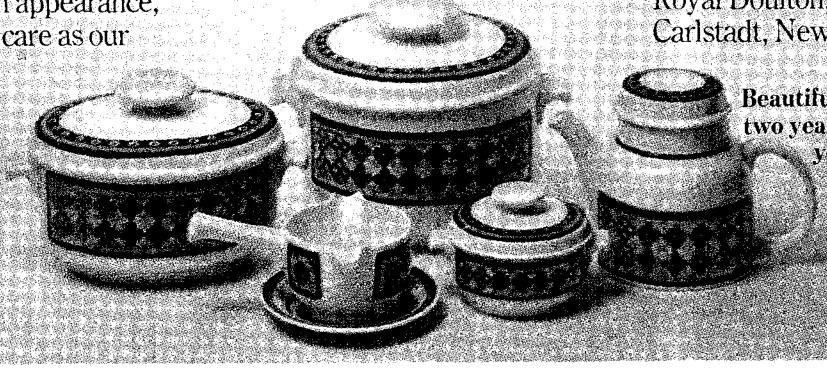

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